CHATELAINE

APRIL
1938
TEN CENTS

In This Issue:
How To Find Your Own Most Flattering Spring Fashions

...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!

Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs — although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with — the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet* — nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand — one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh.

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MUM IS SAFE! Use Mum any time, even *after* you're dressed. For it does not injure fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Mum doesn't stop natural perspiration. It does just what you want it to do — *takes the odor out of perspiration.*

MUM IS QUICK! There's no problem about using Mum. It takes no time; no fuss and bother of waiting for it to dry. Smooth it on and you're through! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

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MUM

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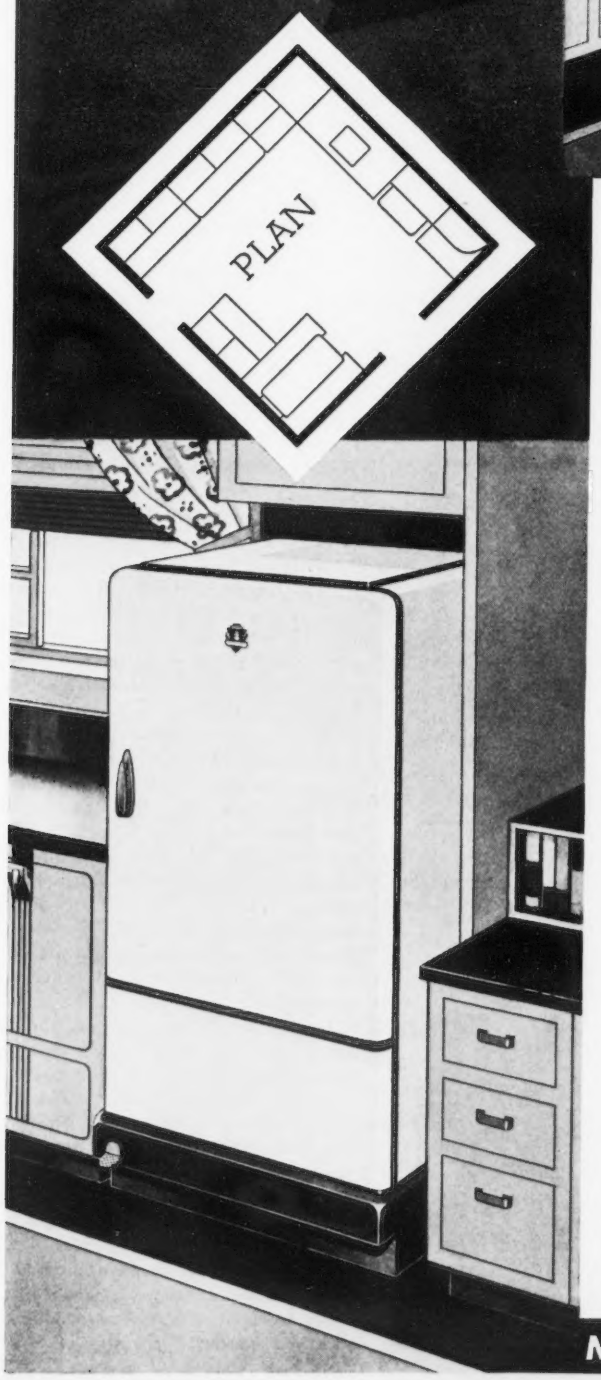

START YOUR KITCHEN WITH A

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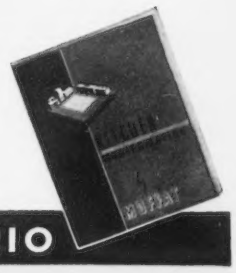

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CHATELAINE

a magazine for canadian women

AS I WRITE this, the morning paper is before me, with a featured story giving statistics to show the alarming increase of divorce in Ontario. As always, my thoughts go instantly to the children involved. It's sad enough for the grownups—but they have a way of sophisticating their unhappiness, and fooling themselves into thinking that what has happened is for the best. The children in divorce cases know too much of bewilderment and heartbreak, before they are ready for it; they need the protective background of family love before they are equipped to take life as it comes. All parents know the anxious concentration with which very young children will watch a sudden squabble between them. As so often happens in this muddled old world, there's an undreamed-of pathos behind the comic cry, "Poppa love Momma?"

You'll find some of it in the poignant story, "Custody of the Child." Marion Brown is a new writer, and I believe this is her first story to be published. Her memorable glimpse into the mind of six-year-old David makes more tragic than ever the cold figures that tell of the hundreds of homes smashed in the divorce court every year.

* * *

THROUGH SHEER coincidence, the climax of the story, "Period to Love," by Alice Ross Colver, turns on the children in the home. Mrs. Colver is one of the best-known writers of the day, and it is always an editorial pleasure to present such famous names as hers, together with those of Elisabeth Sanxay Holding and Reita Lambert in the same issue with that of a very new writer such as Marion Brown.

Speaking of *Chatelaine's* fiction—it was a delight to have the letters which showed that so many of you agreed with us as to the extra special quality of "To Nell of the Red Hair" in the last issue. Among them were letters from children who said that because they had dogs cf their own they had loved the story —and from a surprising number of people who wanted to know whether it had been successful in its purpose. Had Nell written to "Jimmie" telling him of her whereabouts?

* * *

IF YOU have never met Dr. Cora Hind of Winnipeg, face to face, I hope that the vivid pen picture by her newspaper confrere, Elizabeth Long, will make her a very real personality to you. Miss Long, with Dr. Hind, is a member of the editorial staff of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, and so has a close knowledge of her. Most of you who know of Dr. Hind think of her as she is always photographed—in her famous brown riding habit. Turn to page twenty-one and you will see her as she has never been pictured before—by her own fireside, busily knitting for friends. The story of this seventy-six-year-old newspaper woman, who has just returned from a remarkable tour of the world, is an enthralling one. *Chatelaine* is particularly interested in presenting it, as Dr. Hind was one of the "discoveries" of Colonel J. B. Maclean, publisher of this, and many other magazines. Years ago when the young Cora Hind had astonished the West by opening the first public stenographic office in Winnipeg, Colonel Maclean appointed her as the western representative of his trade papers, and so started her on her remarkable journalistic career.

* * *

THIS APRIL issue is always a favorite—perhaps it's the spring impulse that lurks behind all the stories of new fashions in frocks and hats. Turning the pages of this number you'll find them crammed with information planned to help you select your own most becoming styles for spring. For Carolyn Damon, our fashion editor, believes that it's one thing to know what's new—and a far more important thing to know what is becoming. In the maze of style news Miss Damon guides you definitely to the proper knowledge of how to buy for yourself. By the way, she promises some particularly interesting help on wardrobe-building in the next issue.

* * *

COMING, too, is an article on why the Duchess of Kent is invariably so smartly costumed. What is the secret that has made her elected as one of the three best-dressed women in the world? It is not, obviously, wealth alone, because there are so many wealthy women who could not possibly be described as *chic*. A well-known English writer has been questioning the leading couturiers in London to find out what rules she follows which could be borne in mind by the average woman in selecting her clothes. Her discoveries are worth watching for.

Bridge enthusiasts have a feature coming which will give them plenty of ideas to argue about. Leading bridge players of the Dominion will discuss such knotty problems as to how one can play with one's husband successfully. . . . what to do with the poor player . . . how to meet overwhelming superiority in your partner. All calculated to improve the knowledge and enjoyment in your game!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

IN THIS ISSUE

CHART YOUR COURSE FOR SPRING . . . Carolyn Damon sums up the rules of smart costuming which every woman should know before she starts on a buying expedition. On Page twelve.

THE OLD FORGET . . . what it was like when they were young, thinks Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, who writes of two young people in love. On page sixteen.

WOMEN OF THE NORTH . . . the startling story of women who live beyond the Arctic Circle in much the same way as they live on Main street, anywhere. On page four.

BRIMFUL OF BEAUTY . . . since every woman's main thought this month of April centres around a dazzling new bonnet, our fashion editor gives you some definite ideas as to what's happening among the new hats. On page thirty-one.

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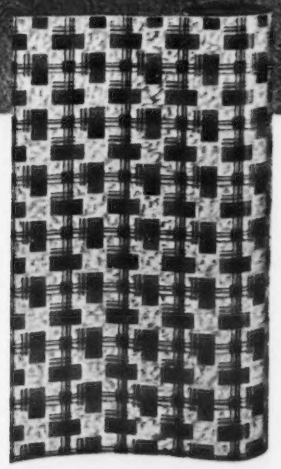

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WOMEN OF THE NORTH

The "weaker sex" prove more than equal to the rigors of life in Canada's Arctic settlements

by JAMES MONTAGNES

HOW WOULD you like to set up house in one of the settlements in Canada's Far North? Extreme cold, long stretches without any communication with the outside world; in winter the outlook from your front window ice and snow just as far as the eye can see, and in summer your view miles and miles of barren rock-strewn waste. If you were very lucky and lived near enough to civilization, you'd have a grocery delivery every two weeks or so, but if you were in the real frozen North you would count yourself fortunate if you could replenish your larder annually. Not a city within hundreds of miles, absolutely cut off from civilization . . . not a very enticing prospect for a young wife, you would say.

Yet hundreds of women are going north with their husbands, who are settling in sub-Arctic and Arctic Canada as miners, missionaries, prospectors, doctors, and so on. In those settlements in the Far North there is "women's work" to be done and there are women happy to do it; happy to share with their husbands and the other menfolk the rigors and privations of living in regions hitherto regarded as too forbidding for the fair sex.

You'll find the wives of mining engineers, of doctors, of fur trading post factors, of Mounted policemen, in the new communities which have sprung up in the past decade in the Arctic regions. Airplanes opened up the country to mining, and airplanes have brought nurses, mine office stenographers, entire families, restaurateurs and hotelkeepers.

Aklavik is a settlement 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Going that far north, you're getting right up among God's frozen people, but were you to decide to go to Aklavik tomorrow, you would need have no worries as to whether there would be someone there of your own sex with whom you could have the odd chat. You would have no difficulty in raising a bridge four—in fact if you felt like starting a women's club you would find no dearth of prospective members. Aklavik is not just a man's settlement; a large percentage of those who live there are women. The great proportion of the female population of that district is made up of the nurses of the two hospitals, which serve whites, Indians and Eskimos. These nurses, the most northern on the American Continent, are in charge of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Urquhart, and although this settlement at the mouth of the Mackenzie River would seem to be on the very edge of beyond, the hospitals boast electric light, X-ray equipment, constant radio communication with the outside world and vegetable gardens, to name but a few of the things which we of the more civilized parts of Canada would hardly think the settlements of the Far North had at their disposal.

When mining operations commenced at Cameron Bay on Great Bear Lake in 1931, the men who went to work the silver and radium mines took their families with them, and women now take an active part in the running of the community. Cameron Bay glories in the possession of a hotel, a log cabin one as a matter of fact, but a hotel nevertheless, and it is run by a woman, Mrs. Harold Reed. Some of the biggest mining financiers make use of the Cameron Bay Hotel when they fly up to the lake to talk business with the executives there. There is no liquor to be had at the hotel, for liquor and gambling dens are taboo in Canada's farthest north.

WE ALL know that there is nothing very exciting or romantic about housework. It is the housewife's job to see that her house looks its best, that the floors are freshly scrubbed, the kitchen looks spick and span and so on, and she takes these duties for granted. However, up in the Far North there is a girl who has put housework on an exciting basis, added quite a thrill to what many regard as a very humdrum job. Her name is May Rice and she qualifies for the title of "The Flying Housewife." There are "flying doctors," and "flying parsons," so why not a "flying housewife?" When May Rice went up north to the mining camps with her family, she took one look at the miners' cabins and decided that cleaning them up inside would prove a lucrative business. She started up business in her district as a specialist in house cleaning. People from neighboring districts soon heard of her prowess at having miners' cabins look spick and span where before they had looked only one up on the interior of a mine. She received contracts from other mining camps. But these camps are many miles apart—so how to fulfill these contracts? Miss Rice decided that the airplane must come to her aid, so she piled her mops and pails into a plane and now off she goes from camp to camp undertaking her duties as "The Flying Housewife."

The airplane has proved a great boon to settlers of the Far North. Without it, it would be quite impossible to maintain many of the settlements, for in midwinter with frozen rivers and the whole countryside under many feet of snow there is only one way of getting provisions and other necessaries to the settlers, and that is by air. The records of air pilots abound in accounts of the flights in which sick women have been taken hundreds of miles to the nearest doctor. In a snowstorm with a ceiling of only 300 feet one pilot last winter took a girl to a hospital on Canada's last frontier. Another pilot dared the spring breakup and floating ice pans in a flooded river to take a sick woman 400 miles to a city hospital. The patient was so ill that the doctor at the outpost had given her but twelve hours to live. The pilot took off, hit a submerged iceberg, which ripped open one pontoon, but managed to get into the air. He arrived in time to save the woman's life.

Here's how the usefulness of the airplane brought about a prosperous business for a certain Irish woman up north. Her husband worked at the mine 150 miles in the bush of Northern Manitoba and she had a hard time making ends meet with the price of potatoes ten dollars a bag and sugar fifty cents a pound. She complained to the storekeeper time and again, only to be told that nothing could be done about it—the supplies took a week to come up by canoe freight, and that cost money.

✦ *Continued on page 28*

A doctor and his wife, living at Chesterfield, on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

A group of Grey Nuns—sisters of this order were the first pioneer women of the north.

When Mounties are sent to posts in the Arctic, their wives go with them.

A nurse tends an Eskimo at Lake Harbor, on remote Baffin Island.

CHATELAINE for APRIL

a magazine for canadian women

She clung to him desperately, struggling against tears. "Derek," she said, tensely, "you're my life."

Illustrated by Jack Keay

Period to Love

by ALICE ROSS COLVER

THEY WERE having lunch together. It wasn't the first time, but it was the first time that the head waiter, at a slight nod from Derek, had ushered them to a remote corner shielded from the rest of the room by palms. It turned a perfectly friendly, perfectly permissible occasion into something exciting, something —portentous.

After their order had been taken and they were alone, he leaned toward her, both elbows on the table. She was conscious that the heady elixir of his presence was working its transformation in her again and she need not be afraid as his quick, bright look took in her grey tailored suit, her hyacinth blouse of silk, her hair, smooth and dull gold under her matching hat. For she was, actually, what she looked—a poised, happy, mature woman. Not, spiritually, the rag and bone of a creature he had first met. Not even pretending she wasn't any longer. But he didn't guess that. He had never guessed it since, from the first moment of knowing him, he had brought her back to herself.

He said now, "You infuriate me, you know, Lynn."

She lifted her brows smilingly.

"Because you do that. You look at me and look at me and say nothing. I'm plate glass to you. You know all about me—Vera, the children. But I know nothing whatever about you except that you're a sister of Mary Evans visiting her for awhile—and married." He paused, but still she said nothing, and, with a vehement gesture of impatience, he went on. "I leave it to you. Is it fair?"

For weeks now, she thought, this moment had been coming. She had staved it off as long as she could but she could no longer. And yet she tried once more.

She said lightly, "Didn't she warn you? I'm one of those dangerous women. Footloose and fancy free. You really shouldn't be here with me. It's not safe at all."

"Don't I know it!"

"I haven't meant to be mysterious," she said. "I haven't wanted to be. But it was better."

"Why?"

"Well," she said slowly, "I didn't want pity. I think it's—disintegrating."

"And why should I give you pity?"

She measured her words. "Not a very long while ago," she said, "I was something grim and gaunt and fearsome. Something at which little dogs barked and babies cried."

"I don't think that's funny."

"I don't, either."

"I mean—I've always given you the truth."

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"You've crashed into my life," he said, "into my dull, conventional life, and brought havoc with you."

Her shoulders lifted in a faint movement. "It was such a long uncertainty. That was the hardest. Nine years! He would be all right, you see, and then he wouldn't. I would have hope and then lose it." She looked away and her voice now was so low she seemed to be talking to herself. "Yes, it was hard. Terribly hard. I was so young. It happened when I was just a bride and I didn't know how to cope with it. How to be a nurse and mother to a man when I'd expected to be his wife." She stopped, hoping she hadn't sounded complaining. She had never wanted to sound complaining.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"In the country most of the time. The doctor ordered us there. He was sure it would be better. Perhaps it was for him. But it was very lonely." Her eyes narrowed in memory.

"Were you ever—frightened?"

"Often. Especially toward the last when I couldn't reach him. Couldn't get into his mind, I mean. But I didn't dare think about it. I had to dominate every moment. It was the only way."

"Yes." His glance was bright on her, trying to adjust to the stranger she had become to him, trying to realize that under the laughing carelessness of her manner, there had lain all this time a knowledge of pain deeper than any he had, deeper than most any woman's. "It's hard to believe," he said finally, averting his eyes from Lynn as she spoke.

"I know. I've seemed very ✦ *Continued on page 24*

She looked at him, her grey eyes level. "That's the truth," she said simply.

SHE HADN'T known he was there when she went out onto Mary's penthouse roof that warm April day six weeks ago. If she had known, she probably would have stayed in her room until he left, because she wasn't able to meet the world yet. The final tragic dissolution of her marriage, in spite of all her efforts to save it, had left her utterly empty, numb, cold. But she had come, and in a moment she was another person. It had happened as quickly as that.

Mary, seeing her with pleased surprise, had said: "Oh, Lynn! Come meet my publisher. He's an abominable man, really. You don't have to be nice to him. Mr. Williams—my sister, Mrs. Peterson."

He looked up from Mary's manuscript which he had been reading and rose, and she saw that he was not young, nor as tall as a man should be, with only the usual number of features arranged in the usual way. Not a man she would ever pick out of a crowd. Not one whose appearance was in any way impressive or easily remembered—he was homely, really, yet with a quality of aliveness in his voice, in his bearing, that carried through her fatigue, spread a slow warmth over her whole body and brought her from the danger zone of indifferent despair to the threshold of a new life.

"Are you an author, too?" he asked.

She shook her head. He raised both hands to high heaven. "Thank goodness!" he said. Then—"Don't go away. It's such a relief to meet someone who isn't." With a little chuckle at Mary's expense, he drew forward a chair, she sank into it and they two went on with their business. He wanted Mary to revise her last book.

"This isn't good enough," he said. "It doesn't reveal the rich understanding of human nature that you have. You've got to give the world what it expects of you."

And when she complained, "But I'm tired of always doing stories like that!"—he refused to listen.

"Tired or not, you've got to do it. You've got to hew to the line you've cut. We all do. That's what life demands of us." He was gay about it, but inexorable, and Lynn had the feeling that so he managed his own affairs.

"I hate you," Mary said with a laughing sigh. And he replied exuberantly—

"Of course. All my authors hate me. I'm crushed by it." And to Lynn—"The life I live! I never have time to know the people who might like me."

In wonder, Lynn heard herself saying, easily, lightly, "That's too bad. I was hoping you would."

She was aware of Mary's blank astonishment, but she was still more aware that he turned to her in a kind of lunging boyishness she was always to remember.

"Do you like me?" he asked in frank delight.

"Of all the people I've met since I've been here," she said deliberately, "I like you the best." (This isn't I talking, she was thinking. It's someone he's made me.) But he was answering her.

"There, Mary! Do you hear that? In spite of my ranting, she likes me. We must get together on this. Absolutely! You've no idea how much nicer I can be when I'm not being hated. Then I become really charming. Mary wouldn't know. She never tries it. But if you'll give a party, Mary, and put me next to—" he looked at her questioningly.

"Lynn."

"Lynn. I like that. It's musical. Well, as I was saying, Mary, if you'll give a party—"

"Do you know any new stories?" Mary temporized, her glance going from the strange, still light in Lynn's face to the amused, lively interest in Derek's. "I must be sure before I send out the invitations."

"Dozens. Here's one." And he launched into it, telling it forcefully, with quick, sharp gestures and a swift rise to the point where he waited with a peering, hopeful expectancy for their laughter. Lynn's came first, startling her—how long since it had bubbled up in her like that?—and he looked at her in approval.

"Now I know we'll get along," he said.

HE WENT away presently and Lynn said—"Tell me about him, Mary."

Mary answered uncertainly—"Well, he's married, darling, for one thing."

Lynn turned on her fiercely. "It doesn't *matter!*" And then she caught herself and went on more quietly. "He's gay. That's the thing. He's gay! And he can make me gay—" She broke off. "Isn't that what you wanted?" she demanded. "Isn't that why you got me here and have been giving parties for me? Isn't it?"

It was, exactly. Mary had been so sure that in her home where everything was normal and easy, where her husband, Ned, took his quiet way and her two children chattered and laughed in happy unconsciousness and she herself went, in a steady rhythm, from being Mary Baynon Evans, the writer, to being Mrs. Edward Evans, the wife and mother, Lynn would be restored. Thinking these things she said simply—"Yes."

Lynn went on, a little pulse jumping in her white neck. "And it's what I want. To come back to life. I'm starved for it! To move among people again—one of them. Not an alien! Not outside of the talk—stiff and solitary and queer. Oh, that's what I've been! Do you think I haven't known? I changed—" She stopped. There were no words to tell what those years spent in the slowly gathering darkness of her husband's mind had done to her. Overnight she had matured, had gone from girlhood into womanhood, had become stern and resolute and self-controlled as she fought against the grey swarming shadows that threatened him, too pitiful to leave him because he was a lost child, frightened and frantic, clinging and desperate, too absorbed to see the toll that her devotion was exacting of her. It wasn't until she came back into a normal world again, freed finally when hope was gone, that she found she could make no contact with it. All the casual lighthearted ways of Mary and Mary's friends were remote from her. At first it hadn't mattered, and then, as she felt her aloneness, it had mattered terribly.

"I've been a ghost stalking at your feasts," she said. "You've seen! But today I wasn't. Today I was all right. I laughed. Did you hear me laugh?" She stopped again, staring into the past, staring into the future. "I need him," she finished in a low tone.

The very next week Mary arranged the dinner party.

THERE WERE six of them. Mary and Ned, another freelance writer, Tony Miller, and an attractive girl by the name of Sylvia Ward who was making a name for herself as a sculptress. Vera Williams regretted, so Mary hadn't invited an eighth.

"What is she like?" Lynn asked, and Mary answered slowly, feeling for her words, wondering how much to say, or rather, how much at this point to convey. She decided on giving the impression that the world in general had.

"She's very cultured. Very charming. She keeps a beautiful house and entertains perfectly. But she prefers leaving Derek to fulfill his obligations to his authors alone, on the theory, I believe, that most of them are either bores or boors." She hesitated a moment, then added—"Her children go to the same little school mine do."

Lynn hardly heard the last. Already her mind was running ahead to the night of the party and she was thinking, simply, that she was glad Vera wasn't to be there. It would give Derek that much more to her.

As a matter of fact she had him entirely because Tony and Sylvia liked contract and Derek didn't.

"Do you?" he asked.

Contract! It was practically an unknown game to her. "No," she said.

"Take him out on the roof, Lynn," Mary told her. "We'll only play a hand or two and join you."

They went out. The city, flashing brilliance below them, was a magic city.

He talked all the time. "You set me off," he accused her. "You listen too well. Why don't you stop me and barge in yourself? My wife does."

"Tell me about your wife."

He chuckled. "She gave a luncheon today and if the butler made a mistake in serving—" He caught at his collar with both hands, turned it up and huddled, shivering, against the parapet. "Brr!"

She laughed.

He went on. "You should see me at home with her. I just creep around."

"I can imagine. You on all fours timidly begging for a crust or something—"

"If she were only my secretary! Then she'd see me in a new light. In my office, at least, I hold forth."

"Are you trying to make me believe you're henpecked? Wedded to your desk?"

"Well, I go home every night, anyway. Even though Vera is tired to death of me. But where else would I go? Besides—there are Jimmy and Sandra."

"And they are—how old?"

"Now you're finding out about me, aren't you? Ten and eight respectively. I admit it. You should see them! They account for these grey hairs." He touched his temples. "They got mixed, you see. Jimmy's the retiring one, shy and sensitive, easily cowed—like me!" He chuckled again. "But Sandra bullies the world. She's simply appalling. I don't know how to straighten them out."

"Must you?"

He shrugged. "You know what a man's idea is about his son—terror of brawn and muscle. And his daughter—all grace and charm and softness. But Jimmy writes poetry! And Sandra beats up little Italians and colored boys. They're her best friends." He groaned, and she could tell, for all his exaggeration and mock dismay, that his life centred in them and he was proud.

And then he said rather abruptly, "You're sure you're not an author?"

"Quite sure. Why?"

"It would be so much simpler if you were. We could meet for lunch and discuss the book you're writing—" He paused, chuckling and hopeful, his head forward in that peering, eager, boyish way of his.

She answered as easily as he had spoken. "This sounds like the beginning of an affair!"

"Wouldn't it be fun?"

IT HAD been much more than fun. For in his company she had found again the blitheness that had nearly died within her. What if it was only borrowed from him at first? And her joyousness was only an echo of his joyousness? And all her warmth was simply his reflected back to him? In time these things had become hers. In time, her spirit, fashioned out of the odds and ends of his own brightness, had become radiant in its own right.

It was a miracle. One day she had been dumb and dead and the next her heart sang. One day the world had looked at her askance and the next she was invited into its gardens. And Derek was the root and cause of this and so she loved him. It burst upon her now, with the still violence of blinding sunlight, as she looked into his waiting face. She loved him.

"Grim and gaunt and fearsome," he was repeating. "What made you?"

And then she tried to tell him, tried to explain. But how could an experience such as she had had be shared with anyone who had not been through it? It was her manner more than her words that revealed it—the slight trembling of her hand, the slight darkening of her eyes, the slight tightening of her lips, before she spoke.

She said briefly, "My husband was always extremely—highstrung. Imaginative. I think, too, he hadn't been brought up to face reality. So when the crash came, and, following it, the long depression with all its business worries, he—took refuge in flight."

"You mean he deserted you?"

"No. I mean his mind ran away."

She saw him start, saw his small gesture of silent, shocked protest. Then he said simply in a voice that was sober and gentle as she had never heard it before—"I'm sorry." And after a moment—"That must have been terribly hard for you."

Secure in his home and work, he said: "You've got to hew to the line you've cut and give the world what it expects of you. That's what life demands of us"... Easy to say—but could he do it?

In the beginning he had asked lots of questions, but there was no use in that. It only made her angry. *Here*, she said, they were going to stay. It was a very nice house and he would see; he would like it very much. But he wouldn't. He knew. Everything was different here, and none of it to his liking. He didn't like Fraser Holiday nor the way his mother laughed, nor the way her bright red mouth looked sometimes when he wasn't sure whether she was going to scold him or cry.

He didn't like the street. He lifted his head to view it, empty in the mid-afternoon heat that rose in tiny, squiggly waves from the pavements and gutters, where the tar had melted in sticky, spreading black patches. Along the sidewalk newly planted young trees wilted for rain. He thought about home—the smooth, shady green lawns, the pale yellowish-green willows and great spreading dark oaks, the young white birches along the sunny, brown brook that fell down into the hollow behind the lovely, big, white house, where all the rooms were sweet with the wind that blew in at the wide windows from the meadows, and beyond them, from the sea. It would be cool under the willows, and Martha would let him wade in the brook. He thought of her kindly, old, lined face, and the wide arc of her soft grey skirts, and he supposed she must be very worried because he did not come home. He wondered what she had thought on the morning after that black, rainy night when she had come back from taking care of a sick aunt in the village to find that his mother had taken him away, with just his suit pulled on over his pyjamas. And suitcases thrown into the back of the car. She had been much too angry for him to ask anything of then. And now there was no use in asking. So, he listened.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do with him, but one thing I know. Tom shan't have him. Never. My mind is made up. A mother is certainly entitled to her child and I'm going to have my hands full with this one, I can see that. And when I do get him into shape, if he thinks I'm going to turn him over to him to undo it all again—well, I should say not. It simply isn't normal to have him acting the way he does—not interested in anything."

"Oh, the kid'll be all right, May. After he finds someone to play with . . ."

"And there's another thing. He's antisocial. Just like Tom. Just exactly. I tell you I just won't have him grow up like that." Her voice was high and jerky.

"Why, he's just a kid. Can't blame him for being a little homesick. Give him time; he'll forget."

THERE IT was again. David swallowed. His stomach felt empty. He pressed it hard into the hot earth.

"Well, I don't think it's normal. I'm sure I never acted that way when I was six."

"Oh, he'll be all right. Thing to do is to find something for him to do."

"Why, he's got plenty to do. He's got all kinds of toys, Fraser. He . . ."

"Well, forget it. You worry too much. Let's step out to dinner somewhere, shall we?"

"Oh. Well—Well, I'll have to call Janet to come in and stay with him. David doesn't like her, but he might as well get used to her."

"Well, you baby him too much. I can't get parents' ideas about always keeping their children from facing things."

"Well, you're no parent, Fraser." She got up to use the phone in the hall, and it was then, apparently, that she saw him.

"David!" Her voice was thick with exasperation. She opened the screen door of the porch and leaned out. "David, you get up out of that hot sun instantly!" And then, to Fraser, "Goodness, I didn't know he was out there. Do you suppose . . . ?"

"Oh, of course not, don't be silly. He probably wouldn't understand, anyway."

"Well—I don't know. It's not that he's dull . . ." David came up onto the porch.

"Look at your face! You'll be sick. I just know you will." He drew back from the hand she reached out to lay upon his forehead.

"Can't you say how-do-you-do to Mr. Holiday? I should think . . ."

"Hello," said David, without looking up. "Could I have some ginger ale, mother?"

"Well, there's a bottle open in the icebox. Do you suppose you could pour it without spilling it all over everything? Can you reach the glasses? Oh dear, I . . ."

He got a glass and poured out the ginger ale, spilling only a very little and wiping that up carefully. He went in to sit on the lower hall step while he drank it, slowly.

"Well, I warned him long ago. It was either his patients or his hospital. It seems to me that when a man gets to be forty-five he ought to take things easier; it wasn't as though he couldn't afford it, and after all he does owe his family some consideration. Other doctors love their profession; I'm not narrow, you know that, Fraser. I can understand that. But it was an obsession with Tom."

"Well—" Fraser's voice drawled. "You don't have to get all worked up about it in this heat. And if you've made up your mind about not letting him have the kid, the thing to do is stick to it. Chances are he'll be decent if he's as busy as you say."

"But he's absolutely insistent. He writes and . . ."

"Well, how about calling that girl?"

"Oh yes, I was going to, wasn't I?"

David stood up hurriedly when she came in.

"Oh. Oh, so you're in here. David, I wish you wouldn't sit around in corners like this; you make me nervous. Why don't you get some toys up in your room and play? Or go down the street and see if you can find some children. But for heaven's sake, do something." Her voice mounted higher. David started quickly up the stairs.

HIS ROOM was hot. He sat down and looked out of the window onto the sloping roof of the house next door. At home there was a big oak just outside the window and the leaves were shiny and sharp-pointed. In the spring a wild dove built near enough so that he could look into the flimsy nest and onto her grey back.

If you thought about a thing long enough and hard enough, every day, you couldn't forget. And it wouldn't be long now. Just until Friday. Something very special would happen then. His father had said so a long time ago, but he had not forgotten that. He had asked his father what it would be like to be six. And his father had smiled down at him with his grey eyes, and his fingers that were so gentle, but so strong, had taken David's hand—"Wait and see!"

"Is it different from other birthdays, father?"

"Oh yes. Quite. There's a very special difference in being six. You think hard of what you want most to happen."

Then, of course, he had thought about having a dog. But now that was changed. His father would come for them on Friday and they could go home. He drew in a quick breath.

Because Friday was coming he even tried to be nice to Janet that night. He was getting used to her indifference, and he could even find something of interest in her interminable telephone conversations in which he had begun to recognize that her frequent use of the pronoun "she" referred to his mother.

"Oh, she's gone out with the boy-friend. Boy, none of that dark, slinky ✦ *Continued on page 59*

David's eyes never left the animal's sleek, moving body. "He wants to get out," he said faintly.

Illustrated by Robert G. Harris

Custody of the Child

A poignant and memorable revelation of what a broken home can mean to a little boy

by MARION S. BROWN

WELL, give him time. He'll forget. Just give him time!"

David lay upon his stomach on the dry, burnt grass, tasting its dust in his mouth, and feeling the mid-afternoon summer sun burning fiery hot upon the back of his neck, his head and his bared legs.

"He'll forget; just give him time."

He wouldn't, he wouldn't, he never would. They would see. He said it over and over to himself much more vehemently, and a little more fearfully, too, than he had when he had first heard Margaret Fagley, who was his mother's friend, say that to her. More frightened because of what had happened this morning.

"Mother, could I have a dog for my birthday?" He would be six on Friday. This next Friday. She looked down at him and smiled. Oh, he knew, of course; Fraser Holiday was coming to dinner. She was different when that happened.

"Well, I'm afraid not. Where would we put a dog in this house, David?"

It did seem impossible in this tight, hot, little box of a house.

"But my father—"

"Well, you can't, David," she said crisply, and with that hard sound that came into her voice when she spoke of him.

"You had a dog when you were two years old. A big dog. I don't like big dogs. Maybe after a few years you could have a—"

"What kind of a dog did I have?" His grey eyes widened as they rested upon her face, that face that seemed so strangely different than it had back home, with a difference he could not define.

"Oh, I don't know. Just any kind, I guess he was. He was lost. He was all over the place before I could get rid of him. Mercy!"

He just looked at her, his small chin pressed against the hard side of the kitchen table at which she was doing something with tomatoes.

"You've forgotten," she said. "You were only two."

Well, so that was what it was. To have something you wanted so much, so very much, almost—but not quite—more than you wanted anything else in the world, and then from the time you were two years old until you were six something happened, so that it was just as though you had never had it. And that was what he thought about as he lay on the grass in the hot sun, while he listened to what his mother and Fraser Holiday were talking about as they sat on the little white front porch that was just exactly like all the other front porches of all the other white-box houses up and down the street. He listened whenever he could, now, because there was nothing else to do, and because that was the only way he could find out what was going to happen.

Left to right: There's youth in every line of Polly Tucker's sleek-necked frock with its whirling skirt and much-buttoned bell hop bolero. Courtesy of Bonwit Teller. An all over stitched daisy pattern makes the Parisian wool jacket and frock very smart—buttercup yellow and burgundy with accessories in the darker shades. All the color of this mad glad spring is caught in two lovely ensembles—a multi-colored jacket with pleated inserts to match, and Howard Hodge's blue off-the-face hat with luna green suede. And a rich East Indian sash with a dark bolero frock and the Hodge blue sailor, veil trimmed. Courtesy Howard Hodge.

Chart Your Course for Spring

Set sail with COLOR in your life...MOVEMENT in your skirts...CONTRAST in your fabrics and CURVES in your hat ! . . . . .

by CAROLYN DAMON

A WHOLE FLEET of brand-new styles are breezing right out of the Paris collections into your wardrobe. They must be, because this year's fashion cargo is made up of lines and colors for every possible size, shape and shade of woman. And it's a vibrant, sparkling array, you may be sure.

Color's the keynote of the season. Dig deep into it for yourself, your family and your house. Mix your shades recklessly and gather up your tones like flowers in a bouquet.

Then there's movement—the skirts are alive with it. Pleats of a dozen kinds—gores, tucks and flares that lift your hemline like an exhilarating March wind.

And you've never seen such fabrics! Woven and designed in the most interesting patterns, prints, flecks, stripes and checks. And you're not content with one at a time. You double and triple up on them in the most amazing ways.

Then, all your hats must curve. Liltingly up or devastatingly down. Deep hair-molding snoods, rolling brimlines to flatter up-sweeping coiffures, and flattened crowns are the mark of your awareness to new trends, whether you wear 'em wide or narrow.

Accessories become more and more closely knit to the contour of the costume. What with linings, lapels, pockets, buttons, braids, boleros and even gores and insets playing their part in new matches with gloves, shoes, bags, scarves and belts, you're hard put to it to tell where the dress or suit or coat finishes and the accessory begins.

THERE ARE three or four leading silhouettes. Favorite is the lampshade, or full-skirted, narrow-shouldered type. Wear a wide hat with this one. But you can reverse to the "T" outline—wide shoulders and narrow skirt, and small, higher hat. The bloused silhouette is particularly good in sports and afternoon wear. Nice for the young. Then there's the pencil or slim outline which Mainbocher, Alix and Maggy Rouff continue to sponsor. Slick for the tailored type. You'll look romantic in the evening in period and 1800 gowns. Scrambled suits are sporting, and the Watteau and Gay Nineties are favorites in hat styles.

Waists are normal with a tendency to drop. Street skirts are shorter. You can take the jump from fourteen inches to seventeen inches (from the floor) if you're sound of limb and meticulous about your hose. Jackets are myriad as the blossoms of the field—and as decorative. Wear your boleros the Schiaparelli bust length, or waistline ✦ *Continued on page 65*

Left to right: Color blossoms freshly in a lacquer red camellia poised on the side of Howard Hodge's black paper panama, "The Cake Plate." The flowered silk frock is black with splashings of the red and a gleaming paper white. (Courtesy J. Howard Hodge).

Wheatstalk spells smartness this season, and here it is in Molyneux dressmaker ensemble of wool, with wide borders of self rushing applied in flower pattern design down the tuxedo front and on a panel in the dress. The hat is a Schiaparelli pin beret and accessories throughout are blond and amber. (Courtesy Bonwit Teller).

From Paris comes the little wool frock with tuxedo front in a deep wood green with the vest of amber green. Sleeves are raised but only slightly accented. Skirt animation comes in a front kick pleat

What happens when a girl is a brilliant success—and her fiance a plodding failure? Reita Lambert's new novel presents a dramatic illustration in the lives of Marta Ross—a fabulously paid star in a night club—and Dave Ramsey, grateful for his twenty dollar a week job in a bank

by REITA LAMBERT

Illustrated by Charles Bryson

for her health and happiness, the food she would eat, the clothes she would wear, the roof that would shelter her. The knowledge filled him with power and exultation. His senses still sang of the memory of Marta's lips under his, her slim, yielding body against his own, her clinging arms. He still remembered his stab of fear when she had spoken of her father and his relief when he understood that Mr. Ross was only an underpaid country parson who could contribute nothing to his daughter's support. He was as jealous as that, of his new burden.

Dave ate his rolls and drank his coffee and frowned on the advertisements. There was not one worth the answering, not one that promised more than a temporary stopgap—and he was no longer interested in stopgaps. He sat a long time at the tile counter, his grey eyes crinkled with thought. But when he got down from the high stool at last, his shoulders were squared, his chin belligerent with purpose.

But the day was cold, the pavements hard. Dave tramped them from ten-thirty until four-thirty, unconscious of cold or fatigue. He had an occasional respite in some outer office where he was kept waiting long enough to hear the inevitable, "Sorry, we have no openings at present—" or that polite cruelty, "I'll be glad to keep you in mind—" but the distances between these refusals he covered on foot.

At twenty-five past four, he faced a friendly looking, youngish bank executive across a glass-topped desk. He was still unaware that he was tired, the fury of his determination still insulated him against cold. If he had known that his face was pinched and drawn and slightly filmed with city dust, he would have been indignant. But the friendly executive on the opposite side of the glass-topped desk, saw that his visitor was weary and bitterly, belligerently determined and felt a glow of satisfaction. He disliked humility in a man applying for a job and it so happened that there was a minor post vacant for which he had interviewed and rejected some dozen applicants that very day. He put the customary questions to Dave, jotted down the answers, said finally, "This is all satisfactory enough. Still, whether we could use a man who never has had any concrete banking experience—"

He fell back in his chair and Dave abruptly leaned across the desk. "I have had concrete experience, sir—nearly six months of it at the Third National Bank. Mr. Charles Minor, whom you probably know—"

"Why, certainly, certainly. Why didn't you mention this before?"

"Because," Dave said, "I was a washout. I didn't earn my salt and was fired for incompetence. That's what Mr. Minor will tell you if you ask him and it's all quite true, I'm sorry to say. But it wouldn't be true if I had it to do over again and it won't be true of any other job I take. I assure you of that, sir!"

The friendly executive was startled and astonished. A fine way to apply for a job! He said, "This is a strange way to recommend yourself to us."

Dave gave him a grim smile. "It's the best I can do, but just because a man muffs his chance once doesn't mean that he's going to go on muffing it!"

The other man looked at him thoughtfully. He was a shrewd businessman but he was also a humane one. He rested his elbows on the desk and placed his fingertips together. 'I'm inclined to think that you can do a good job—if you make the effort. I can't offer you a good one until you've proved yourself worthy of it, but I can take you on in the rack department—" Dave winced. He had been spared that at the Third, but he knew what it meant; the monotonous routine, long hours, inevitable overtime when the cheques piled up over a holiday or week-end. "It's pretty dull, routine work as you probably know," the executive said, "but if you prove yourself worthy of something better, you can go on from there—how soon and how far rests entirely with you. The salary will be small. We'll pay you twenty dollars to start—which is a couple more than I offer most beginners."

The light faded from Dave's eyes. Twenty dollars a week. A mediocre stenographer's salary, a filing clerk's wage. All the bright hopes that had been forming in his mind collapsed. No man could marry on twenty dollars a week—or twenty-five or thirty. But there was a future—"You can go on from there—how soon and how far rests with you." He stood up and held out his hand to the friendly executive. "Thanks very much. Can I start tomorrow?"

THAT NIGHT, across a huge mound of spaghetti which was the pièce de résistance of a sixty-cent table d'hôte, Dave told Marta of his marvellous good fortune. That was the way he was seeing his new job now. In the two hours and a half between that interview and his meeting with Marta, his buoyancy had returned, his hopes had come rushing back. He was twenty-four and wildly in love; he had a job, a job for which he was obligated to no one save his employer and which he must hold solely by his own efforts.

Now he was saying, "In six months I'll be drawing a respectable salary," not wanting to appear boastful.

"I think it's wonderful. Especially in these hard times when so many people are looking for jobs."

Her glowing eyes, her sweet, breathless voice added a foot to his height, invested him with the business acumen of all the Morgans and Rockefellers in the universe. He said, "You did it. You brought me luck."

They were silent for a moment, then Marta said suddenly: "Oh, do you remember Hal Purdy? You know, the man who played the accordion that day at Mrs. Price's?"

He said yes he remembered ✦ *Continued on page 43*

Make-Believe Gypsy

Dave half rose in his chair, smiling, forming her name with his lips, but before he could sit down again Martha had turned away.

Dark-haired, brown-eyed Marta Ross is a dancing teacher in New York, her friend, Robbie Peterson, sharing her studio with her. Marta is at a gypsy's cottage in the country when Dave Ramsey, New York playboy, and his fiancée, Ellen Minor, are forced to stop with car trouble. Taking Marta for a gypsy, they are casually insolent to her, and on an angry impulse she tells their fortunes too frankly—causing a quarrel. Later through mutual friends in New York she learns that Dave and Ellen have broken their engagement and that Dave has lost his job—provided by Ellen's wealthy father. At a large private party she pretends to be a gypsy again, hoping to straighten out the difficulties between Dave and Ellen by retelling their fortunes. She fails in this—but through her accordion-playing partner, Hal Purdy, is offered a job as gypsy fortune-teller and dancer in a night club. Dave Ramsey, dispirited, takes a room in a poor locality and calls on Marta. It is not long before they realize they are in love with each other.

WHEN ROBBIE came home, jaded and hungry, at eight, she tossed her hat and gloves on a chair, called "H'lo!" in the direction of the screen, started to pull off her coat, and stopped. She stood rigid and alert as a hound halted by an unfamiliar scent. But it was neither the scorched potatoes nor the thin odor of a recently smoked cigarette that alarmed her. It was something less palpable than these, an ominous, electric something in the air. She cried sharply, "Mart! Mart!"

And Marta came out from behind the screen. She was holding the two-pronged fork again, her cheeks were scarlet, her brown eyes vague and bedazzled. "Hello, darling!"

"What's happened! Something's happened!"

"Yes—I told you he'd come."

"Who?" Robbie said. "Who came?"

"Dave."

"Dave!" Robbie's voice rose to a shriek. "He's been here! What did he want?"

"Me," said Marta, and Robbie sat down on her hat with her mouth wide open. "He wanted to stay—to meet you—but I was afraid it would be kind of a shock so I told him when he came tomorrow—"

"Heavens above!"

At ten that night when Robbie had heard it all, when she had marvelled and exclaimed, she said, "What does he think about your new job?"

"About what? Oh . . ." Marta said, and shrugged and smiled dreamily. "I don't know. I didn't think to tell him."

"I'll bet he won't like it. If he felt so indignant about your doing that stunt at Mrs. Price's party, how will he feel about your doing it in a night club?"

"Oh, he won't mind—for such a short time. And think of the money I can save—enough to furnish our apartment!"

DAVE REALIZED that he had never been happy before. He had been gay, cheerful, exhilarated—never truly happy. To achieve happiness was not the work of a moment. It was like a symphony, beginning with a few bemusing, noncommittal chords, slowly taking form and swelling to a glorious crescendo. And he knew, too, that he had never been in love. Love was passion and tenderness and power and exaltation and humility. In addition to which it was magic. For when Dave woke the next morning in his dingy hall room and with the knowledge that he had no job, precious little money and had bound himself to marry a girl as poor as himself, he felt taller, stronger and more superior to his fellow men than he had ever felt before.

The day was a cold one but Dave was out by eight, breakfasting on rolls and coffee at a lunch counter, his morning paper turned to the help wanted columns. For three weeks he had been telling prospective employers that he was willing to take anything. That, he realized now, had been pure bravado and self-disgust. Today he studied the ads. with the thoughtful and critical gaze of a man with future responsibilities to consider.

Hitherto, Dave Ramsey's responsibilities toward women had been limited to piloting them safely across the street or in to dinner; seeing them supplied with dancing partners, driving their cars, carrying their cloaks. Now he had come into man's heritage; he had undertaken to be responsible for another human being,

The wind took her breath away as she raced down the garden to Nick, who was watching his fire.

Illustrated by Ilse Shank

They both ran after him, and Taffy liked that. This was sheer bliss; the cold wind and the crackling fire, no leash, and two people who would run. He dashed through the garage and up the stairs, stood up there with his tongue hanging out.

"Come here!" said Nick.

Taffy gave a little bark and moved backward, and they went upstairs. It was dark, Nick switched on the light; and there was Taffy in the room Miss Burleigh's chauffeur used to have. It was used now for a storeroom, so crowded with discarded furniture that Taffy could not back away any farther.

"Hey! You come back here!" said Nick, and back he came.

"He minds you better than anybody," said Genevieve.

"He better!" said Nick, and gave the dog a push. But Taffy understood all this. He caught Nick's hand in his teeth, not even scratching it, held it and looked up at him as if he were laughing.

"You son-of-a-gun!" said Nick, patting the hard little head.

"I *got* to go, Nick!"

"That's a nice table, all right," said Nick. "Gee! You could furnish a whole house with what she don't want. There's everything up here, little kitchen and bathroom and all. Gee! If we could live here, Genevieve! You and me . . ."

"I'm surprised—and disgusted," said Miss Burleigh's voice behind them.

Nick's face grew white. He would not let go of Genevieve's hand.

"Genevieve and me are going to get married as soon as we can," he said. "We were just looking—"

That made Miss Burleigh more angry than ever.

"There are entirely too many young people like you," she said. "Marrying on nothing, without the strength of character, or the self-control to save and wait until they can start decently."

"We weren't asking for any help," he said curtly.

Above the collar of her dark fur coat her face looked pale and scornful; but Nick looked straight back at her.

"You implied it," she said. "You spoke about this furniture—these rooms I didn't use. You thought *you* ought to have them. That's not my idea. You're young and strong. Work for what you want. Earn it."

"I work, all right," said Nick. "So does Genevieve."

Miss Burleigh smiled faintly.

"Yes . . ." she said. "After a fashion . . . If this happens again—if you and Jenny use the time for which I pay you to meet like this—I shall let you both go. Jenny, run back to the house at once, please. Mrs. Kendall is waiting for more hot water. I rang and rang . . ."

Genevieve had to go without a word to Nick. Miss Burleigh called to Taffy and followed the girl, and a moment later Nick went after her. From the doorway of the garage he saw Genevieve running across the lawn with Taffy after her, beside her, before her, making her stumble. She looked like a kid in that big coat . . . A kid, playing, having fun . . . But she wasn't. She had to go into Miss Burleigh's house and work, do what she was told. Terrible lonely, she said it was.

He smothered the flames and when that glare had gone, it was black night. He lit a cigarette and stood there, looking at the lighted windows of that big house where Genevieve was.

"She's my girl," he said to himself. "I won't go on like this . . ."

JAMES KERNOCHAN had built his own house, some of it with his own hands, and he loved it. It was a solid, honest wooden house, painted white, standing four-square in the neat garden; a dining room, a kitchen, and a big parlor on the ground floor, and four bedrooms above, all square, generously proportioned, soundly constructed; all the doors and sashes fitted, the floors were well laid, nothing creaked or stuck.

His five children had grown up here; two of them had married, and one of the boys had gone into the Navy; there were only the two youngest left at home, Nick and Kathleen. And Kathleen was his favorite, so pretty, and the smartest of them all. This was her last year in high school; then she would be going to college.

As he drove home in his sedate little coupe that evening, he hoped, as he always did, that Kathleen would be home. He liked to see her in the parlor, sitting at a table under the lamp, studying; he liked it still better when she opened the door for him and gave him a hug. Sometimes she had two or three other girls with her; he would hear them talking and laughing upstairs, and they would come down; nice girls, all of them.

It was his wife who opened the door tonight.

"It's a cold night," she said.

"It is that," said Kernochan.

They did not kiss each other, did not even smile; there was something almost austere in their behavior toward each other. She helped him off with his tremendous overcoat, and he hung up his hat on the ornate rack in the hall; a big man he was, his powerful shoulders stooped, his hair grey, his long upper lip drawn down in a look half-disdainful, half-humorous.

"What have *you* been doing with yourself?" he asked.

"Me?" said his wife. "What would I ever be doing? Sitting with my hands folded of course."

She was a stout woman with grey hair and a lined face, but he did not really know that. He saw in her blue eyes the glint of cheerful mockery he had seen there thirty years ago; he heard in her voice the warmth he always expected.

"Is Kathleen home?" he asked.

"Not yet. But—" She paused. "The boy is wanting to see you," she said.

They looked at each other.

"I'll see him," he said.

"Jim," she said, with a sort of sternness, "don't forget, there's the same temper in him as in you. He's young . ."

She moved away, went along the hall to the kitchen and Kernochan went into the parlor. Nick was standing there by the window. He turned with a quick frown, a trick he had.

"Hello, father," he said. "You're late, aren't you?"

"I stopped to see the mayor," said Kernochan, with a certain complacency. "We had a chat together."

This son of his would never know what that meant. He had been born here, in this nice house, he had had schooling, good food and good clothes all his life. But Kernochan had come here with nothing; a greenhorn, scarcely able to read and write, a boy with nothing but his strength and his wits. And now he could stop in and chat with the mayor . . . He glanced sidelong at his son to see what he thought of *that* . . .

"Well, see here, father," said Nick, "I want to marry Genevieve."

Kernochan showed no surprise.

"Do you?" he said. "You're not making much."

"I can count on sixteen, seventeen dollars a week, even now, worst time of the year. In the spring, when building starts up again, I ✤ *Continued on page 54*

The Old Forget

How fearful life can be when you are very young . . and very much in love

by ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

MRS. KENDALL came in to tea, and, as always, she was impressed with Mildred Burleigh's talent for the details of living. The white-panelled drawing-room was charming and tranquil; a bright fire burned on the hearth beneath the fine old white marble mantelpiece; the big Chinese ox-blood lamp with a white shade made the rosewood piano gleam darkly, gave a warm hue to the mulberry carpet. The tea service was Crown Derby in rich colors, the little sandwiches were perfect; even the parlormaid was such a pretty little thing.

"New, isn't she?" Mrs. Kendall asked, when the girl went out.

"She's really the housemaid," said Miss Burleigh. "But Annie had to go to the dentist's."

Miss Burleigh herself had the same casual, unobtrusive charm manifest in her surroundings. She looked, Mrs. Kendall thought, rather like Queen Elizabeth; the same shrewdness and distinction, but really handsome, with a thin, fine face and smooth, soft fox-red hair parted at the middle and knotted at the nape of her neck. She wore a sweater and skirt of powder blue, and she could afford to dress like that, so slim and straight was she. Her long hands moved deftly about her gorgeous china; she turned her head and glanced out of the window at her garden that was shivering in the January dusk. The cruel wind made the dry lawn ripple; the skeleton trees creaked; in a corner, near the fence, a red flame shot up like a floating plume. Miss Burleigh rang the bell set in the wall beside her, and the pretty little maid entered.

"Jenny," she said, "run out, please, and tell Nick to put that fire out. It's too near the fence."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jenny.

SHE DID wish that Miss Burleigh wouldn't call her Jenny. Genevieve was her name, a real pretty name. She opened the hall closet and got out the old black coat she and Annie both used if they had to go out in a hurry; she opened the back door and started to run across the lawn. But the wind took her breath away, made her eyes water, blew the big, loose coat about her slim legs; she slowed down and looked at Nick. He hadn't seen her. He was watching his fire, and as the flame shot up, it gave a coppery glow to his dark, intent face.

"Nick!" she said, with a proud little laugh. "It's me!"

He took her arm and pulled her close to him, and kissed her.

"Oh, Nick! Suppose she saw us?"

"I don't care!" he said. "Haven't I got a right to kiss my own girl?"

For a moment she didn't care either. She did love him so.

"Nick, we'll have the grandest time at the ball tomorrow night, won't we?," she said smiling at him.

"I don't know," he answered. "If you got to be back by twelve . . ."

"She's terrible strict about those things. But we'll have a good time, Nick." She patted his cheek with her cold, rough, little hand wanting him to be happy, trying to cajole him from his bitterness. "Last year—Oh, merciful Peter! There's Taffy! I must have left the door unlatched."

A half-grown collie came flying across the lawn. He stopped suddenly with his front legs braced, and flung up his head to bark.

"Shut up!" said Nick.

Taffy circled before him, his supple body writhing, almost falling over sideways in his ecstatic pleasure. Nick stooped and patted his head, lifted up one of his ears, and Taffy barked again.

"Nick, I got to run!" said Genevieve. "She didn't want Taffy to go out no more today. She'll hear him sure as fate, Nick—" He was holding her so tight she could scarcely speak. "Nick, she said for you to put out that fire."

IT MADE her cry when he kissed her like that, as if he couldn't stand letting her go. She kissed him, hard.

"I *got* to go, darlin' . . . Oh, Nick! Taffy's going in the garage!"

First Call for Family Dinner!

On family tables throughout Canada Mothers count on Campbell's Tomato Soup to give dinner a rousing send-off

Snack for the "Moonglow Girl" In the flying minutes between a grueling dress rehearsal and "on the air" time, Frances Langford, singing star of "Hollywood Hotel" broadcasts, and Ken Niles, announcer, perk up with a steaming plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup.

"Do come over for lunch!" Impromptu invitations given without a qualm. The lady knows without asking that lunch will be a delight if it's built around the soup everybody likes, Campbell's Tomato Soup.

She knows what they like! The family like food with lively, definite flavor to tickle their taste and sound nourishment to provide inside satisfaction. So Mother can rely on them going for Campbell's Tomato Soup any mealtime.

Two Soups that eat as one! Surprise the family with "Purée Mongole". Directions: one can Campbell's Tomato Soup, and one can Campbell's Pea Soup. Stir together. Fill one of the cans with fresh milk (or use evaporated milk if you like). Add the milk to the soups, stir, heat and serve.

Why this Soup is the World's Most-Often-Asked-For

There's just one answer and that is—flavor. Flavor with such magic in it that no good home-cook or famous chef has ever matched its life and verve. Flavor that comes from specially grown, extra-luscious tomatoes, skillfully cooked, enriched with fine table butter and enhanced with rare seasonings. Flavor that thrills at the first spoonful yet brings fresh delight each time it's served. *That's* what it takes to make a soup the world's most-often-asked-for!

It's time that I hurried these
Home from the store
My Campbell shelf's empty
My family shouts, "More!"

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Look for the Red-and-White Label

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Size 14

The original dress was knit from fifteen balls of Lorraine and one ball each of Scarlet, Butte cup, Eme Parrot in Monarch Andalusi

For Youth in Spring

A two-piece knitted costume with gay colors in the belt and new crocheted tasselled yoke

Measurements of Finished Garments when Blocked . . .

Skirt—Length from waist to bottom, 31 inches. All around at waist, 27 inches. All around at hips, 37 inches. All around at hem, 44 inches.

Blouse—All around at underarm, 34 inches. From shoulder to bottom, 19 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 5 inches.

Tension of Stitch:

Blouse—17 sts. = 2 inches. 21 rows = 2 inches.

Skirt—15 sts. = 2 inches. 10 rows = 1 inch.

Materials Necessary:

Light Weight 4-ply Wool

15 Balls Blue	1 Pair No. 11 Needles
1 Ball Red	
1 Ball Yellow	1 Circular Needle No. 11
1 Ball Emerald	
1 Ball Green	1 Fine Crochet Hook

SKIRT

Starting at bottom, with circular needle and blue wool, cast on 320 sts.

Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 1 inch.

Continue in stocking stitch (all knit) until work measures 4 inches from beginning (border included). (Tension —15 sts. = 2 inches. 10 rows = 1 inch.)

1st Decreasing Round—*K30, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 4 inches even.

2nd Decreasing Round—*K29, K2tog repeat from * around. Work 4 inches even.

3rd Decreasing Round—*K28, K2tog repeat from * around. Work 4 inches even.

4th Decreasing Round—*K27, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 4 inches even.

5th Decreasing Round—*K26, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 3 inches even.

6th Decreasing Round—*K25, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 1 inch even.

7th Decreasing Round—*K24, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 1 inch even.

8th Decreasing Round—*K23, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 1 inch even.

9th Decreasing Round—*K22, K2tog, repeat from * around. Work 1 inch even.

10th Decreasing Round—*K21, K2 tog, repeat from * around.

Continue evenly until skirt measures 30 inches from beginning. Cast off.

Beading for Elastic—Holding skirt wrong side toward you, join wool at top of skirt, *ch.6, 1 slip st. in 3rd st. to left in 5th row below, ch.6, 1 slip st. in 3rd st. to left in 2nd row from top *, repeat from * to * around. Work 1 row s.c. around top of skirt.

BLOUSE

BACK—Starting at bottom, with No. 11 needles and blue wool, cast on 100 sts. Work in ribbing (K2, P2) for 2 inches.

Continue in stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row), decreasing 1 st. each end of needle every 4th row until 90 sts. remain on needle.

Work 4 rows even. (Tension—17 sts. = 2 inches. 21 rows = 2 inches.)

Increase 1 st. each end of needle every 4th row until there are 120 sts. on needle.

Continue evenly until work measures 12½ inches from the beginning (band included).

Shape Armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Decrease 1 st. each end of needle every knit row 6 times (96 sts.)

Continue evenly until armholes measures 6½ inches from last decreasing.

Shape Shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

FRONT—Starting at bottom, cast on 120 sts. Work in ribbing (K2, P2) for 2 inches.

Continue in stocking stitch, decreasing 1 st. each end of needle every 4th row until 110 sts. remain on needle. Work 4 rows even.

Increase 1 st. each end of needle every 4th row until there are 130 sts. on needle.

Continue evenly until work measures 12½ inches from beginning.

Shape Armhole by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. ✚ *Continued on page 66*

A scoop for Chatelaine! Here is the first published photograph of Dr. Hind in a silk dress, and knitting by her own fireside. Every other photograph has been of Dr. Hind in her famous brown riding costume. — Photograph by H. A. Steel, Winnipeg.

The Woman Herself

Dr. Cora Hind, as a world authority on wheat, and Canada's premier newspaperwoman is known to many thousands. What is she really like?

by ELIZABETH DUNDAS LONG

BRIGHT Winnipeg sun streams through cream Venetian blinds, casting crimson bars of light across Madeira red broadloom that carpets the floor. It falls on the plumpish, tailored figure of a woman seated behind a square, businesslike, oak desk.

With a brisk movement, she raises her head. You look straight into swiftly appraising, penetrating blue eyes. You feel a strange electric shock. You are stimulated, eager. This is now no ordinary office, no casual interview . . . you have entered the orbit of Dr. E. Cora Hind.

She waves you to a rose chintz and wicker chair at her side. Swiftly her shapely, manicured hands arrange the papers before her. Then she turns to give her entire interest to your conversation. The intensity of her concentration envelopes you. All other activities fade from your mind.

The stream of talk flows. Subject after subject passes under review, all made lively, purposeful, vivid, by pithy comment, gay reminiscence, inexhaustible information, constructive criticism.

You know this is Canada's premier newspaperwoman, the acknowledged world authority on agricultural affairs. You know this is the woman, who at seventy-six is newly returned from a two-year tour of the twenty-seven wheat-growing countries of the world, on which she sent back more than half a million words of special articles for publication in her paper, and on which, since her return, she has published a book.

But in her presence your sole interest is the woman. Here is one who has done great things, but herself is greater. You are dazzled, amazed, awed.

Time speeds by. Another visitor is at the door. A third will appear before the clock again strikes the hour. On her desk stand unfinished articles on Prairie Drought Problems, the Civic Milk Board, New Methods of Threshing New Varieties of Wheat. These must wait until evening, and the privacy of her home.

Visitors crowd her days—friends, new and old, in casual greeting, or serious consultation, agricultural experts, traders, growers, packers, breeders—all these have beaten a wide pathway to her office door.

ELLA CORA HIND was born in Toronto, September 18, 1861, and orphaned as a very young child, went to live on her grandfather's farm in Grey County, Ontario. Very old neighbors still tell of seeing a small girl in top boots with square copper toes and stout holland pinafore, trotting after the big man about his fields and barns, asking questions, which, she declares, never went without an answer she could understand.

When she was twenty-one, she came west to Winnipeg with her aunt and fostermother, Miss Alice Anna Hind, supposedly to get work as a teacher, but in her secret heart she had other plans. Before leaving Ontario, she had failed in an algebra examination, and then and there she decided not to teach, but to get newspaper work.

In those days a woman reporter was unheard of, and she promptly was refused a job. She hired a typewriter, taught herself, and though office work was then an unexplored field for women, she got a job with a big law firm, becoming the first girl typist west of the Great Lakes, and later the first public stenographer to open an office in Winnipeg.

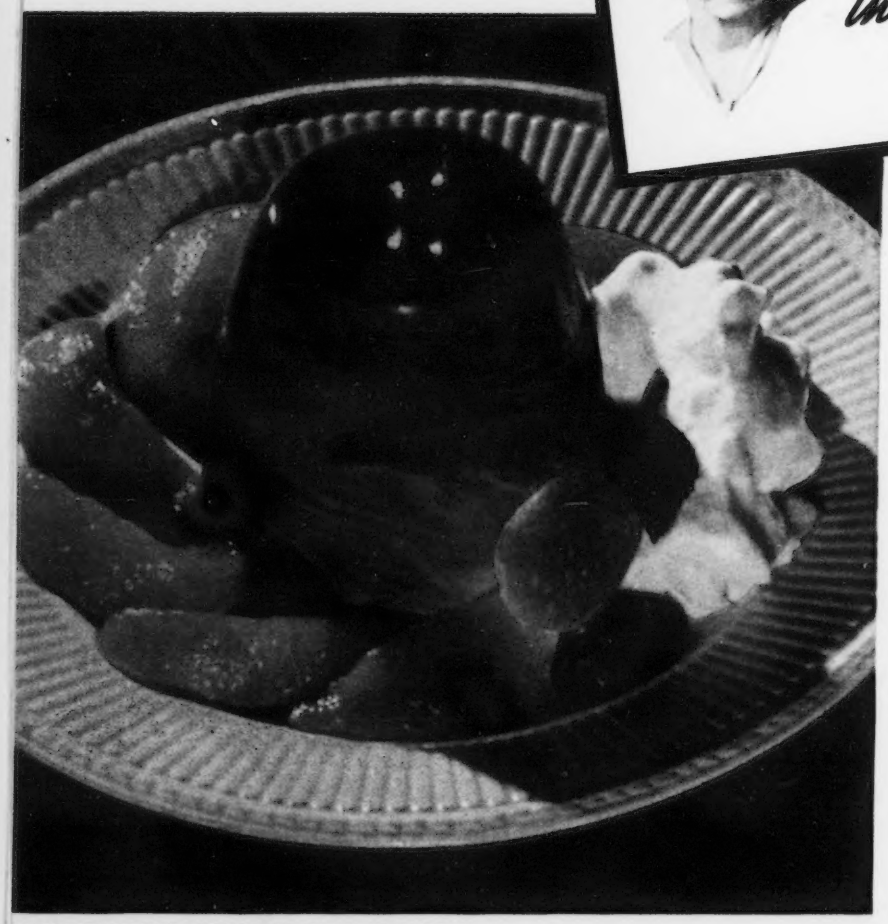
But her newspaper ambition, especially along agricultural lines, never left her, and one year after her start, she was furnishing occasional articles to the *Free Press*. Seven years later, she opened her own stenographic office, and immediately offered to report farm and grain conventions, doing her first farm convention at Brandon, Manitoba, in the summer of 1893.

The same year she was appointed by Colonel J. B. Maclean, of Toronto, western correspondent of his trade publications, and in 1901, after years of work as their special reporter on agriculture, she joined the staff of the *Free Press* as agricultural and market reporter, and finally commercial and agricultural editor.

It was in this post that Dr. Hind steadily built up a reputation as a crop and livestock expert. She compiled market statistics that no one else thought of publishing, and which now are a recognized feature of the day's financial news. She reported dairymen's meetings, agricultural fairs. She instituted a system of tabulated news of western crops from local correspondents, and herself each year travelled thousands of miles, first by buckboard and freight trains, and later by automobile, making a survey of the whole farming West, as a basis for her annual wheat estimate.

Hers has not been the career of a sob sister, a stunt reporter or a news sleuth, peering under blinds and eavesdropping at back doors, Dr. Hind always has obtained her news from reliable sources, her informants have trusted her, and have been grateful for her co-operation.

It is the tireless devotion with which she has served their interests, as well as ✦ *Continued on page 22*



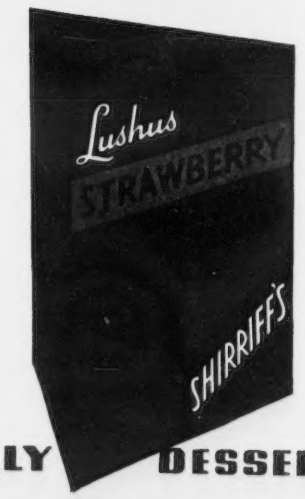
Half a Teaspoon —what a flavour it gives!

What a world of difference true vanilla makes—and you use so very little. It gives new life to cakes, custards and sauces. It's made from real vanilla beans, aged in old oak casks.

. . . and you'll find what it is at the very first taste. In these radiant Lushus Jelly Desserts flavour is glorified to the *n*th degree. Not just extra-rich flavour — but fresh, lively, delicious flavour *"twice-as-rich"* as any you've ever known before.

Of course there's a reason — and it's easy to understand. In the Lushus package is a patented Flavour Bud—a shell of sugar that seals in the deep, fruity flavour and keeps it fresh and full-bodied until you are ready to use it.

There really is a big difference in jelly desserts. So remember to ask for Shirriff's Lushus—the jelly dessert with the hearty, rousing *"twice-as-rich"* flavour. There is a choice of seven popular flavours in the gay three cornered packages—at your grocer's.



SHIRRIFF'S *Lushus* JELLY DESSERT

Reduce on NEW BREAD DIET

Grow Slim...Radiantly Lovely!

Take Off Pounds Without Loss of Vital Energy or Starved Nerves

MEN instinctively turn toward the slim graceful woman . . . lovely, alert, glowing with health!

Win this admiration for yourself! Gain an alluring figure . . . on the new Bread Diet, the sane, easy way to reduce without jumpy nerves or loss of energy.

For bread itself is not fattening! This fact has been proved beyond all doubt by far-reaching research in leading laboratories and universities.

These scientists agree that bread is a perfect combination of carbohydrates and protein that helps *burn up* fat. By substituting bread for foods that are practically all starch, excess fat is converted into *energy* that keeps you feeling fit . . . glowing with health.

If you are overweight, try this new Bread Diet! Substitute bread for the starchy foods, sugars and fats in your present menu. Eat six slices every day. Lose weight, and feel splendidly energetic all the while.

Eat Satisfying Meals —Yet Grow Thinner

Extreme reducing diets may starve nerves and muscles, make you weak and irritable. The new Bread Diet allows you to eat satisfying, well-balanced meals — and *six slices of delicious bread* every day. Remember — the safest element in a reducing diet is a liberal amount of bread. It quickly turns into vital energy . . . is one of the best sources of muscle-building protein. Try this safe, pleasant way to reduce. Send for the "Bread Diet" today.

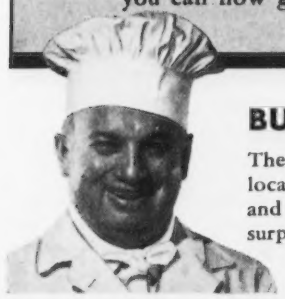
You Can Dance Half an Hour on 2 Slices of Bread

Bread is a vital food necessity for everybody. But if you are reducing, you especially need the steady flow of energy bread supplies. Diet authorities advise at least *six slices of bread daily* — to give you pep and vitality to carry you through the day.

20 PAGE BOOK COMPLETE BREAD DIET GUIDE FREE!

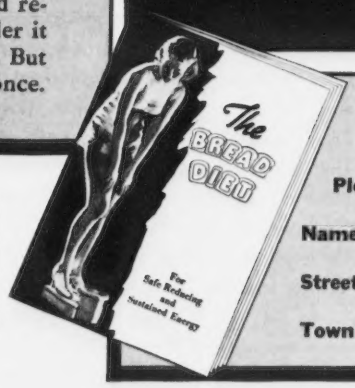
This valuable book tells you just what you should weigh for your age and height—how much food you should eat to reach your ideal weight. Gives complete Bread Diet menus for a whole week—and ways to vary the menus to suit your needs.

Years of time and thousands of dollars in laboratory and research expense went into this book. Many people consider it the most valuable book on sensible dieting ever printed. But you can now get it FREE. Fill out and mail coupon at once.



BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.



C-4

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street,
Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send my free copy of "The Bread Diet."

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ Prov._____

her newspaper judgment and writing skill, that has made her name a household word from Fort William to the Arctic. It is the accuracy of her annual crop estimates for thirty years that has won recognition in all the great grain markets of the British Empire.

ALL AROUND the world wheat experts know her work. During her recent trip, on more than one occasion when visiting some grain research station where she could not speak the language, she was shown a complete file of these famous crop reports, and through interpreters questioned regarding their local problems as seen through trained, Canadian eyes.

Need one add that Dr. Hind gave all the information in her power? Western farmers can answer that question. They will tell their own story. Perhaps it was in the first days of the dread black rust. A farmer and his wife are looking over their fine stand of wheat when they discover telltale black and brown spots on the stems. Can it be rust?

They telephone Cora Hind. It is Sunday. It is a hot day. She is one hundred and fifty miles distant, but she arrives by the night train, hires a livery, drives fifteen miles, and at four o'clock next morning is wading through that field wet to the waist from dew.

Sorrowfully she pronounces the verdict. Black rust and the wheat still in the milk. Sad news for the farmer, but relying on Cora's judgment, and grateful for her assistance, he promptly cancels plans for a new barn.

Many such stories are current in isolated communities all over the prairies; so that even a casual meeting with Dr. Hind becomes an experience to be oft recalled and oft retold. This is the secret of her fame. It is this that makes her a tradition throughout the West.

A woman who so far defied Victorian conventions as to hang around the livestock ring to record the judgings, or to invade meetings to hear livestock breeding problems frankly discussed, and then write correspondingly frank reports of these meetings in the public press, early became a well-known figure wherever she went; and when added to this, farmers discovered she knew what she was writing about, that her facts were accurate, and her advice timely—even though she was a woman—she became more famous still.

Then came the shock of her clothes. On her news-gathering rounds she discovered that tailored riding breeches, fitted jacket and high boots made the most practical costume for stepping about wind-swept paddocks and clambering into wheat fields through fourtier barbed wire fences. She adopted it, and prairie prejudice at the turn of the century received another jolt. Years later, custom and fashion endorsed her choice, but Cora Hind's brown riding costumes had long since become identified with the crop expert herself. More than a costume, they were her uniform, to be added to by no less an august body than the Board of Directors of Calgary Summer Show, which presented her with a handsome buckskin jacket, ornamented with elaborate Indian embroidery.

BUT THE Cora Hind of smartly cut riding costumes, handmade boots and "ten-gallon" hat is only one of the many Coras known to her friends and admirers. There is the well-dressed Cora in fashionable clothes, high-heeled slippers, immaculate gloves, costume jewellery. There is the Cora Hind in kitchen apron turning out her famous chicken pasties and Irish stews, and carrying soup stock and home-made jellies to friends and neighbors in illness or distress.

There is the Cora Hind, homebound from London after her two-year tour, with a filmy pink crepe nightgown all cut out and ready to handsew on the boat, in blissful anticipation of those two major blessings of Canadian city life—central heating and a warm bed.

There is the Cora Hind deep in year-end statistical tables for the special financial edition of the paper with which she greeted the New Year. All day she toils with figures and reports. At night she plows back through snowy streets to attack those interminable figures again.

In a shop window she sights a pair of diminutive scarlet slippers. She pauses. How bright they are. They cheer you up. She enters the store. The slippers fit. Hours later she is tripping about the composing room supervising the setup of her completed edition—full of pep and energy, thanks to an occasional glance at the gay red slippers on her tiny feet.

As housekeeper and cook, as in every other activity, Dr. Hind has deep convictions. She scorns all delicatessen, paper-bag, can-opener menus at the end of her day's work. So she prepares for herself an excellent table, carefully served; and in addition to this, does all the work of her three-roomed apartment, with the help of a weekly "char."

Her equipment is complete. Just as no business executive has more up-to-date attaché cases, wicker letter files, airplane luggage, so no modern apartment bride has a brighter array of double boilers, handy egg poachers, patent nut crushers, and even a pyrex teapot, "so a person can see where she is on the next cup."

YET CORA HIND in the office, on the lecture platform or placidly knitting by her own fireside, never for one moment is an average woman. In her soul burns the fire of intense enthusiasms, unswerving loyalty to friends and causes. With the clear judgment of a good mind devoted to a single great purpose, she makes her decisions, and carries them through with ruthless courage and iron will.

She is conscious of her power. She knows when she serves, she effectively serves; and woe betide obstructionists and ditherers who block her path! If she feels a clash is inevitable, Dr. Hind dashes right in, all colors flying, straight to a surprise attack.

Like all strong personalities she has long since learned that the weak and indifferent do as much harm in the world as the vicious. Therefore Cora Hind gives no quarter to these. She is out to find practical solutions for life's practical difficulties. She knows her goal. Every step forward for her is a battle won.

In her career, year in and year out she fought her way inch by inch to the top of her profession. In her lifelong service to the interests of the western

✤ *Continued on page 53*

1

2

SUITS..from Dawn to Dusk

1. THE FEMINIZED VERSION. Soft and graceful in turquoise blue angora with cut-out detail. Trimingham's, Bermuda.

2. TAILORED AFTER SCHIAPARELLI. Short, youthful and very chic with gored skirt, fitted waistline, curved pockets and point above the first button. In Viyella.

3. THE GIBSON GIRL. There's a slick-as-a-whistle feeling about this Alix suit of imported wool éponge, braid-edged, waist-nipped. From Bonwit Teller, New York.

4. SCRAMBLED is this suit of matching Shetland topcoat and man-tailored jacket with grey English flannel skirt. Perfect for the country. From Trimingham's, Bermuda.

5. THE DASHING CAPE suit has a flare all its own—this one is in navy with blue and red cross bars, and the skirt is navy wool. Trimingham's, Bermuda.

3

4

5

Speed Demon!

– he burns up terrific bodily energy every day!

Spends more than his father! Yes, each day a little chap spends more bodily energy in proportion to his weight than an adult. So every meal is vital—breakfast particularly. It must stoke him up well to see him through the action-crammed morning hours. That's one reason hot Cream of Wheat is so popular. It's fairly brimming with the food energy that play and growth require.

For 43 years this tempting hot cereal has been a recognized factor in speeding natural weight gains. Your doctor will undoubtedly tell you of its muscle-building protein and its carbohydrate charged with food energy. Cream of Wheat is simplicity itself for young systems to handle. Digestion begins almost instantly.

Less than ½c a serving! Over 50 generous helpings are in each large package. Enjoy it plain, or with dates, raisins, or brown sugar added. Delicious Cream of Wheat is a blend from the best Canadian hard wheat from the most favored growing areas. Heat-treated and purified. Sold in hygienic packages specially sealed against taints and contaminations. 3½ million bowls are eaten daily!

MADE IN CANADA FROM BEST CANADIAN HARD WHEAT.
NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS . . . ONLY IN THIS BOX.

SILVERWARE! *Wm. A. Rogers A1 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.*

Period to Love

Continued from page 9

lighthearted." She paused. "I *am* lighthearted. I'm out of prison."

He leaned to her across the table. "You have been cruelly disciplined," he said.

She nodded. "But we can't choose how life is to come to us. I'm glad I didn't fail him when he needed me."

"And beautifully disciplined," he added.

She made no reply. He went on irrelevantly. "Vera has never been disciplined in her life."

She spoke as irrelevantly. "I thought, when I came to Mary's, I would never be able to take my place in the world again. I was such a misfit! And I hadn't smiled in so long that when I did the muscles in my face were stiff." She paused. "And then I met you."

She lifted her head and looked at him clearly. Then she opened her hands and let them fall, palms up, on the table. "Don't stop giving me gaiety—yet," she said, in a shaken voice.

He answered swiftly, "I won't."

THINGS WERE different between them after that.

He said once—"I've had a vagrant interest in many women because I'm curious. I like to know how people tick. But I've never been moved by any, except Vera, up to now."

"Caught in your own net?" she said, with an assumption of lightness. But his acquiescing nod wasn't light. Nor was her heart.

He came often that summer to Mary's and Ned's cottage. Vera was away with the children for July and August and could not come down for week-ends. But he came to Mary's on the pretext of checking up on the progress of her revised book. And it was there that their love, only tacitly admitted up to now, swept into the open.

She knew him well by this time. They went swimming together in the little blue willow-fringed pool back of the house.

She gained a complete knowledge of him and all that he was beneath his skin, all the twists of his nature and all his contradictions. Her passion had felt him out. So she knew that his love for his wife had died against his will and he was irritated and disappointed and helpless before the change. It was something that had happened when he was too busy to prevent it, and, like a little boy who had lost a favorite plaything, he felt cheated and abused—and slightly bewildered. He pretended he didn't care. But he did care. He cared because she was part of the pattern he had made and he was proud of the pattern and wanted to keep it.

She knew, too, that in spite of his keen, aggressive forcefulness, his confidence could drop swiftly. And that he had, side by side with his ready scepticism of humanity in general, a childlike trust in individuals that would lead him to impulsive and reckless generosity. And that back of his love of ribald stories were a fine integrity and sensitivity. And, finally, she knew that his robust self-sufficiency was no self-sufficiency at all but a perfect defense against a loneliness as great as hers. It hadn't needed his words—"Vera is my oldest child"—for her to discover that.

And it was that that made her speak to him at last. They were down on the rock by the pool under the willow trees. Within the house above them Mary was typing on her book behind two big yellow squares of light, Ned was reading his paper and the two children lay asleep in their cot-beds. Down here a little wind ruffled the stars that were caught in the silver surface of the water and frogs were shrilling noisily through the August night farther down the field. He wasn't talking, which was unusual, for his restless, active mind usually had to find expression, and out of the silence she spoke.

"What are we going to do about us, Derek?"

He turned his head, and though he didn't move his body, she could feel him rushing to her as she was rushing to him.

"I don't know," he answered. "I've been wondering. What are we? It's for you to say."

"Well—" She lifted her face. "You might kiss me to start with."

Her emotion that first time she went into his arms left him speechless and frightened her. She clung to him desperately, struggling against tears, struggling against something else she had never known before—a rising ruthlessness.

"Lynn, darling—" he said at last.

Her fingers gripped his arm as if she would never let him go.

"Derek," she said tensely. "You're my life."

FOR A MONTH she hadn't seen him. He had gone from Mary's cottage in order to join his family for his month's holiday. He had left reluctantly with nothing settled except the fact of their love for each other. But that would have to do for the present. The future—muddled and dark and painful—must wait. It was too difficult to be hurried.

So August melted into September and September cooled into October before they had lunch together again. They met where they had often met before and as he came up the steps, his eager, hurrying glance searching her out, she thought—"He's mine. He's made me into the kind of woman he loves and he's made himself into the kind of man I love. And nothing can keep us apart."

He said at once—"I'm glad to see you." And she knew by his voice that he was.

She had dreaded this meeting, but it was all right, after all. It was *all right*. She hadn't dreamed that night by the pool, then. It was real. As real as the close warm clasp of his hand now.

"We must go somewhere—" she said breathlessly, crazily. "Oh, Derek! We must *go* somewhere!"

He nodded. "This is devilish, isn't it? We'll try and figure something out at lunch."

They went in. The waiter remembered them and they had the table behind the palms again. In his presence Derek said, "How are you, anyway?" And she answered—"Starved!" But her eyes added—"Only not for food."

The waiter went away and a curious constraint fell upon them unexpectedly.

"I didn't write—" he began, "but I thought of you every minute just the same."

"And I thought of you."

It was a strange meal. Not like any they had ever had before. Unsatisfactory, for all their gladness to be together, because badinage was gone and desire so mingled itself with dread that nothing was clear.

"You look tired," she said, discovering it suddenly.

"I am. Some neighbors of ours—very good friends—have been in trouble. I've been trying to help them." There was a pause. "We must talk," he said.

"Yes."

But they didn't—except jerkily. Somehow it was impossible. They two, who had been glib over things that didn't matter, found themselves tongue-tied before the one thing that did, before the insurmountable barrier of his marriage.

It was nearly half-past three when they rose. "I'll lose my job!" he said lightly, but she, walking out beside him through the deserted dining room, thought, "Nothing has been settled." And she was desperate.

At the door, he said, "When am I to see you again?"

She looked down the bright avenue. Everything was so right and at the same time so terribly wrong! Didn't he know they couldn't go on this way?

She said, "If we could meet and you didn't have to hurry away—"

For a moment he was his old self. "Hurry away!"

She smiled faintly. "Well, I felt as if you ought to all the time."

He waited.

"Couldn't we have dinner together? Let's go where we can dance. I've never danced with you."

"Right," he returned quickly.

They took a taxicab and in the gloom of it he kissed her. But it was a self-conscious kiss because of the driver's mirror and the whirling world so close about them. And before they reached Mary's he got out and she went on alone. And she thought again, "We can't go on this way."

HE WAS saying—"The lies I had to tell to get here."

"I suppose so."

"And if there's one thing I hate, it's subterfuge."

Panic caught her, because it was she forcing him into the need for it, so wouldn't he, in time, hate her, too? Yet she wouldn't love him as she did if he didn't hate it.

It was their first dinner together and it was better than lunch had been. The music, the color of the women's evening clothes and the entertainment gave it a sparkle. But he shouldn't say things that reminded them this was a forbidden delight. As if he read her thoughts he gave his boyish, impetuous lunge toward her across the table. "That was stupid of me. Forget it!"

Over dessert, the question pressed on them both, demanding an answer. What were they going to do?

He said, "I've been thinking and thinking, Lynn."

"So have I."

"And getting nowhere."

She nodded.

"Lynn," said Derek, "you've crashed into my life, into my dull, ordered, conventional life and brought absolute havoc with you."

"It's havoc for me, too."

Her voice was a little hard. She was a little hard with that ruthlessness rising in her again as it had the first time she had kissed him. She went on.

"But we've got to face it, you know. It's happened."

"I know." ✦ *Continued on page 26*

WOODS

BY BESSIE M. CAIRNS

There is a constant charm about a wood,
A charm that dies not with a season's wane,
But rather every season brings again
New beauties of its own. That trees which stood
Flaunting autumnal red, in springtime should
Wear leaves as fine and delicate as rain,
And that the spot where piled-up snows have lain,
And frost has driven deep, in its turn could
Bear flowers of fragile loveliness — this is
The wonder of the woods. The mosses spread
Plush carpets for a fairy's feet, the pink
Of balsam buds turns brown. To symphonies
Of wind through pines the year spins out the thread,
Which fashions beauty's chain, each month a link.

Start a movie record of your pets *you'll never feel the cost*

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"I'm so glad you were examined, Tim—for the sake of the children as well as yourself. What a relief to know that everything is all right."

CHILDREN are more susceptible to tuberculosis than grown people. A child brought into frequent contact with a person who has the disease is almost certain to become infected. Many older persons who really have tuberculosis think they suffer from nothing worse than a persistent "cough," "husky throat," "asthma," or a run-down condition.

The day may come when your child can be immunized against tuberculosis as against diphtheria. But, today, the simple tuberculin test can detect the presence of tuberculosis germs long before they develop into an active case.

The tuberculin test is an invaluable indicator—not a cure. It reports one of two things—all is well (negative reaction) or "watch out" (positive reaction) there may be danger ahead.

A positive reaction to the tuberculin test implies, first, that X-ray pictures of the lungs should be made at once. Second, that the source of infection should be looked for among the child's family, teachers, servants and other persons with whom he comes in contact. He should be kept away from the one who has the disease.

The X-ray examination shows whether or not the attacks of the germs have so far been successfully resisted. But even if the X-ray indicates that there is no immediate danger, the examination should be repeated at intervals.

Occasionally, the X-ray reveals unmistakable evidence of the beginning of an active case of tuberculosis which may be accompanied by one or more of the usual early symptoms—failure to gain weight; a cough that hangs on for more than two weeks; fatigue, an unexplained tiredness, weakness; occasionally, pains in the chest.

Even though a child has picked up a few germs of tuberculosis, it does not mean that he will have an active case of the disease. But if he becomes re-infected from the same source, or by someone else, trouble may be imminent. Extreme danger follows reinfection.

More boys and girls in their 'teens and young adults die from tuberculosis than from any other disease. Consult your doctor about the tuberculin and X-ray tests. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 4 L-38 Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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Period to Love

Continued from page 24

She waited a moment. Then she said—"And we can, of course. We're all adults."

He looked up. "Are we!"

"Well, Vera's supposed to be."

"I was thinking of Jimmy and Sandra."

She said, wildly, "Let's dance!"

NO ONE, she told herself, had a better right to take a man away from another woman. It was the reward for her faithfulness to her husband. It was the climax of her own spiritual struggle back to life. Besides, Vera had had him. She had known, for as long as Lynn hadn't, the protecting strength of a man's love, the beauty of a home, the joy of children. And if things evened up, who could stop them? Suppose Vera had lost these things? It was her own fault. Because she hadn't grown through the years. Because she was selfish and trivial and exacting. Certainly it wasn't Lynn's fault. Why, then, should she pay? That there was more to be answered than that question, she knew, but she wouldn't see what it was.

So they met for dinner and pretended to each other that in time this would work itself out. In time it must work itself out for the simple reason that they couldn't go on this way, either.

"I want you more all the time," Derek said to her. "I want you. But I don't know how to take you. How to let Vera go." He hesitated. "She's been different lately. I think she suspects something."

She made no reply. What was there to make? They'd been over this and over it. As if she didn't understand his loyalty when she had been loyal, too, for so many years—and with far less reason. But that had been long ago. Life had been still ahead, then. Now it wasn't. She was thirty-three Now, if she waited, love would never come again. Was he asking her to give it up? Or was he asking her—something else? She looked at him steadily, feeling her heart a little core of hardness within her.

"There are only two answers, Derek," she said finally. "Either I come to you openly or I come to you secretly. And I've lived out of the world too much already."

"HOW MANY are coming?" Lynn asked Mary, as she helped her get ready for a children's party.

"Just a dozen from their little school. It'll be bedlam, but I've got things planned so that at least it'll be an organized bedlam."

Some time during the party amidst the tumult and shouting, Lynn had come upon Sandra and Jimmy—Derek's two children. Sandra, pudgy and impetuous, with a bursting vitality, with two stiff straight braids of flaxen hair, with friendly blue eyes and an appalling competence—Lynn would have known her from Derek's description just by the way she pushed and fought to the winning chair in "Going to Jerusalem." And Jimmy, not so noticeable with his narrow shoulders and his smooth dark head, and his pale, small, rather anxious face—until you saw his eyes. They were beautiful. Deeply grey and liquid, and mirroring a spirit too sensitive for his own good.

"Why didn't you tell me!" she demanded in a shaken aside of Mary. But Mary, hurrying to light the candles on the birthday cake, said—"Tell you what?"

Well, here they were, and the party was over and Mary had summoned her two to help her tidy up the dining room and she was left in the living room with Sandra and Jimmy. Jimmy stood by the window, silent and anxious, watching for his mother, but Sandra, unconcerned, was chattering to Lynn.

"Mother's gone shopping. That's probably why she's late coming for us. She's buying the presents we're going to give my father for his birthday."

"And what are you going to give him?"

"We're giving him things to keep him home at night," Sandra replied with simple candor. "He's taken to staying away a good deal and mother thought this would be a good idea. So we're getting him chess and a ping-pong table. Jimmy'll play chess with him and I'll beat him at ping-pong. Do you think that'll work?"

"I should think—it might—" said Lynn, her heart contracting.

"Jimmy worries. He worries all the time."

"But you"—Lynn hardly knew her voice for her own—"you don't."

Sandra's pigtails flew in a violent negation. "Not me!" She settled herself down in a chair and began picking peanuts out of her favor basket. "Because, you see, I've got it all fixed what I'd do."

"What you'd do?" Lynn repeated. "What do you mean?"

"In case he ever tried what Mr. Bertram did."

"And what did Mr. Bertram do?"

"Well, Mr. Bertram—he lived next door to us, you know—he began staying away at night and finally one time he didn't come home at all. And now he's never coming home—Have a nut?"

"No, thank you."

"It's a mess," continued Sandra. "The boy has to go live with his father and the girl has to live with her mother and they can't be together except a little while in the summer. And the mother and father will never be together again."

Jimmy left the window now and came over to them. He stood close, so close that Lynn could see his dilated grey eyes and the slight trembling of his thin figure as he spoke the words that were meant to bolster up his courage.

"Mother says it will never happen to us."

"Ho! It better not. But if it did I'd be bad. I'd be badder than I generally am. I'd fight the whole world, instead of just a couple of it." She sat back, swinging her feet, pleased with her threat, yet not pleased entirely, considering it with a

✦ *Continued on page 28*

We seem to have inherited quite a deal of the pioneer spirit which prompted our forefathers to throw up the security of life in England and try their luck in the then little-known Canada. Mrs. Sam Ford needed more than a little courage to undertake her task of raising a family on lonely Southampton Island at the top of Hudson Bay. The only inhabitants of this isolated, forbidding-looking island are Eskimos and the fur post of which her husband is manager is the centre of civilization!

Probably the earliest pioneer women in the Far North were the Grey Nuns, who for many years now have been doing wonderful work in teaching white, Indian and Eskimo children. No matter how far north you travel, you will find schools, some of the children boarding and others who live near enough to the settlement coming in each day, and although there are some nonsectarian teachers in regions not too far north of civilization, the great majority of the teachers in these schools are Grey Nuns. Like all other women in the northern settlements, the Grey Nuns help the menfolk in many of their tasks and the experience of a group of them on a fishing trip a few years ago gives one an idea of the courage and fortitude of these Sisters. Several of them from the Mackenzie River district went out one day to help take in the winter's fish supply and the arduous task of hauling in netful after netful of fish was all in the day's work for the Grey Nuns.

Some years winter comes abruptly and with little or no warning and as the fishing party started for home they felt a little uneasy when they noticed ice forming on the water near the shore. They sailed on, hoping to get through to their mission building before the ice became thicker. But they had not gone far before ice had formed all around their sailboat and they were frozen in. There was nothing to do but sit and wait for the ice to get hard enough to walk on, a matter of hours in intense biting cold. Next day the ice became just hard enough for them to walk on as far as the shore, where they made a fire and settled down for the weary wait until the ice became really solid and they could set forth up the river to their mission station. Four days they were forced to stay there, with fish as their only food, and then eventually the ice became hard enough for them to make their way home.

YOU CAN find women pioneering even on remote Baffin Island, which lies opposite Greenland, has no trees at all, is ice bound ten months of the year, sees one supply ship each summer, has no radio stations. Why then should anyone want to settle upon an island which sounds so barren and forsaken? The mineral resources and the fur trade take men there and wherever men settle in this frozen part of the globe it does not seem possible to stop women from going there too! Baffin Island has a number of fur-trading posts on its shores and boasts a hospital with nurses; has missions, police posts and a growing population of explorers and scientists who bring their wives and families along for their stay of a year or more.

Because no trees grow on Baffin Island all lumber has to be imported. The homes are good-looking frame houses, many of them insulated against extreme cold and snowdrifts which pile house-high. The interiors are as cosy as those of the homes left in the cities far behind, with factory furniture and the feminine touch in chintz curtains, bedspreads, table linen, carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls and the latest in coal oil modern lamps, with electric light at some posts.

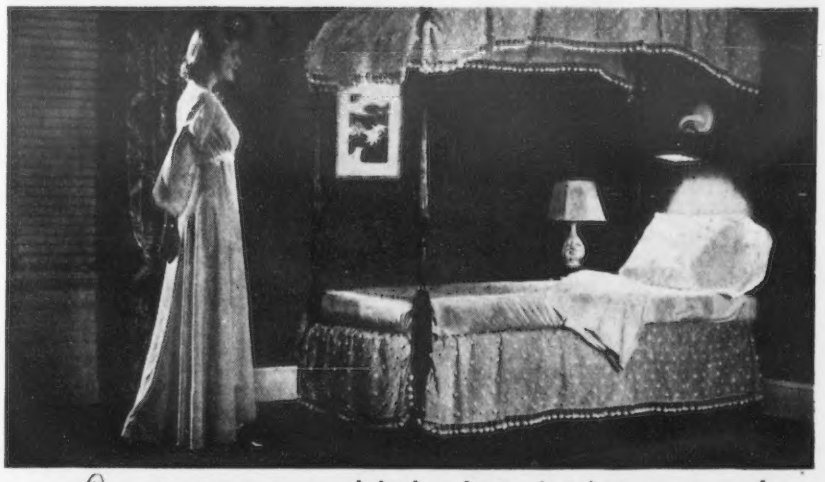
Do the women like the life? It would seem so, for once they have settled in the Far North it is rare for any of them to return to civilization, save for a visit. They go south every now and then on shopping expeditions, but talk with whom you will, you will find few women who have spent any time in the sub-Arctic and Arctic of Canada anxious to come and live in civilization again, certainly not in the cities. ✚

I SHALL FORGET

BY DOROTHY ROBERTS LEISNER

I shall forget, and having flung away
Old things, shall sally forth in an array
That changes me to one I do not know,
Of light gay ways and words not born of woe.
I shall forget, and having shut the door,
Skip down the steps I've never trod before,
Look up and down the street and nothing see
But new strange things. The wind, the budding tree,
The building birds, the sun, will puzzle me;
And I shall be amazed to feel the wet
Green turf beneath my feet. I shall forget
All things I ever knew; forgetting you
I shall be glad, and though I seek anew
To stir my heart with drifts of wind and rain,
I shall not shatter it with love and pain.

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...



It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.

The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. You work hard, but your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha,* Mary now gets *all* the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! . . . Why don't *you* play safe, too? See how easy it is to . . .

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it for the same purposes as ever. And at night, after cleansing, apply a little more of it than you do for powder base. Women who are using it that way simply adore it!

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Period to Love

Continued from page 26

slight frown for some suspected weakness. "I'd raise such a rumpus that he'd have to come back to stop me because he's the only one that can."

The doorbell now. And Mary going to answer it. And a smooth voice saying conventionally—

"I'm afraid I'm terribly late! I was caught in a traffic jam. Have the children been a nuisance?"

SHE CAME in, of course, with Mary. And Lynn saw a small-boned slender woman, expensively dressed in excellent taste, with blond hair like her little girl's—except that it was beautifully waved—and eyes like her boy's.

They gave her away—those eyes. Under all the easy, polished flow of words they were saying other things to Lynn, quite unconsciously. They were saying—"I don't know what to do. I don't know how to do any differently than I've always done. I've given Derek children and kept his house as beautifully as I could and I've loved him and it and them. And now he wants to leave us. But he mustn't. Why doesn't he see he mustn't?" And her hand, reaching out to restore the part in Jimmy's dark hair, made the fussy gesture brooding and tender and understanding, somehow. And her voice, as she bade Sandra go get her things on, held a pleading note which clearly meant—"Please! Sandra! Mind me right away. You must learn to mind me in case some time I'm the only one for you to mind." And her smile, for all its quick brilliance, did not hide a tenseness that was like Jimmy's and the same gnawing dread that drove her to pitiful conspiracy with her children because someone was threatening her small, tight world.

Quite suddenly Lynn thought—"She's done her best. She couldn't do any more than that, I suppose. But why did I have to find out?"

And then she knew. As Mary went with them all to the door, she knew that Mary had made her find out because Mary could see them all—her and Derek and Vera, and Vera and Derek's children.

Before Mary came back she was in her room with the door closed, writing a note. She wrote rapidly and when she had finished she read it only once before she put it in its envelope and sealed and addressed it. She wrote—

"Derek:

"We thought there was only one answer, but we were wrong. There's this one, too.

"I'm going away from Mary's now—tonight. This has all been decided because I've just met your children here at the party. They're darling, Derek, and I'm so glad I know them because they've helped me remember almost the very first words I ever heard you say. You were talking to Mary about her book and you said—'You've got to hew to the line you've cut. You've got to give the world what it expects of you. We all do. That's what life demands of us.'

"You were so right. And I was right, too, when I said we can't choose how life is to come to us.

"Good-by, dear. Thank you for laughter. Thank you for love. I can go on now. I thought I couldn't—without you. But I know better; I couldn't have gone on with you. Nor you with me. I mean—it wouldn't have been *on*.

Lynn."

She stood up. Out in the hall closet was her coat and hat and out in the hall was Mary.

"I have to post a letter," she said quietly, and Mary, looking at her, nodded.

All the way to the corner her eyes were dark with pain, but the hard lump of ruthlessness in her heart had melted and her feet bore her like wings. ✦

Women of the North

Continued from page 4

So she got to thinking . . . there was a plane which came every few weeks with the mail. She gave the pilot an order for groceries and that order delivered by plane was half as cheap as the groceries in the store. She went into the business, and now the housewives of that district pay only a third of the old price for their groceries. Most of the pioneer women of Canada's new northland go north to make a home for their husbands, but as you can see from the case of the "flying housewife" and the quick-thinking Irish woman, there are business opportunities for women in a part of the world even as "out of the way" as that.

THE LURE of the North is as strong upon women as upon men. Men are not going to have the pioneering all to themselves! And there are countless instances of girls and women abandoning life in the big cities to set off for the northern regions. In the Ottawa office of the director of the North West Territories worked one Mary Anderson. She came in contact with many of the Canadian Government's explorers, scientists and medical men of the Far North. She also met financiers, mining men and fur traders coming through to see the director. She knew all about the North, its hardships and its drawbacks. She was comfortable in her Ottawa office and was considered one of the best stenographers in the Government service. Yet suddenly she took train and plane for Chesterfield Inlet at the top of the west shore of Hudson Bay, an isolated medical post which saw a supply ship once a year and planes perhaps a few times in the summer. There the missionary married her to Dr. L. D. Livingstone, who has spent most of the past decade in the Arctic establishing medical posts.

Brimful of Beauty

by CAROLYN DAMON

HIGH? Low? Narrow? Wide?

They're *all* good. Because hats have stopped standing for anything by themselves. They're part of the coiffure . . . part of the costume . . . part of the silhouette . . . part of you.

And that's the hat news of the season.

Maybe you're piling your hair up as Guillaume and Antoine want you to. Then let it be seen. Wear a hat that complements your coiffure as artistically as sepals do their petals. As exquisitely as this little flower-banked bonnet does the Watteau hairdress it lightly caresses. It carries all the lovely romance of the great painter's period, with its massed pink, rose, yellow and purple blossoms on a tiny toque of ivory. Ribbon streamers tie under the chin and a fine, floating veil is the epitome of femininity. And there you have one of the leading trends of spring.

But only, mind you, for the more romantic and the quainter costumes of the day.

You can be as briskly tailored or as youthfully debonair as you like. Below are four examples of the season's newest modes, fresh from the hands of great designers. From left to right: The bolero, young, smart, chic—of glistening black straw, its crownless, padded disc trimmed with heavy silk mesh veiling.

The Salad Bowl, next, has the all-important thickly rolled brim—you'll see it on many of the smartest women—is of fine Swiss straw, with a huge swallowtail bow of wax dotted ribbon, drawn into a snood at the back. Watch those snoods. They're definitely important.

Then there's the entirely different silhouette — the nineties sailor—wide, flat, this one of purple kid skin with the veil drawn in at

✤ *Continued on page 35*

Flower study-coiffure, Elizabeth Arden Salon, Simpson's, photograph courtesy the Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

"The Bolero"—exclusive creation by G. Howard Hodge.

"The Salad Bowl"—courtesy Howard Hodge.

The Nineties Sailor — by Lilly Daché.

The Breton Watteau—G. Howard Hodge.

ANNETTE
CECILE
EMILIE
MARIE
YVONNE

The Quins used Colgate's today. Did you?

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM FOR THE DIONNE QUINS

Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream for the little Dionnes because it cleans so *thoroughly*, yet so *gently*—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel... or irritation to tender gums.

And how the Quins *enjoy* brushing their teeth with Colgate's! Like all children, they love its delightful peppermint flavour—an important help in teaching correct habits of oral hygiene.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM, TOO...

Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent not only cleans enamel to shining smoothness... its special *penetrating* foam gets into those tiny hidden crevices between teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... cleans every surface of every tooth... gives new brilliance to your smile... keeps your breath sweet and beyond reproach! Get a tube today!

Brimful of Beauty

by CAROLYN DAMON

HIGH? Low? Narrow? Wide?

They're *all* good. Because hats have stopped standing for anything by themselves. They're part of the coiffure . . . part of the costume . . . part of the silhouette . . . part of you.

And that's the hat news of the season.

Maybe you're piling your hair up as Guillaume and Antoine want you to. Then let it be seen. Wear a hat that complements your coiffure as artistically as sepals do their petals. As exquisitely as this little flower-banked bonnet does the Watteau hairdress it lightly caresses. It carries all the lovely romance of the great painter's period, with its massed pink, rose, yellow and purple blossoms on a tiny toque of ivory. Ribbon streamers tie under the chin and a fine, floating veil is the epitome of femininity. And there you have one of the leading trends of spring.

But only, mind you, for the more romantic and the quainter costumes of the day.

You can be as briskly tailored or as youthfully debonair as you like. Below are four examples of the season's newest modes, fresh from the hands of great designers. From left to right: The bolero, young, smart, chic—of glistening black straw, its crownless, padded disc trimmed with heavy silk mesh veiling.

The Salad Bowl, next, has the all-important thickly rolled brim—you'll see it on many of the smartest women—is of fine Swiss straw, with a huge swallowtail bow of wax dotted ribbon, drawn into a snood at the back. Watch those snoods. They're definitely important.

Then there's the entirely different silhouette — the nineties sailor—wide, flat, this one of purple kid skin with the veil drawn in at

✤ *Continued on page 35*

Flower study-coiffure, Elizabeth Arden Salon, Simpson's, photograph courtesy the Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

"The Bolero"—exclusive creation by G. Howard Hodge.

"The Salad Bowl"—courtesy Howard Hodge.

The Nineties Sailor — by Lilly Dache.

The Boston Watteau—G. Howard Hodge.

ANNETTE
CECILE
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MARIE
YVONNE

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Everything Under Control

1

2

1. Designed to counteract "waistline bulge" the high-waisted batiste elastic garment has hip-flattening cloth insets. Flatters the corselet frock especially.

2. Here's the elastic and net uplift brassiere with narrowing bias-top effect for under a close-fitting bodice. Centre divisions are not so marked as they were last year.

3. For the larger woman, bias tucking narrows the waistline and complements the new bloused silhouette. Satin comes up over the elastic net top to shape and lift the bust.

4. To minimize the bust as well as uplift it, this long-waistline garment was designed of elastic faille and satin. Wear it with the dolman-sleeved swing skirt frock for perfect accentuation.

3

4

5

6

7

5. To team with the princess evening frock, a straight and slim elastic net foundation is introduced for the young girl. Light and flexible.

6. Women of action like the elastic net girdle with knitted bands to tighten waist and hem. Nice with the pleated skirt and bolero.

7. Slenderizing fuller figures, the satin and elastic all-in-one lift the bust and flattens the waistline. Wide vertical striping molds the bust. Lovely with draped bodices.

Beauty's Enemy *No. 1*

*SEBORRHEA**

Chief Cause of Shiny Nose

Why Woodbury's New Germ-Free Facial Powder prevents Nose Shine and adds Glamour to your Skin

YEAR IN, year out, Shiny Nose goes on unchecked, despite millions of protesting powder puffs.

But now at last something has been done to overcome nose shine! Woodbury provides you with a *germ-free* powder.

Germs Tend to Aggravate Shiny Nose

That glistening shine may indicate a skin condition dermatologists call *Seborrhea.* Germs can make it worse. Then Shiny Nose becomes a chronic nuisance!

How important to use face powder which cannot spread infection-germs to skin or puff! Woodbury's Facial Powder *inhibits* germ-growth. The only powder among 20 leading brands tested that proved germ-free both *before* and *after* use.

This exquisite powder instantly gives your skin a color-awakening loveliness. Its gossamer texture lies in a cool film on your skin's surface, warding off harmful germ-life and embarrassing shine!

All seven shades are enchantingly natural. The newest, Windsor Rose, softly blends with the skin's clear undertones.

Try Woodbury's today . . . and discover the shine-free flattery of this germ-free powder! In the blue box, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢. Woodbury's Lipstick and Rouge, also germ-proof, come in four brilliant shades. Smart make-up for your skin!

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 553, Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury's Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Province*_____

(MADE IN CANADA)

HEAR TYRONE POWER in thrilling radio dramas, Sunday Nights, Stations CBM — 1050 Kc., CBL — 840 Kc.

Hollywood has a name for it "Camera Skin" ..a flawless complexion like lovely JUNE LANG'S

You, too, can win clear "Camera Skin" with this *germ-free* beauty cream which helps protect from blemishes and other complexion defects.

THOUGHTLESS girls may say, "Why bother about a blemish? Make-up will quickly tone it down." But make-up can't deny the fact that *germs* often cause those hateful blemishes. And germs may even encourage other beauty-destroying faults.

Many movie stars adhere to two simple rules of complexion care. First, sensible diet, restful sleep, moderate exercise. Second, the daily use of Woodbury's Cold Cream which cleanses, softens, invigorates, and helps guard the skin from blemish.

You'll be convinced of the soundness of this beauty plan when you see June Lang's flawless "camera skin". What Woodbury's has done for June's complexion, it can do for yours! Keep your skin firm, resilient. Lessen the risk of blemishes. Skin-stimulating Vitamin D does its part, too. It quickens the skin's youthful breathing.

It's easy to have glorious, clear "camera skin", if you adopt the beauty rules of the stars. Watch your general health. Choose Woodbury's germ-free care. This famous beauty cream only 50¢, 25¢, 15¢, 10¢.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Cold Cream

Helps guard from blemishes
Cleanses the pores thoroughly
Stimulates—Contains Vitamin D
Overcomes dry skin

June Lang and Dick Baldwin in the 20th Century-Fox picture "International Settlement". June says, "For the screen actress a blemish is a minor tragedy. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps my skin smooth and unblemished."

Send for Trial Tubes of Woodbury's Creams
John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 753, Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *Province*_____

(MADE IN CANADA)

HEAR TYRONE POWER in thrilling radio dramas, Sunday Nights, Stations CBM — 1050 Kc., CBL — 840 Kc..

FASHION SHORTS

By KAY MURPHY

PINK — that tender, luscious petal-pink that is flattering to practically every woman, is one of the most important accessory colors in the spring picture. A pink blouse topping a navy skirt — a pink collar or vestee on a black dress — a pink wool sweater with a brown flannel swing skirt . . . oh, you can just brighten up your whole wardrobe with a few pieces of pink here and there.

Paris and New York have gone wild over pink combined with navy or black or brown — and from the oldest to the youngest, pink is always a right color. Even a nice little white-haired lady takes on new softness and charm if her dark dress sports a bit of pale pink ruching around the collar or maybe inserted as a vestee.

So get prinked up right away . . . with pink!

●

I'M SO glad to see that polka dots have come back again this spring . . . for it's one of the most satisfactory prints from both a practical and smart-looking point of view. The new polka dots tend to be small — and, of course, the inevitable white dots on either navy or black grounds. Busy little mothers — business girls — women in the delightful middle ages all find polka dot dresses easy to keep crisp and clean looking — and, of course, the more white or pink collar and cuffs you can manage to have on hand to wear with these dresses, the more fresh and dainty you'll appear.

●

MORE AND more surprises in knitwear are making their appearance. One of the most stunning dinner dresses being worn for early spring wear is the "sweater dress." Paris sent over the idea in many versions. One particularly lovely affair is of dark red jersey, in pullover style, worn with a high-waisted pleated crêpe skirt of a darker red. The deep U-neck was beautifully accented with a five-strand necklace of pearls.

●

NEW — the "mirror-bound suit" —a Creed fantasy. Trimly-tailored, two-piece jacket of black gabardine with the edges bound in shiny lacquered ribbon. Gives it a gleaming air — hence the name, "mirror-bound."

And the new spring reefers — those pert young fitted coats — sport braid bindings too, all around the deep notched collar and clear down the front. (One of my friends, who is a very smart dress designer, has taken her last year's suit and fitted coat to the dressmaker to have both of them "braided" — maybe the idea may mean something to you.)

●

YOUR NEW spring bonnet will have plenty of veils, flowers and ribbons on it, for even if the hat itself is demure, it generally adds on a posy or a veil for good measure. So many styles — I'm hard put to say just what is best. Of course, it all depends on your individual tastes and the rest of your spring costume. Some of you will love the Coachman Hat — a square-crowned felt with narrow, deep rolled brim and a huge swathed band and streamers of matching or contrasting chiffon. Others will fall for the "berry bowl" — yes! Just get that bowl on the buffet and invert on your head, then float a veil over it and you'll get the idea right away! Thank goodness the new hats are much more wearable than those skyscrapers fashion has tried to force on us for the last few seasons. Of course, many of the smarter styles still reach for the skies, but we don't have to wear them unless we want to — for there are other equally smart millinery modes that are more flattering to the average woman.

●

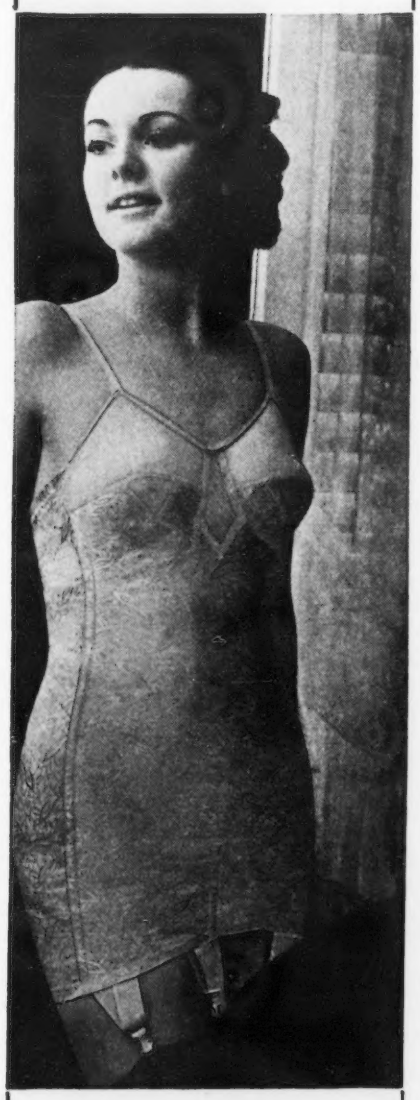
ONE HAT style that I am glad to see back again — and that is particularly chic with the spring suit — is the tricorn. A grand style for girls and matrons, too, and may always be "dressed" up with a veil or ingeniously-added rhinestone or other sort of clips.

●

Oh, yes — and the hat pin is back again . . . and don't we need it! The 1938 version is much shorter and smarter-looking than ye olden "masher stabbers." The five-inch length is practical, and does hold your hat where nature — and fashion — dictate. The pins are really decorative too; many are studded in rhinestones, others sport little

(Continued on page 36)

be Glorified by GOSSARD



...in a Glorifier

Gossard's Glorifier is a NEW idea for achieving figure beauty and the maximum of comfort. Entirely of elastic batiste, the front panel stretches lengthwise to provide never failing support to the breastline. Model 6075, shown here, has the famous MisSimplicity back straps that pull diagonally to concave the diaphragm.

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

Sold by Leading Shops and Department Stores

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO. LIMITED
Toronto 2, Canada

Chicago • New York • San Francisco • Dallas
Atlanta • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires

Brimful of Beauty

Continued from page 31

the throat. Anything faintly reminiscent of days gone by here? But it's news as tomorrow's sunrise. Made for tailored suits. And finally the Breton Watteau, a cunning combination of the quaint and tailored with a huge China-red poppy forming the crown, black Shantung-baku for the brim, and an under-chin tie of the poppy's long green stem. It's grand with pleated frocks.

The restlessness of the silhouette is behind all this variety in hat styles. Because, of course, when the dresses have wide shoulders and narrow skirts you're smarter in a smaller hat. And when the skirts flare and the shoulders go narrow, a wide hat lends balance. But this season we have both—and everything in between. So hats fit themselves effectively into the picture.

Of course there's always a leading cult. And this time it's the Watteau. Ribbon and velvet bows, lots of snoods and *cache-peignes*, and an accent on trimming at the back. That is, the snood is often flower-covered or fetching with ribbons and bows. Then ties—either at the back or front—ranging from a narrow Spanish chin strap to wide flowing bows, are very smart.

Next comes the Gibson girl sailor—wide, flat and tied with a veil just as mother wore it for her first motor trips.

The front tilt to hats is important, mostly down on the right side. Nearly all those pictured here have it. And yet there's a contradictory movement for upturned brims, often quite high.

That bonnet tendency, for instance. Marjorie Dunton designs them in devastating array in her Paris spring showings. Smart New York women love them. They're very youthful.

On the whole, though, crowns are low and flat. Schiaparelli is the chief rebel, making hers high and peaked, often crushed into odd and amusing shapes.

Veils are all important—from the tiny nose duster to the long and flowing or tucked-in type. And their variety of design is endless.

Tiny hatpins, with guards to protect people in these gregarious days, are a new and interesting mode. Flowers, bows and ornaments of all sorts are very evident.

Some of the hats are so shallow and light that they haven't any fit to the crown at all—you hold them on at whatever angle you like with a snood or tie or veil.

Straws are important—mostly in fine weaves. The lovely Swiss braids are very good, with Shantungs, bakus, and fine lamacons in the picture.

Bretons, various kinds of flattened berets, caps, plates, mushrooms, turbans, cantonniers, toques, and postilions are the favorite types.

And when you've settled the style situation, color's the vital thing. There are more two- and three-color combinations in hats than ever before—Suzy, for instance, contrasts crowns and brims in interesting combinations like natural, mauve and turquoise, or black, buttercup yellow and white, or red, black and sapphire blue.

The pastel shades and muted tones, following spring costumes, are favorites of Molyneux, Marjorie Dunton, Agnès and other leading couturiers. ✤

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion . . . win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited—I know, because I've seen it happen. Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise, a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more*, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades . . . so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin . . . give it flattering freshness . . . make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes . . . the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) 2-26

Lady Esther, Toronto, 12, Ontario.
I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *Prov.*.....

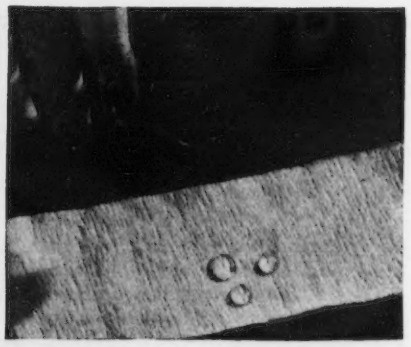
Why not try it?

How long has it been since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? Don't be afraid to try something different! This exciting brushed-up Hollywood hair-do might change your whole personality! Why don't you try it?

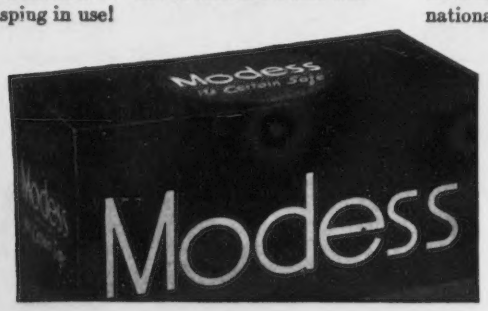
An artist looking at you might advise you to wear the very colours you think unbecoming! A fixed notion about colours has made many a woman miss being the sparkling vivid person she could be. A new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?

Are you one of the women who still buy the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago? Then, lady . . . here's grand news! There's something better now! Modess is so much *softer* . . . so much *safer*... so much more comfortable! Why don't you try it?

Get a box of Modess to-day—and discover the amazing difference! See . . . feel . . . the fluffy, soft-as-down filler. Compare it with the crêpey close-packed layers of ordinary pads. No wonder Modess stays soft and comfortable . . . never becomes harsh and rasping in use!



Now—remove the moisture-proof backing from inside the Modess pad. Drop some water on it—see for yourself why Modess is safer as well as softer. Yet—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs *less*, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!



Softer!
Safer!

Toss for Partners

THERE'S NO stopping the fever for matched details. This year it extends trickily to buttons, bindings, braids and even linings and umbrellas!

At the top, left, for instance, is a colorful scarf and 'brella set. You have no idea how the bright checks make for sunshine on a rainy day. Try it. And just below the dashing bolero with its overgrown posies — matched, if you please, with the daisies on the bonnet! And the gloves and bag below—matching in fabric, line and color—all very trim and tailored. Just above, right, are the leather belt and gloves, both with decorative tassels.

Top, right, the spring-going young lady in her fitted jacket wears a Spanish rose on the edge of her little bowl sailor—and one on her lapel to match. See the big red button? And below is the tucked and tailored blouse she can slip on under the jacket, if she likes, with buttons all in accord.

There's something very new and very smart in the bag and shoe hookup. Especially in fancy decorative touches, as in this gay purse and pump. See the matching bows? Styles are in perfect accord.

Below, is the sash and bolero-binding combine—very tricky.

Among the smartest colors for accessories—particularly in bags, shoes and gloves—are the new sunny tan, Parisand, or the deeper cocktail tan, a sparkling red wine tone, and a stirring blue shade. They're as fresh as the first flowers, and complement black, navy, green, beige and brown magnificently. Then you can get a single other

✦ *Continued on page 65*

As wholesome at bedtime as it is at noon

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

Canada Dry is the drink with a reason

IT AIDS DIGESTION

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES INWARDLY

SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY

PICKS YOU UP

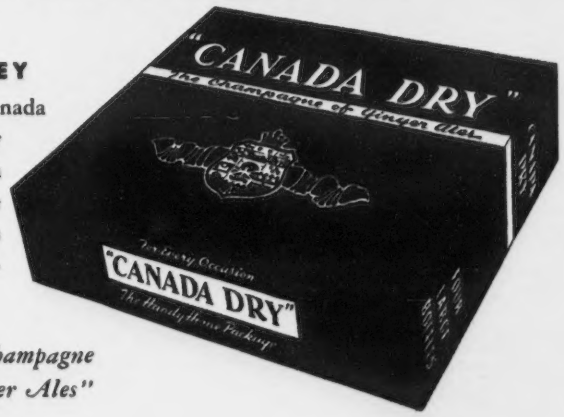
In a word... "IT'S GINGERVATING"

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous patented Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process *the one process that captures* ALL *the elusive flavour, the delicate aroma, the wholesome stimulating qualities of pure, natural ginger.*

You will find Canada Dry one of the world's great flavour masterpieces. It's mellow and smooth...neither too sweet nor too dry. Serve it with meals. Try it as a quick pick-up. And give the children all they want...*it's good for them!*

SAVE MONEY

by getting your Canada Dry in the handy home cartons which contain four large family size bottles or six regular 12-ounce bottles.



CANADA DRY *"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"*

Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen

DRIES A LADY'S TEARS

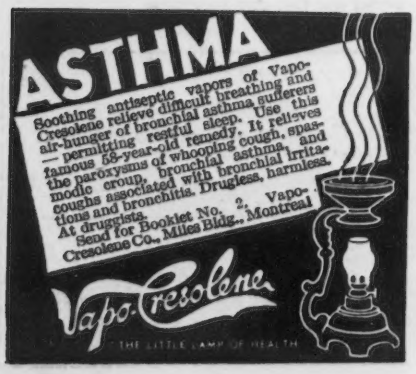
"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .

"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .

"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .

"I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I've heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her..

SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN



The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

FASHION SHORTS

Continued from page 32

flower tops and still more are made with colored cork tips, animal heads.

●

WELL, BACK again wanders the Gibson Girl! This spring she is particularly strong in the new loose blouses that recall the good old cycling outfits so popular at the turn of the century. Many of the smarter, younger girls are going in for dark pleated skirts — plenty of pleats all the way round — topped with pastel or white "Gibson Girl" blouses of satin or crêpe.

The newer spring negligées also show the Gibson influence— with long, "bloused" sleeves and bodices.

●

GOING TO a late season evening party — and your dance dress a little bit stale-looking? To bring it up to the Paris point of perfection . . . can you manage to put flowers all around the neckline? The Garden Décolletage — as the Parisienne calls it — is very dainty and flattering and most evening dresses can be converted to its use. On a black dress — say, put white gardenias around the neckline, and on a white dress add varicolored garden flowers to give that "prairie flower" impression.

●

ARE YOU ONE of those girls who diet religiously for a month before you buy your new outfit—then the minute you get it, revert to the good old fattening-uppers in your meals? I sincerely hope not — 'cos it's very silly and doesn't get you any place. But that is what so many women really do. It drives the stores wild! A slim young fourteen size comes in for a new suit or dress and it fits her to perfection. Then a couple of weeks later, back she is, dissatisfied with her purchase. For the seams bulge or have probably broken — and the "curves" are all over the place.

If you are going on diet before buying a new outfit, for Heaven's sake, keep on diet until it's worn out! Not that I believe in diets — goodness knows. I believe in eating all you want — but eating the right things, at the right times. And if you are a healthy size — eighteen or twenty — buy your costume to fit you as you are — not as you would like to be . . . fifteen pounds lighter. Too many of us try to fool ourselves that we are two sizes smaller than the scales allow. Don't be an ostrich. Look in the mirror and say to yourself honestly: "I'm size eighteen — so what?"

A BRISK little spring style—bright cotton neckerchief and hanky to match. Grand to dress up that dark suit. Tuck the scarf around your neck, and drape the hanky from your pocket.

It is going to be a great suit spring and your silver foxes or fur capes, or those cute little fur boleros, will come in for plenty of wear. Hope you have a fur piece in the offing . . . for you'll find it will be "tops" from a fashion angle.

●

SOME OF the delightfully "crazy" little spring styles coming straight from Paris and being rapidly copied 'most any place:

"Tent" veils for evening wear, made of print to match the print evening dress — gay and almost in a "circus" mood.

Red cherries in the hair—with the black organza evening dress hipswathed in red taffeta to match the cherries.

Very large rings for the little finger — extending from the nail to the knuckle.

Monograms on your gloves.

Snoods — those gay little cotton bonnets — tied on the head and matched up with a twisted sash.

●

I'VE BEEN telling you about the popularity of zippers . . . zippers on everything! Now, they are showing zippers on stockings! Yes . . . the stockings "zip" up the back. Of course, it sounds outlandish, but really it is surprising how smart these zippers look, especially if the lass has a well-turned ankle! Very easy to get off and on, too. You slip your foot into the sole of the stocking then, zip, and you slide up the fastener to your knee. Some of these new stockings show the zipper in contrasting color to the stocking. Don't suppose you'll want to buy 'em — but I must tell you all the news, mustn't I?

●

NOW IS the time to make that "beauty test." With the rigors of winter over (I hope) now is the time to check your weight, the condition of your hair and skin, your teeth — or all these little things you didn't get around to doing when it was so darn cold all you thought of was the furnace and the snow on the front verandah. With the spring here, get rid of those extra clothes, extra pounds, cold-weather wrinkles, chapped hands and lips . . . I know we shouldn't have them, no matter how hard the winter is . . . but I know how these things are. Spring is here: get in tune with the season.

Chatelaine Brings You This Singer-Simplicity Wardrobe

Complete for $24.22

WE WANTED a whole new spring wardrobe that would cover the basic needs of the smart Canadian woman throughout the season. At a cost of less than $25. So *Chatelaine's* Fashion Editor, went to work with Simplicity and Singer. And here you are.

New lines, latest colors, most wearable fabrics were chosen. And you'll find the whole wardrobe beautifully elastic—for adding attractive extras as summer advances.

For sportwear, make No. 2736 in a pale rough linen with bright sash and bolero—sundust yellow, perhaps, vitalized with Roman stripes in sash and jacket.

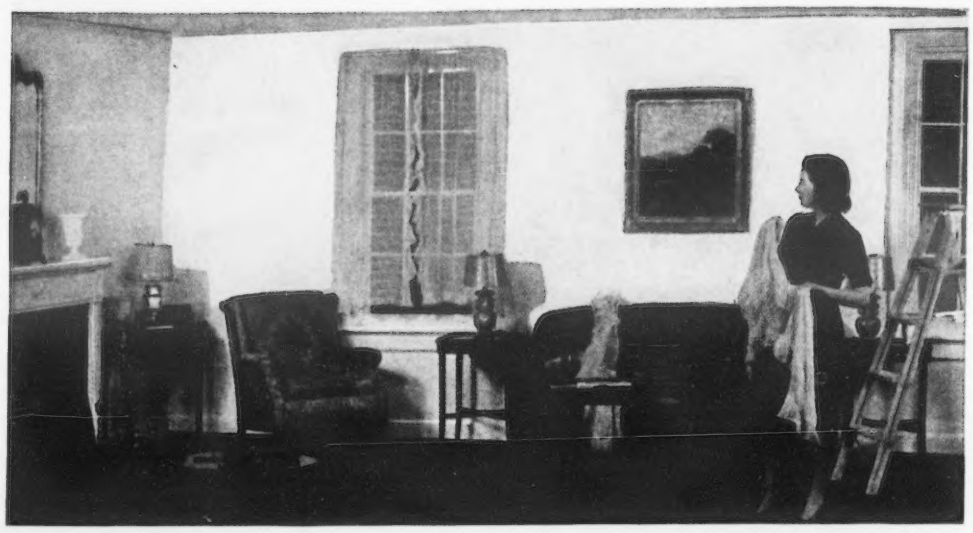
For teas, dinner and even dancing, you can wear No. 2725 if you make it in a soft crepe. Why not try smoky violet? The coat, done in a fine line check of policeman's blue wool with yellow line, would be grand with all the frocks. Particularly if the pocket-hankie matches the dress.

For bridge and such, do No. 2691 in a gay flowered rayon crepe—the lighter cadet blue, say, with yellow, navy and perhaps rose in the flower. Wear navy or cocktail tan accessories.

Costs of fabrics and yardages will be found with pattern backs on page 97

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Thoughts on Room Relief—

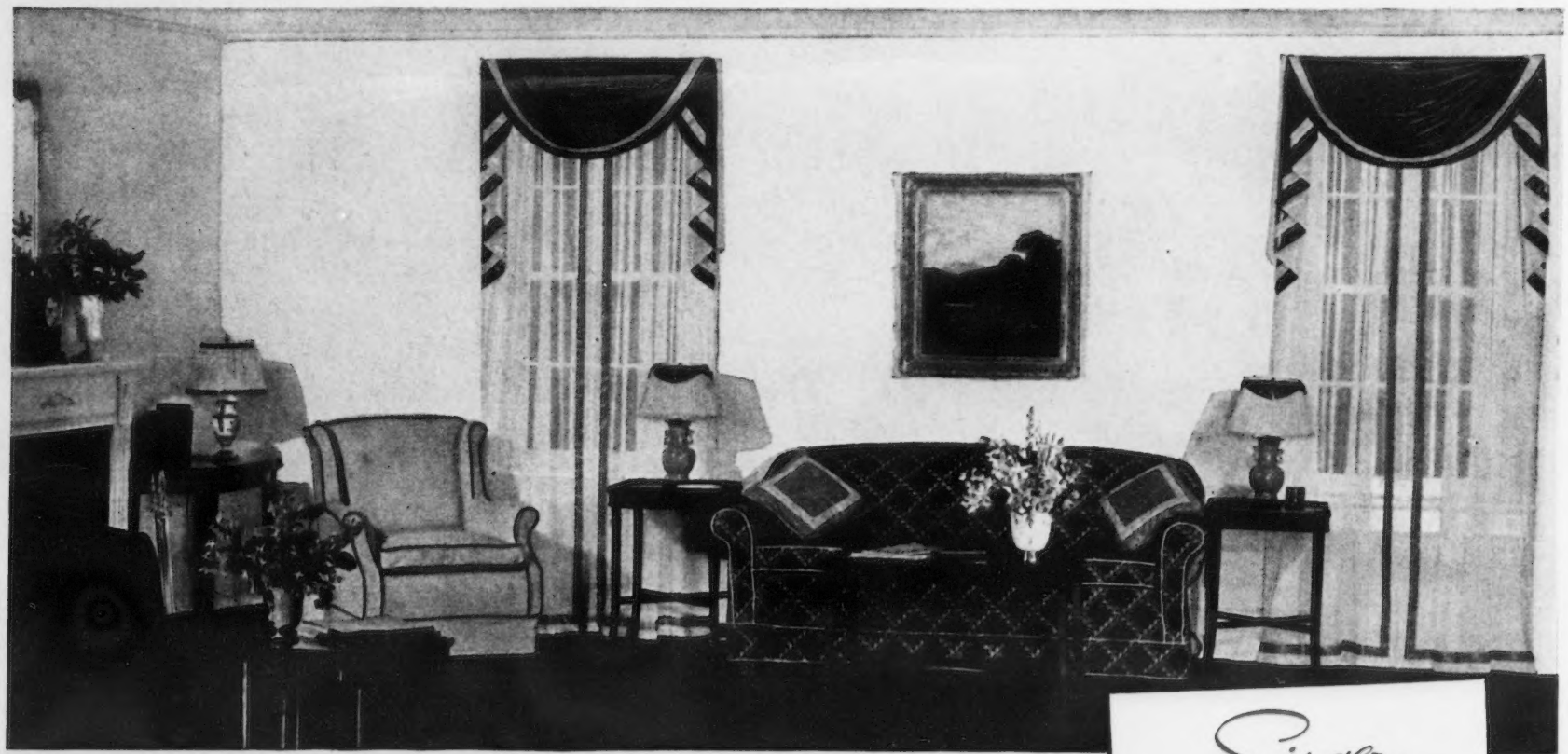


Oh, dear . . . I almost wish we hadn't moved! These light walls make our furniture look dingier than ever . . . and my curtains are a mile too short . . . I'd better stop and shop for new draperies . . . even though I *can't* afford them!

What a break . . . the Singer Man happening along just now! Am I interested in Singer's Home Decorating Service? *Am* I? If they can teach me how to make curtains and slip-covers down at that Sewing Center of theirs, I'll be glad to start tomorrow!

Well, I don't seem to be doing so badly. I managed these curtains pretty well . . . and the Singer instructor says she'll give me a hand with the pleats. She has a smart idea, too, for covering my old chair and sofa. Wonder if I dare . . .?

Henry will faint away when he sees this! I thought slip-covers were a ticklish job, but they're easy enough after an expert shows you the right way to cut and fit materials. Glad the Singer people suggested this color. It just *makes* this room . . .



There! How's that for $27.84? New draperies, new curtains, new slip-covers . . . new everything! No wonder Henry approves my brand-new Singer Electric! It will pay for itself in no time.

• • •

Wishing for new clothes? Singer will teach you dressmaking, too—in just a few easy lessons.

A free book, "New Fashions for You and Your Home" may be had on request. It's just filled with exciting suggestions and hints on dressmaking and home decoration. If there is not a Singer Shop near you, write for your personal copy to the nearest main office—254 Yonge Street, Toronto; 700 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal; 424 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

Singer

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

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Schiaparelli SPONSORS Cutex Tulip FOR SPRING

PRINTED CREPE IN PURPLE, BLUE, PINK, CORAL ON DARK BROWN

YELLOW JACKET, BROWN SKIRT—WOODEN "SABOTS" BUTTONS

PINK WOOLEN SPORT SUIT

"Wear it with your gay prints, with purple, dusty blue, pink, brown and yellow"

WITH an unerring eye for the chic, the wearable—Schiaparelli, famous Paris dressmaker, sponsors the new Cutex TULIP, to wear with her newest and loveliest Spring clothes. She is famous for a sixth sense that enables her to catch Tomorrow's tempo. So you may be quite sure that Cutex TULIP will be utterly right for the clothes and mood of the coming season!

Vibrant . . . Keyed to Springtime

The fresh, glowing color of full-open red tulips—little cups of bright red in brilliant Spring sunshine—sings in the new Cutex TULIP.

You'll adore this tender, gay TULIP shade with your new bright prints. It will be perfect, too, with this season's high-fashion purples, with dusty blue, with the new Spring pinks, and with both brown and yellow. We have Schiaparelli's emphatic say-so for this.

So give a big New Season lilt to your finger tips as well as to your wardrobe. Wear lovely, glowing Cutex TULIP—sponsored by Schiaparelli—and be in tune with the gay new Springtime world.

Cutex TULIP, like all Cutex shades, goes on with delightful smoothness. And *stays* on—without fading, chipping or peeling. Be sure to see *all* the chic new Spring, 1938 Cutex shades! Only 35¢ a bottle.

Northam Warren, Montreal, New York, London, Paris

PERIWINKLE BLUE COAT OVER GREGE LINEN

MAUVE CREPE—PURPLE SILK-JERSEY GLOVES

MADE IN CANADA

Try these Six Exciting New Cutex Shades

HEATHER: A deep, smoky rose, with a hint of purple in it, for your navy, beige or gray suits.

LAUREL: Ashes of roses, a subtle smoky pink. Lovely with Spring pastels, gray, beige.

CLOVER: Deep, luscious red—goes beautifully with everything except orange tones.

THISTLE: Rust and Rose have met and mingled. Perfect with gray, green, rust, brown.

TULIP: A fresh, glowing red. Stunning with black, pink, blue, purple, yellow, brown.

ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity. It really *goes* with everything.

Also Rose, Old Rose, Rust, Natural, Colorless and Burgundy.

Northam Warren Limited, Dept. 8-T-4,
P.O. Box 427, Montreal, Que.
I enclose 15c to cover cost of postage and packing for Cutex Set, including one shade of Cutex Liquid Polish. (Check one shade desired.)

Clover ☐ Tulip ☐ Thistle ☐ Heather ☐ Laurel ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City Province

COMPANION PIECES THAT ARE SMARTLY COLOR CONSCIOUS

THIS SEASON'S jackets and redingotes feature a much lower opening than those of other years. So the blouse or under-frock is all important—particularly as to neckline.

Companion tweeds, in soft, rain-drenched pastels, would be a happy choice for No. 2745 in three tones of one color, such as blues or yellows. Or in grey with light and deeper mulberry-toned mixtures. Use the lightest tone for the skirt, deeper for the jacket and darkest for the topcoat.

Redingotes take a new lease on life with such forward-looking effects as the high rounded lapels in No. 2749. The just-showing panel of pleats is very smart—a nice outfit for the busy young person, in black with deep blue, or green with wheatstalk.

Bias-backed jackets are also news, and No. 2728, styled for afternoon, in a plain color with a printed frock, is very good. The jacket could be worn with an evening gown later in the season. Try it in violet with a rose and violet printed frock.

Make No. 2723 in one of the new monotone or mannish woollens, and complement it with a wardrobe of blouses (No. 2750) in contrasting colors. Be sure to have one of a vivid pink if your suit is black or blue, and a gay yellow if it's brown or light mauve with deep purple.

Get short pullover gloves in the same shade.

Prices and descriptions will be found on page 97

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

A SPRING TONIC FOR SMARTNESS is a new and skilfully tailored suit. When cut from exquisitely fine and surprisingly economical Viyella Flannel, this fashion prescription is expertly filled.

Viyella is a definite "find"—it's easy to make up, washes repeatedly without shrinking or fading and, especially important for suits, Viyella skirts *will not "sit out" in the back.*

In fetching new colors, including many lovely pastels, Viyella is *the* cloth for spring suits, dresses, sports blouses, skirts and shorts—readymade or by the yard. Ask for Viyella at your favorite store or write direct to William Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King Street West, Toronto, Dept. B.

Viyella REGD.

washable and colorfast

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 15

Hal and thought, "Next time I'll take her to a decent place," and decided that the only way to be sure of a decent place was to look them over beforehand. Then suddenly his body went rigid at something she was saying.

"—so he got us a contract for six weeks at a thousand dollars a week. That means five hundred for me. And he says we're sure to be asked to appear at some private parties and they pay awfully well, too—"

"What on earth! Marta, darling, what are you talking about!" He could not believe he had heard right. "He got you a contract at a night club!"

"Yes. Of course, it's just for six weeks—"

"But good heavens, you don't want to do a thing like that. You can't do it! You don't realize what it would mean! Why, you—a girl like you—the man must be out of his mind."

She had expected he would be surprised and perhaps not entirely approving, but she had not expected him to be as horrified as all this. She said, "I didn't really want to do it at first—I was terribly frightened, but I don't think I will be when the time comes—I think it will be rather fun. And think of the money!"

"Money! They couldn't pay you enough money for doing what you'll have to do in one of those places."

"But this is a high-class place, Dave. It—"

"High class!" He laughed bitterly. "I know these places—all of them—I wouldn't have you in one of them for all the money in America."

She looked down at the strong brown hand covering hers and shook her head slowly. "I'm not afraid," she said. "I can take care of myself. It won't be for very long—and I've got to do it, Dave."

He withdrew his hand. "I don't see why you've *got* to. You were doing all right before, weren't you? Before you met Hal Purdy?"

He sounded so cold and hurt that she had to tell him about the dancing classes. "I suppose the story's been growing—about my playing gypsy that day—you know how stories like that do grow. Anyway, we've lost ten pupils and we'll probably keep on losing them. It's not easy to get new ones and I can't live on Robbie's salary—"

When she had finished, he was silent a long time, drawing a pattern with his coffeespoon on the tablecloth. Presently he looked up, his eyes were bleak. "It's funny, isn't it? You put on that act at Sue's party to help me—and I lost you your job."

"And I lost you yours," she said. "And we both got new ones." She reached across and touched his arm lightly. "Don't you see that, Dave?"

He nodded, tried to smile, but he saw what she could not see. He saw her mounting that mad merry-go-round he knew so well, and for which he had conceived such a hatred. So passionate and complete was his reformation that the very dirt in his cramped hall room was dear to him. But dearer than all had been the thought of Marta's

✦ *Continued on page 47*

Now You Can Get
DRYCLEANING
***that is* CERTIFIED**
by independent international authority

For Spring—a collarless Jaeger suit in a soft gray-green wool with handmade lingerie blouse. Costume from Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. If sent to a "Certified" drycleaner, it will always retain its shape and smart lines.

Which drycleaner can be relied upon to guard against shrinkage — remove stains safely—do craftsmanlike sanitary work—pay promptly for loss or damage? Today you can choose your drycleaner with confidence—a cleaner who is *certified*—and it doesn't cost you a penny more! The Institute for Maintaining Drycleaning Standards of the United States and Canada has placed the drycleaning business on a sound scientific basis. It is an independent international authority, served by the best technicians and laboratory facilities.

Before a drycleaning plant can earn certification, it must meet the Institute's standards in every detail. First, a complete investigation is made. Cleaning solvent is analyzed — equipment and process studied—policy, ability and insurance protection surveyed. Test bundles are sent from time to time; unannounced visits are made by Institute inspectors. In short, the Institute is acting for you—the public. When a drycleaning plant accepts this impartial control, its work is "Guaranteed by Chatelaine Institute, as advertised in Chatelaine." It is also guaranteed by Good Housekeeping, as advertised therein.

Be Safe—
Choose a CERTIFIED Drycleaner

No need to take chances with your own smart clothes—your husband's suits and coats — the children's things — or the house furnishings you prize. Send them to the cleaner who displays the Institute's emblem *(shown at left)* which carries both Chatelaine's and Good Housekeeping's Guarantee. Certification is available to all drycleaners who can meet the Institute's requirements. Canadian firms certified up to March 1st *(Press Date)* are listed below.

St. John, N. B.
New System Laundry & Cleaners Ltd.
Montreal, Que.
Burnett Ltd., Cleaners & Dyers
Ottawa, Ont.
C. E. Langley Ltd., Cleaners & Dyers
Toronto, Ont.
Langley's Ltd., Cleaners & Dyers

Guaranteed by CHATELAINE INSTITUTE As Advertised in CHATELAINE — CERTIFIED DRYCLEANING PLANT by INSTITUTE for MAINTAINING DRYCLEANING STANDARDS

GUARANTEED by Good Housekeeping — CERTIFIED DRYCLEANING PLANT by INSTITUTE for MAINTAINING DRYCLEANING STANDARDS

INSTITUTE FOR MAINTAINING DRYCLEANING STANDARDS
of the UNITED STATES and CANADA • NEW YORK CITY

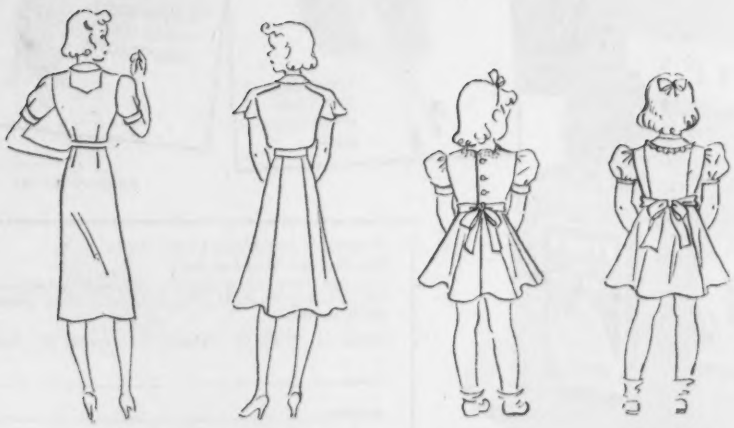
SHE WANTS THEM SHORT AND FULL FOR PLAYTIME

Simplicity 2721

Simplicity 2738

Simplicity 2735

Simplicity 2742



DOES SHE skip rope. Or classes? Whether she's big or little that daughter of yours has her own ideas about her new spring frocks.

She likes color. She likes movement. She likes bows and buttons and skirts that flare and clothes that are pretty, yet easy to slip into.

The jumper, No. 2721, is just the thing for school. Especially if she's in the teens—with one or two gay blouses it will make her blossom like a spring crocus, and effect a grand saving in washing. It would be smart in a fine wool, or a rayon fabric, with linen or crisp cotton blouses.

Younger sister will like No. 2738 for those first boy and girl parties. It makes her feel dainty—because of the flared sleeves and full, swingy skirt—and yet the little-boy collar is trim enough to keep her smart, too. Try it in a nice clear blue with a pink and white flower motif, in a rayon crepe.

Send the youngest off to dancing school, or any other important business in her life, in a sprig-printed cotton, No. 2735. The skirt is gored to flare gracefully, and the heart-shaped neckline and tiny puffed sleeves are especially sweet.

Active young things like dresses made in short, full lines with no belts or folderols to speak of. No. 2742 is perfect for the tomboy, especially in a nice, strong cotton print.

Prices and descriptions will be found on page 97

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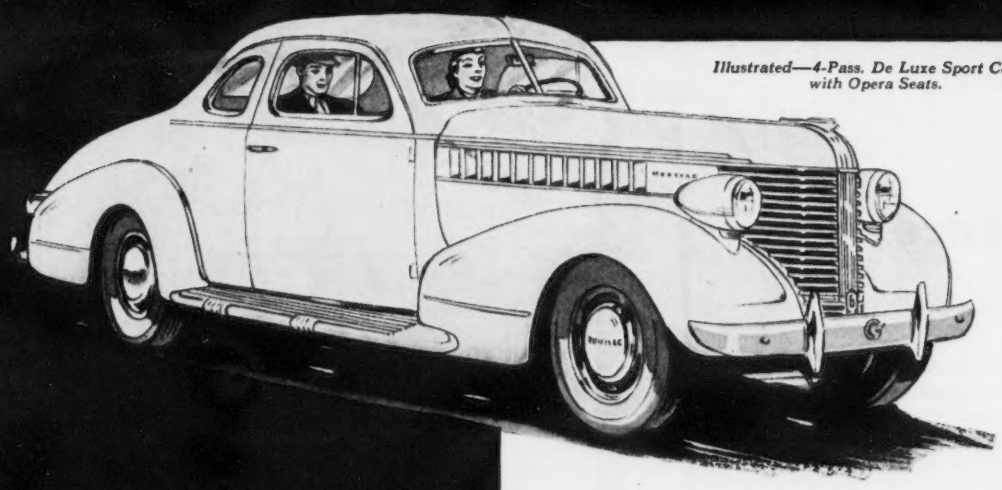
Portrait of a Lady

SHIFTING GEARS IN A PONTIAC



Illustrated—4-Pass. De Luxe Sport Coupe with Opera Seats.

IT'S *New* . . . no other low-priced car has it! SAFETY SHIFT Gear Control adds *so much* to comfort and safety . . . provides more ease of control than you ever dreamed possible!

SAFETY SHIFT is *easy* . . . you shift with a finger tip. It's *safe* . . . gears cannot shift accidentally . . . you drive at all times with both hands near the wheel. It's simple . . . there's nothing new to learn. SAFETY SHIFT clears the front floor completely. Even the emergency brake is under the "dash". Pontiac gives you a front seat, perfectly "built-for-three" . . . with no gear shift lever to cramp the middle passenger. There's leg room and elbow room for all!

This great feature, alone, puts Pontiac far ahead in value. Yet Pontiac's lead is just as great in every other way . . . in the beauty and safety of the new Unisteel Fisher Bodies . . . flashing performance . . . *matchless thrift.* Convenient terms are offered through the General Motors Instalment Plan.

STUDY THESE FEATURES

New "Silver Streak" Styling . . New Interior Roominess . . New Finer Riding Qualities . . New Easier Clutch Action . . Automatic Choke . . Tilting and Adjustable Front Seat . . Fisher No-Draft Ventilation . . Oversize Luggage Trunk . . Perfected Hydraulic Brakes.

Most Advanced Knee-Action, Centre-Control Cross Steering and Anolite Pistons.

(With De Luxe Models.)

Pontiac

LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY FOR NEW SPECIAL SIX

The "Elizabeth Arden look"

ACHIEVED BY HER GLAMOUR COMPLEXION

There's a wind on the heath; but she does not fear it. A nip in the air; but it leaves her unruffled. She loves an out-of-doors life; but she preserves her elegance. Her skin remains delightfully clear and smooth. Thanks to Elizabeth Arden, she employs a powder foundation which not only insures a perfect make-up, but actually safeguards her skin against the ravages of winter weather. • For general use, Miss Arden recommends Lille de France. It makes a perfect powder base for her exquisite Glamour Complexion — Miss Arden's new complexion which demands the use of two powders, Poudre d'Illusion and Cameo Illusion, not mixed but subtly superimposed. To insure that no hint of unbecoming shininess spoil the effect, Miss Arden recommends a single drop of Noshine spread on the nose before powdering.

Poudre D'Illusion, $1.90 and $3.00 • Cameo Illusion Powder, $2.00 and $3.00 • Lille de France, $2.20 • Noshine, $1.10 and $2.50

Elizabeth Arden

On sale at the smartest shops in every town

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • TORONTO • MONTREAL

Variations on the Tailored Theme

Simplicity 2711

Simplicity 2689

Simplicity 2710

TAILORING will be in vogue as long as women get about in the world. But this spring's versions have a new flare, a fresh femininity and a complete avoidance of the severe in any detail.

The coat dress, No. 2711, for instance, is presented in the Paris collections in soft dark woollens, with color in the gallant line of buttons, the vivid leather belt and bright scarf. Navy with chartreuse is a striking combination, or the new golden brown with yellow green.

Jewel shirt studs would be terribly smart on the soft blouse of the shirtmaker frock, No. 2689. The little-boy collar is flattering and the whole line of the frock is cleverly casual. Could you do it in grey-blue wool with a deeper tone of the same shade for belt and accessories? Or the vivid new purple and paddy combination?

The flared silhouette in a tailored frock is suggested by No. 2710. New features are the shoulder-high pockets and high square neck, with rows of stitching for an outline

Use a sheer worsted in black with purple, or navy with rose beige.

Descriptions and prices on page 97.

When ordering please ask for Simplicity Patterns.

Keeps the Hair Young

You can always recognize an Evan Williams Shampoo'd head by the richness of the color, the softness and the natural lustre . . . loveliness in its most delightful form.

"ORDINARY" for DARK HAIR
"CAMOMILLE" for FAIR HAIR

Shampoos 10c each — 3 for 25c

Insist on your Hairdresser using Evan Williams for your Shampoo.

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

Palmers Ltd., Montreal, Distributors for Canada

MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM KEEPS YOUR SKIN *Young Looking*

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER

BUT THAT IS ALL OVER NOW

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating.

Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for a week. If not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 43

dependence on him. For her he had meant to strive and sacrifice and, he hoped, suffer. Now there was no need of that. That was what hurt the most! They had changed places. What was twenty a week compared with five hundred?

He gave a short bitter laugh. "We certainly have managed to mess up each other's lives."

She moaned softly, "Dave!"

He leaned to her. "Darling, don't do this! It can't be really necessary. You can get along—for awhile! Until I'm making a little more money. Then I can take care of you. Marta, don't do it, dear."

She was deeply moved but bewildered, too. She said gently, "Don't ask me not to do it, please, Dave. You don't know what it will mean to have that much money—the things I can do with it! Not only for myself but for dad and mother."

Her eyes were so full of anxiety and love, she looked so ineffably sweet and young that his heart contracted. Afterward he had the cold comfort of knowing that she *would* have given it up if he had insisted, but what right had he to insist! What could he offer in return? The sense of his own inadequacy was a crushing weight upon his heart and later, when he said goodnight to her outside the studio door, he held her so fiercely that she could scarcely breathe. But she was happy, so secure in her happiness that his fears for her seemed morbid.

"Good night, my darling! Marta, say you love me."

"Always and always!"

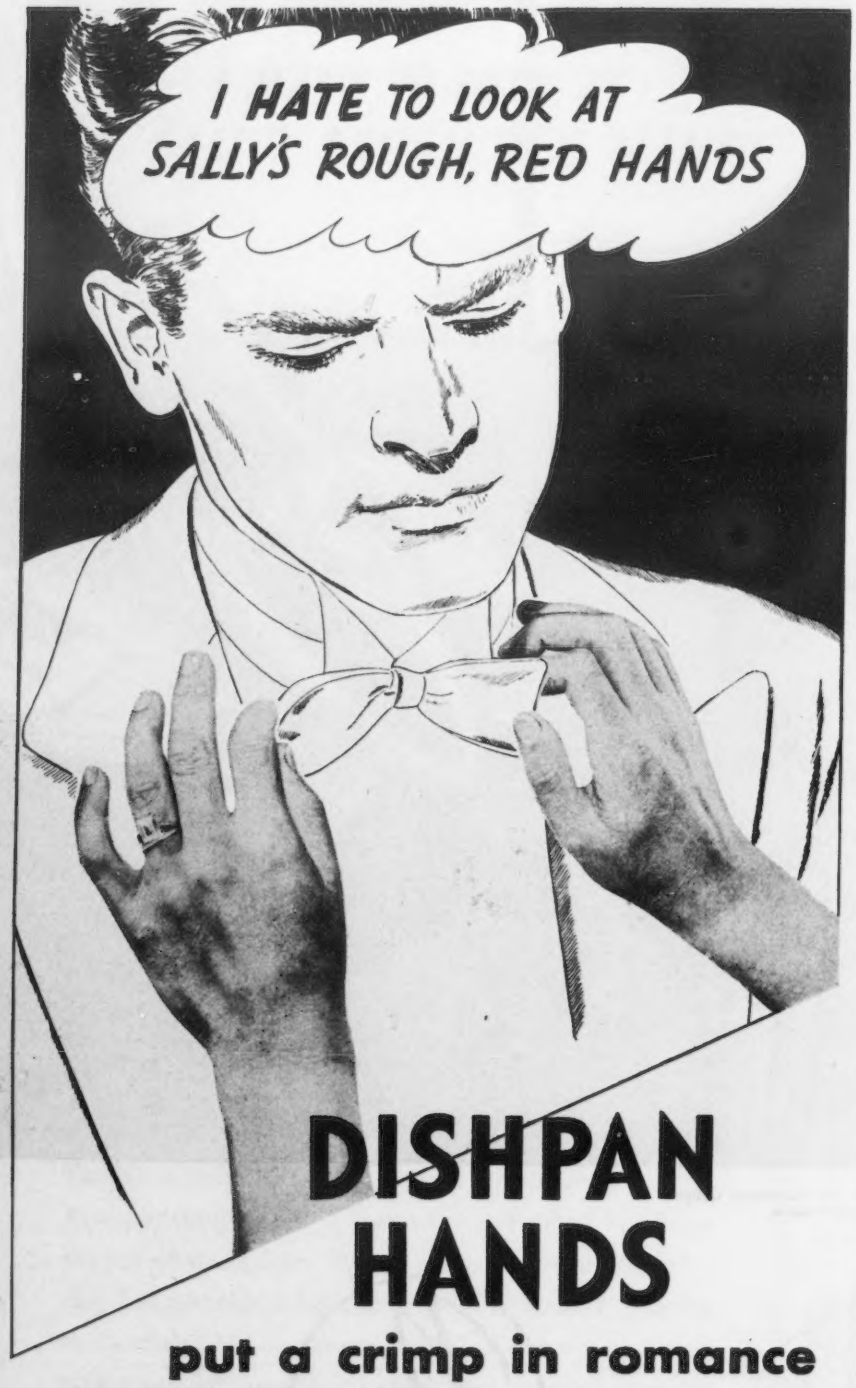
"Marta, I love you so—I love you so!"

THE NEW act, billed simply as "Purdy and Carmencita," made its debut at the Surf Club on the following Monday. The management, who knew its clientele, had done little to build up their new star. For a week preceding her premiere, Marta's picture, in a rich and theatrical version of a gypsy costume, stood under the marquee outside the entrance. Its presence there stirred the interest of the patrons, but their enquiries concerning the exotic Carmencita elicited only mysterious shrugs and guarded smiles from the maître d'hôtel and his staff. Mystery is excellent publicity, as the reservations for Marta's premiere proved.

At the end of her first week, Carmencita had achieved interviews in the leading papers, a waggish paragraph in Winchell's column and a boost from that theatrical bible, *Variety*.

It had been arranged that Dave was to be on hand every night after her midnight performance, to take Marta home For six nights he was there, seated in an inconspicuous corner of the lounge near the coat room, at the stipulated time. On the seventh night he was there, too, but he did not spring up to greet her for he was fast asleep in his chair. The check-room girl grinned and pointed. "I guess your boy friend was sleepy."

Marta looked down at her boy friend with remorseful eyes. His long body lay in an ungainly sprawl, his



DISHPAN HANDS

put a crimp in romance

THERE'S SOMETHING about a soft, white hand that stirs a man—plucks at his heart. How tragic when a wife loses that appeal . . . allows her hands to look red, rough—dishpan.

This *needn't* happen! Lux in your dishpan will protect the precious oils that keep the skin soft and delicately white.

Many ordinary soaps contain harmful alkali which dries up these oils. Lux has no harmful alkali. It's like beauty care in the dishpan. It costs little—use the economical big box!

MRS. ROSS BUDGE

...for dishes

FOR SPRING MANOEUVRES

You'll want plenty of freedom for action in arm and leg on the badminton or tennis courts, so here's aperfect outfit with full pleated shorts and sleeves.

In No. 2657 you have a smart bowling outfit—or a trim office rig, for all of that. Do the blouse in a fine wool check and the skirt in a plain wool fabric—in a green and copper check with sage green skirt, or a cocoa brown tweed skirt and checkered wine red and brown wool blouse. Backviews and descriptions on page **97**.

When ordering, please ask for Simplicity Patterns.

Spring Collection in Its Many Moods

There's a style for every face this year — set within the general outline of these silhouettes.

THIS SEASON should banish the word "unbecoming" from the world of women's hats, as you can see by the collection of basic styles pictured here. There's a style for every face and a type for evey kind of hairdress. Flowers, ribbons, ties and veils will make the finished product gay. But if you study these styles carefully, and your own profile and your spring clothes, you can pick out the best possible type and then find it trimmed to your heart's desire. And if you're wearing your hair up, be sure to get your hat tip-tilted forward, as so many of them are.

Learn from the Girl who wins Hearts

"Your hands feel so lovely!"

Your man, too, feels the charm of soft, caressing hands.

Now, even everyday use of water, and wind and cold tend to chap, roughen and age your hands because they rob the skin of beauty-protecting moisture.

But Jergens Lotion puts back that lost moisture, because Jergens *goes into the skin.* Tested against other well-known lotions, Jergens proved to go in the best. Jergens contains two ingredients used by many doctors to soften and whiten rough skin. The very first application relieves. Regular use prevents chapping. Start today with this fragrant lotion for lovable, soft, white hands. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ or $1.00, at beauty counters everywhere.

Jergens Lotion

FLASH! WALTER WINCHELL tells all... every Sunday night...NBC Network... Coast-to-Coast.

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively Jergens *goes in*—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.
The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 853
Perth, Ontario

*Name*_____ (PLEASE PRINT)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Province*_____

(MADE IN CANADA)

"OFF WITH THOSE WET THINGS— then Listerine!"

THAT'S a command you will often hear in many a home during the raw, rude days of winter and spring. A pretty sensible command, too.

For Mothers are beginning to look on a cold for what it really is: an acute local infection that should be given *prompt antiseptic treatment.*

Nips the cold

Countless numbers of Listerine users write that the prompt use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle has nipped many a cold and sore throat in the bud, before it had a chance to become serious.

Of course!

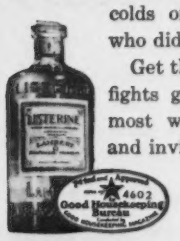
Listerine reaches deep down into the throat. There it gives an antiseptic bath to the mucous membrane, killing millions of dangerous germs that cause inflammation and complicate a cold. (See graphs below.)

That it also reaches the invisible virus (germ) which many authorities say initiates a cold, our research staff feels confident.

7 years of research

How, otherwise, they say, could Listerine's brilliant results in cold prevention be explained? Remember that tests conducted during seven years of research showed that those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds, had milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it.

Get the habit of using Listerine. As it fights germs it gives your mouth the most wonderful feeling of cleanliness and invigoration you have ever known.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
(Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

SEE HOW LISTERINE KILLS GERMS

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MADE IN CANADA

head lolled against the chair back, his mouth was a little open. Yes, he must be very sleepy indeed, she thought, to sleep here, with the blare of the dance orchestra not twenty feet away, the laughter, the never-ceasing stream coming and going through the hall.

She touched his cheek gently. "Dave!" But it was not until she had spoken his name the third time, that he opened his eyes and bounded up in alarm. Then he grinned, smoothed his mussed hair and tucked her hand under his arm. "Guess I must have dozed off."

"Poor darling!"

"Well, come along—the fresh air will wake me up."

But it was wet air, too. The rain was coming down in slanting sheets. The doorman said, "Guess you'll *have* to take a taxi tonight!"

Dave looked at the wet pavements and nodded and the doorman blew his whistle. When they were in the taxi, Marta said, "Dave dear, you can't keep on doing this. You'll be ill."

"Doing what?"

"Coming for me at this hour. I can sleep late but you have to get up at seven. I must have been crazy not to think of that!"

He put his arm around her and drew her over against him. "I won't always have to work overtime. Then I can see you a little while before dinner." He bent and kissed her lips and she dropped her head on his shoulder. He said, "Do you think I'd miss this? The one time in the day when I can be with you? And do you think I'd let you go home alone at this hour?"

"But I'd be all right. I could just take a taxi—and you *could* see me every night if you'd come to the club and eat dinner with me." She had found it easier to stay at the club between shows, easier than taking off her make-up and costume, dressing all over again. "We could have—oh, two hours together if you'd do that, and then you could get to bed early."

He said, "You haven't happened to notice the prices on those menus, have you?"

"But I told you they give me a discount and if I asked them—"

"Thanks, precious, but I think I'd better stick to my table d'hôte." She sighed and he kissed her again, a long, hungry kiss.

THAT WAS the first week. The second was much the same except that protesting nature began to take its toll, interfere with Dave's work. By two in the afternoon his eyelids were like lead, his hands and brain drugged with fatigue. He couldn't have that. And so he made a compromise with Marta. He would come for her on alternate nights only. She was glad for more reasons than one. Now she could take a taxi home without feeling guilty. Since Dave would not permit her to pay the fare, they had been walking or taking the bus. She hadn't been able to make him see that it was neither comfortable nor necessary for a popular night-club entertainer to ride in buses.

It was during her third week at the club that Marta and Hal were engaged to appear at their first private party. It was a sumptuous party, they were well paid, enthusiastically received. But for the first time, Marta was aware of a nibbling discontent. For the

✤ *Continued on page 50*

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RENDELLS

in the morning without disturbing Marta; Marta, coming home after her midnight performance, had been preparing for bed in the dark because she did not want to wake Robbie. Then, too, a friend of Robbie's had taken over the diminished dancing classes. There were still a number of pupils who had paid in advance for the balance of the season and the classes must be continued. With Marta out of the studio, the new teacher could move in.

Marta rented a cosy suite in a hotel near the club and now everything was simplified. She could sleep late, ring for her breakfast when she pleased, ring for everything, conserve her strength for her own daily lesson with Senor d'Alvaroz and for her work.

She had been working with the famous dancing master for several days before she told Dave, and then he looked so astonished that she laughed. He said, "You're not planning to dance professionally, are you?"

"Well, not exactly—not right now," she said and then, quick and eager, "They're the loveliest dances, Dave—real gypsy dances. They all mean something, you know—they all tell a story of love or hate or disillusion. Things like that. I adore doing them."

He was in her small sitting room. There was no overtime this week. By coming straight from the office, he could manage to have a full hour with her before she left for the club. She was wearing a new dull gold tea-gown, today, with long, loose sleeves and a little train. When he had first come in, she had made him sit down and had walked back and forth for him, showing off. "It's the first train I ever had," she told him, and hid her face in his neck when he sprang up and swept her into his arms. He hadn't approved of her leaving Robbie, but the new move had one advantage; he could have her to himself occasionally.

He said now, very casually, "What do you mean when you say you're not exactly going to do any professional dancing, darling?"

She went and sat down beside him on the love-seat. "Well, I mean, we probably won't do any dancing while we're at the Surf Club."

"We?" he said.

"Hal's studying with d'Alvaroz, too—didn't I tell you? We're learning one of the *fiesta* dances."

He put down the cigarette he had been about to light. "And what are you going to do with it when you learn it?"

She said, looking down at her locked hands, speaking swiftly, "I haven't told you, Dave, dear, because I knew you weren't going to like it—but we've had a marvellous offer from El Greco. The manager came to see Hal about signing a contract for the six weeks after we've finished at the Surf Club. Only he thinks we ought to introduce a gypsy dance. He said he thought it would make the act much more valuable—and I think so, too. Don't you?"

"Yes, I—I suppose it would."

"And natural. I mean, it wouldn't just be lugged in because I always *feel* like dancing when Hal gives me my cue, and I love dancing anyway. I really do think it's a grand idea."

"So you're not going to quit after the Surf Club? It's not going to be 'only six weeks,' after all?"

She unclasped her hands and locked them round his arm, bending forward to peer up into his face. Her own was tense and eager. "Dave, you wouldn't want me to quit now, would you? You couldn't! It would be absurd—when I've had such a wonderful start—when I might do—Oh, anything! Hal says in a year we'll probably be getting offers from all over—even from Paris and London. And we'll make more money, all the time. El Greco offered us half again as much as the Surf Club!"

He sat quite still, staring down at the little hand on his sleeve. At last he said, "Paris is a long way off, Marta."

She gave his arm a shake. "Foolish! Do you think I'd go without you?"

"I don't dance native gypsy dances," he said. "And I can't hope to be making much more than—well, fifty a week—to be optimistic—a year from now. So I guess you'll have to go without me."

"Don't talk nonsense! I only mentioned that to show you."

"You've already shown me, dear. If you told me you'd been summoned to give a command performance before the King next week, I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

She laughed and pressed her cheek hard against his arm. "I don't want to give a command performance for anybody but you. Look, I'll give you one now without a command!" She sat up and took his hand, spread it on her own and stared solemnly at the palm. "I see," she said, "a dark girl. She's nothing to write home about, but she loves you—she darned well should because she didn't amount to a hill of beans until you came into her life. But now she does amount to something—not because she's a little bit successful and has some gorgeous new clothes—but because she loves you. She knows that money and success wouldn't mean a thing if she didn't have you and she'd rather live on corn husks all her life than hurt you—"

He grabbed his hand away and drew her swiftly to him, held her close, said savagely, "I'll finish it. He's jealous of your success because he's such a washout himself. But don't you let that worry you! You go ahead and be just as successful as you please, lady, because this poor guy is so head over heels in love with you that no matter what you do you'll never be able to shake him off now—"

"Oh, goody, goody!" Marta cried, and then they laughed together and for the moment, the lighthearted sound dispelled their gloom.

ONE NIGHT, a week or so later, Vic Cass dropped in to call on his old friend. Pink-cheeked from his recent cruise, spotless white shirtfront, spotless silk scarf, shiny patent leather pumps, Vic was an impressive and impeccable figure. He had known Dave's address for a month, but Dave had said when he gave it to him, "Forward my mail but don't bother to call. The people in my house don't take kindly to slumming parties."

So this was the first time Vic had climbed those three flights of stairs to Dave's musty cubicle. It was nearly eight o'clock, he was on his way to a dinner party in Sutton Place and thought he'd just look in.

"There's not much to look at," Dave

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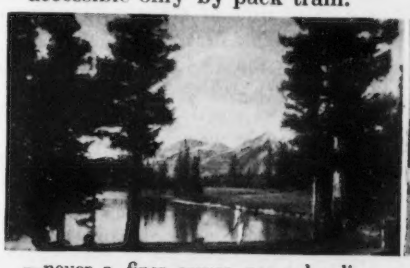

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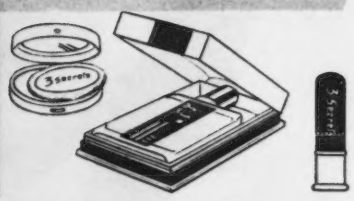

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Chatelaine Service Bulletin, No. 301 . . . Price 15 Cents.

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CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Ave., Toronto

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 48

first time, she eyed the women guests in their expensive evening gowns and sparkling jewels and smart coiffures, with envy. It must be nice, she thought, to come to a party like this as yourself instead of as a paid entertainer. Nice to have people admire you for your own instead of borrowed charms.

She said to Dave one night, "I'd like to go to a place like the Surf Club some night, all dressed up like a million dollars and order a marvellous dinner and dance and let someone else entertain *me*, for a change."

"Okay," he said cheerfully. "We'll do that one of these fine days. We'll celebrate—as soon as we have something to celebrate."

"We wouldn't have to wait for something to celebrate if you'd let me treat."

"There you go again!"

"But, darling, it's silly! It just doesn't make sense!" They were walking home, for the late February night was warm as April. Marta tugged Dave to a standstill and made him face her. "I want to do things you can't afford—and I can—and I want to do them with you! Don't you see, you're just making me suffer for your silly pride?"

They had stopped near an arc lamp and the light shone on Marta, the new, successful Marta. She had a new coat, now, a trim, black coat with a great fluffy fur collar and a small black hat a little like a sultan's turban. She had had her hair cut, too, and the ends curled up in a soft roll. There were new suede pumps on her slender feet and her olive green purse matched her gloves. Dave looked at her bleakly. "You know I'd rather die than make you suffer, Marta."

She took hold of the lapels of his coat and shook him gently. "You know I didn't mean suffer, darling, but don't you see, you've done all the things I'd like to do—you've had your fling. You've gone to millions of lovely parties and restaurants and night clubs —I've never done anything."

"And now you're tied to a man who can't do them for you," he said.

"You could if you'd only be sensible!"

"My paid-escort days are over," he said. "But I tell you what. Next pay day, we'll go out on a bat—my treat."

"No! I wouldn't think of doing that," she said fiercely. "I wouldn't dream of letting you throw away a whole week's salary like that!"

But she loved him for offering it. It served to remind her how greatly she loved him. Ridiculous and wicked of her to complain because he couldn't take her to a party. What was a party —what was anything compared with Dave's love!

WHEN HER new career was three weeks old, Marta made two important decisions. She decided to move to a hotel and she became a pupil of that celebrated and eccentric master of the dance, Senor Miguel d'Alvaroz. For her to stay on in the studio had proved as impractical and inconvenient for Robbie as for Marta. Robbie found it almost impossible to get off for school

No wonder Dad didn't know them! Those old brown shoes of his are transformed—scratches, scuff marks, "bleaches" removed with Dark Brown Nugget Shoe Polish. Nugget makes old shoes look new again. Now available in a 5c trial size.

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The Woman Herself

Continued from page 22

farmer, she has fought the same fight with all the fervor of a Holy Crusade. Her third life dedication has been to the cause of feminism—the advancement of women in the political and economic world.

From her own experience she knows the working woman's problems and handicaps; and to realize a need, for Dr. Hind, is synonymous with doing something about it in a persistent, effective manner. No movement for equal rights or equal opportunity for women fails to have Dr. Hind's active support. No well-qualified woman candidate for public position fails to have Dr. Hind's vote. No individual woman of her acquaintance needing advice or assistance is turned from her door, and many are the secret acts of generosity, by which she has lightened another woman's load. A former resident of the same apartment house, and a stranger, tells such a story. A relative had been killed in a street accident. Dr. Hind read in the papers of the death. Immediately she wrote a note enclosing fifty dollars, explaining she knew the difficulties of such a crisis, and if the money was needed, to accept it as a gift of sympathy from one working woman to another. The cheque was returned, but the comforting memory of human kindness lives on.

AND NOW, at seventy-six, Dr. Hind is enjoying the hard-earned fruits of success. A member of that small band of Canadian men and women whose work is known internationally, she has been showered with honors both at home and abroad.

The University of Manitoba has presented her with an honorary diploma in agriculture and also the degree of Doctor of Laws. She has been elected an honorary life member of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturalists, and carries a life ticket of admission to the floor of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. But she frankly admits her very proudest possession is an illuminated address, which accompanied with a purse of thirteen hundred dollars in gold, was the gift of all the Breed Associations of Western Canada, testifying, "What we have valued most about your work amongst us is that it has been absolutely without fear or favor, and so has greatly helped the improvement of livestock in Western Canada."

Such honors, as acknowledgment of work well done, are a source of genuine pride, but never has Dr. Hind confused that pleasure with the deeper satisfaction she has taken in the work itself. Addressing the Press Women of Canada before her departure on her world tour, she stated: "I have been a fortunate woman. I have always had work. I have always had the work I liked best. I have always had the health and strength to do it."

Today, if questioned about her life activities, her comment would be the same. Though last summer on her return from abroad, she retired as commercial and agricultural editor of the *Free Press*, she still is at her desk each day, busy at special articles in her chosen field.

Still abreast of the times, still informing herself of latest plans, inventions, discoveries and experiments in all parts of the country, her seasoned judgment and frank advice are a valuable constructive force in these troublous times in the West. She knows its past; she has faith in its future. With a life rooted in the traditions of its pioneer struggles, her resolute spirit still valiantly marches on .✤

A Woman in Saskatchewan

BY EDNA JAQUES

• • •

(In thanks for the carloads of food sent to us)

We had no harvest here, yet we have shared
The harvest of far fields — have dined twofold
On food and love. Here in this barren place
We have shared bread and shelter from the cold,
Warm in our veins has flowed the love you sent
And every meal has been a sacrament.

Although our tables stand so far apart
Still they are one, guests in a far-off place,
Who sit with you and eat your broken bread,
Repeating after you your whispered grace,
Blessing the food that multiplies and heals
The heartache and the wounds of barren fields.

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Edna Wallace Hopper... who at over 60 has the skin of a girl... discloses another of her startling youth revelations

I AM past sixty, says Edna Wallace Hopper, yet boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to the other as "The one woman in the world who never grew old". People can't believe I'm over thirty. At a grandmother's age, I still enjoy all the thrills of youth.

Now let me tell you how I do it. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to, call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes.

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MADE IN CANADA

said, furious with Vic for coming, and with himself for being furious. "Take a chair—take *the* chair."

He dusted it off with a flourish and Vic grinned and sat down. He did not feel like grinning, he felt acutely uncomfortable. He burst out fretfully, "Good lord, Dave, I don't see any excuse for all the sackcloth and ashes. You've got a job, you certainly could afford something better than this."

"Not and save anything, I can't," Dave said cheerfully.

"Save! Save what!"

"Funeral expenses maybe," Dave said. "Well, you're looking in the pink. What's going on? How's everybody?"

Everybody was fine. A lot of people were still in Florida or on the Riviera but he managed to keep busy, Vic said. He talked in a desultory, half-hearted fashion for Dave's hall room depressed him; he couldn't look at the scabby iron bedstead nor the begrimed curtains or sleezy rag rug without a shudder. Dave sat on the bed, his feet on a newspaper. He had been drawing. Vic picked up a sketch and said gloomily, "So this is the way you amuse yourself now, is it?"

"It's a cheap and harmless pastime," Dave said.

Vic looked at the picture, not because he was interested but because he didn't want to look at Dave. But having looked at it he wagged his head in approval. The picture showed two groups of men, one group in evening clothes filing into a sumptuous dining room, under which Dave had scribbled, "Stag Line;" the other, a ragged, shivering cue of men before a booth from which a woman in uniform passed out thick cups of coffee. This was marked "Bread Line."

"I call the picture 'Handout,'" Dave said, watching Vic's face wickedly.

But Vic, who was at least an honest parasite, said heartily, "That's darn clever, Dave. So are those others. I should think you could sell some of them to a magazine or newspaper. No kidding, I've seen plenty of cartoons or whatever you call 'em, that couldn't touch these. Did you ever try to sell any of 'em?"

Dave shook his head. "I don't know a darn thing about drawing. They're just my way of thumbing my nose at life."

"That's what makes 'em so darned good," Vic said. "They're mean as the devil but they make you laugh. Remember that 'Love's Young Dream' strip you did? I told you at the time you ought to do something with that." He tossed the sketches back on the bed and stood up. "Well, I better step." He drew on his coat, inspected his top hat for dust. "I mean it, Dave. You ought to show those things to an editor or somebody—a man like Merrick Trew, for instance. He owns the *City Slicker*, you know. They say he pays as much as five hundred dollars for some of his cartoons. Come to think of it, he's coming to Reba's dinner party tonight. Why not come along and show 'em to Trew yourself? You know Reba'd be tickled to death to have you and you'd do a lot better to meet Trew at a dinner party than in his office. Why not get into your tux and come along?"

"Oh, no—I don't think—" Dave was breathing hard through his mouth. "Of course, as you say—it would be fine—meeting Trew this way—but he may think they're rotten."

"You won't know that until he sees 'em. Come on—we're late now!"

"Okay—I—I won't be a minute."

IT WAS eight-thirty before Vic and Dave arrived at the Bradley apartment on Sutton place. But the dinner guests were still lingering on the glassed-in terrace overlooking the river, some of them sunk in the deep chairs of the forty-foot living room, some of them chatting around a blazing log fire. When Vic and Dave went in, Reba Bradley, who was small and dark and chic and a tremendously successful magazine illustrator, gave one look at Dave and screamed delicately. "I'm seeing things!" she wailed. "Surely it isn't Dave Ramsey!"

They all turned to stare at the newcomers and another girl said, "It's all right, darling, I see the same thing you do!"

Dave went over to them grinning, shook hands with his hostess, apologized for coming uninvited. They all crowded round him, wanting to know when he'd come back to town and how was the weather in Tibet this time of year. Reba piloted him around, introducing him to the guests he didn't know, telling them that he was the lost sheep they'd read about.

It was all very gay and warm-hearted. Everybody made a special effort to be sweet to him, and Dave knew that they were thinking of his shattered romance with Ellen and being sorry for him. Reba sat him on her right at dinner where, she said, she could tell him exactly what she thought of him. She said to Merrick Trew, "You don't mind if I give him your place, do you, darling?"

The owner of the *City Slicker* said fretfully he certainly did mind and plumped himself down on her left and winked at Dave. Dave winked back at him, so excited that his hands were dripping. The magazine owner was evidently a genial soul. His features were not genial, they were sharp and intelligent and his small, dark eyes were darting bright. His short, sturdy body and quick, decisive gestures gave an impression of tremendous energy. He said, across Reba, "I'm still in the fog. Have you really been to Tibet?"

Dave laughed and began, "No, I've just been hibernating"—and saw an opportunity—"and doing a little experimental art work between naps."

"What kind of art?"

"Darned if I know. I draw a bit—"

"I didn't know you drew, Dave," Reba said.

"Maybe I don't—I'm not really sure about it."

"That sounds promising," Merrick Trew said. "What kind of things do you draw?"

"I suppose you'd call them cartoons—caricatures—kind of two dimensional wisecracks."

Reba said, "Davey, you sound *so* grown-up! I'd like to see some of your things."

"I brought a few along—thought they might amuse you."

The girl on Dave's right said, "Ooh, may I see them, too?" and someone down the table wanted to know what they were talking about and Reba

✦ *Continued on page 64*

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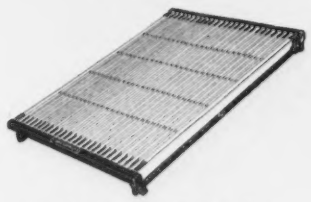

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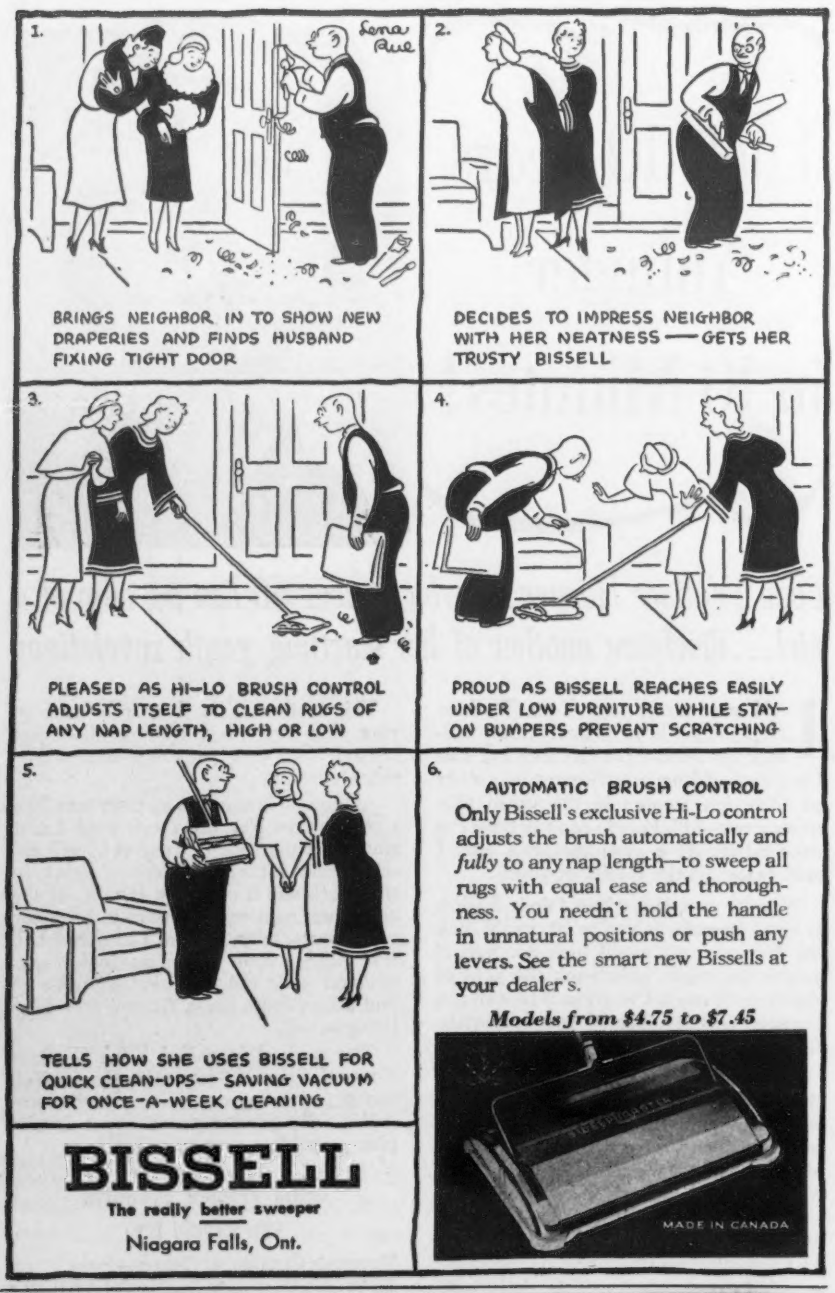

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The Old Forget

Continued from page 17

can get a good job—like I did last year."

"Girl's working too, isn't she?"

"Yes. Over to Miss Burleigh's. But—"

"Well . . ." said Kernochan. "I don't know. You might manage it. I think you'd be better to wait till you do better for the girl. I don't think much of this idea of a woman going out to work after she's married—"

"I want her to quit."

"And live on sixteen dollars a week?"

"We could do it easy if—we lived here."

Kernochan took out a cigar and bit off the end.

"No . . ." he said. "No. Wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

"There's two women in it already," said Kernochan. "What would your girl be doing here all day?"

"Then we could put a little stove upstairs. We could have my room that I got now, and the spare room—like a little apartment. We could do our own cooking. We wouldn't bother the rest of you."

"No," he said again. "That wouldn't do, Nick. Put it out of your head and wait—"

"I'm dam' sick of waiting—"

"Here, that's no way to talk to your father!" said Kernochan sternly.

"Well, I am! You got those two rooms. You're not using them. It wouldn't cost anything if we was to live in 'em. I'll look after my girl. I'm not asking you or anybody else for money. Not for one dam' cent."

"That's enough," said Kernochan, and turned away. As he went down the hall to the kitchen, he heard the front door slam.

"Was that Nick went out?" asked his wife.

"A little cold air'll do him no harm. He'll come back, all right."

GENEVIEVE tried to come down the back stairs without making any noise. But her new silver slippers with high heels were a little loose; they clattered, and that brought Miss Burleigh into the kitchen.

"Where are you going, Jenny?" she asked, with a sort of surprised annoyance, looking at the girl, in a long black velvet wrap she herself had given her, the silver slippers, and incongruously, a little black felt hat.

"You said I could go to the ball, ma'am—"

Miss Burleigh smiled, not a nice smile. But her eyes were red and she looked so pale and unhappy that Genevieve felt sorry for her. It had been a dreadful day.

"I hope you get some news about Taffy tonight, ma'am," she said. "It just seems terrible—"

"Don't be late," said Miss Burleigh, turning away.

The house was so quiet. Annie had gone to bed early, still a little troubled by her tooth. There wasn't a sound except her own light, brisk step on the polished floor. Her drawing-room was serene and charming in the lamplight; there were her books, her piano . . .

"I never intended to get so emotional about an animal," she said to herself, and tears rose to her eyes. "But Taffy was—such a silly dog . . . such a loving, silly dog . . ."

She remembered how he used to run along the hall, and often slip, skid, recover himself with a frantic sort of scrabbling; as she mounted the stairs she remembered how Taffy used to come down, flopping from step to step. She felt tired, miserably tired; she thought she would put on a dressing gown and lie down to read. A rose-shaded lamp was glowing in her big bedroom, the bed was turned down, the rose silk eiderdown folded in a triangle at the foot. There were white chrysanthemums on her rosewood desk; everything restful and pleasing.

But too lonely—without Taffy, that silly dog. Whenever she lay on the chaise longue, he *would* lie across her feet, and he was much too big; his paws drooped over both ends . . . She went downstairs again.

"I might call up someone," she thought.

But most of her friends were married, and she didn't want a couple. She would have liked Marian Kendall—alone—or Doctor Eaton—or Jim Paulson—alone; not with their mates.

She drew aside the heavy curtains and looked out; her garden was frozen stiff, trees and bushes black and bare beneath a grey sky, strangely pale. There seemed to be something fantastic in that desolation. She let the curtains fall and looked about her with a sort of bewilderment. It was not like her to be at a loss for something to do; she had her books, her music, her friends . . .

"Nothing!" she cried aloud.

The telephone rang.

IT CERTAINLY was cold, but Genevieve was comforted by the silky rustle of her long dress about her ankles, by the feel of the velvet wrap. She ran down the path of frozen gravel, and now she could see Nick standing under a corner light. Standing so straight, looking somehow so lonely in the empty street. She was reticent—a little shy by nature—but tonight she went flying up to him, and put her arms around his neck. He held her for a moment in an embrace that left her breathless.

"You look like a million dollars."

"Well, that's how I feel!" she said. "I was to that McCaffrey's Club outing one year, and it was grand, and I guess this ball is better. Where you going, Nick? Aren't we going in the bus?"

"Come around through Oak Street, will you? I want to talk to you."

She held his arm, keeping close to him. It was cold, her feet felt numb in the thin silver slippers.

"Nick, Annie and me certainly had a time today with Miss Burleigh in such a state about Taffy being stole. The cops came, and all. And herself couldn't eat hardly a mouthful."

"Yeah?" said Nick. "Enough to make me cry, Miss Burleigh losing her dog."

"Well, it's all she's got."

✤ *Continued on page 57*

"Sure. Except plenty of money and a big house and all."

She could not find words for what she wanted to say.

"Well—I'd rather be me, Nick," she said, "and have *you*."

"Now, listen," he said. "This is January. Around in April I can start working again. I can make twenty-five a week, like I done the last two years. Up till then I can make eleven or twelve—without Miss Burleigh."

"Are you going to quit working for her, Nick?"

'Yes, and I want you to quit. Next week."

"But you mean you want me to go back home and live, Nick? But that's so far away. I would hardly ever see you."

"I mean for us to get married. Next week."

She was silent for a moment.

"Nick, darlin'—What would we live on?" she asked, wanting to cry.

"We could get by on twelve a week, easy. We could buy food and all for that."

"But Nick, darlin'—Where would we live?"

"Leave that to me," he said, with a note of triumph. "I can fix that, and I can pay Father Leonard to marry us, and buy you a wedding ring." He paused; when he spoke again, his voice was a little forlorn. "I wish I could've had it nice," he said. "A real wedding, and you in a veil and all."

"I don't care about that!" she cried. "Won't I be the proud one, Mrs. Nicholas Kernochan! Nick, your family won't be mad, will they?"

"Who cares?"

"Oh, they're grand people, Nick. I'd feel terrible bad if—"

"They'll get over it," he said. "Wait till they know you better. They got to like you then. Anyhow it's you and me getting married, isn't it?"

When they turned the corner they were in the town, in a brightly lit street of small shops.

"All I care is, are you willing to take the chance?" he asked. "I—I'm so dam' sick of waiting . . . I keep thinking, suppose you was to get sick—get the flu or something, and I couldn't even see you. Or . . . I don't know what's come over me. Only I just think—if we was together, nothing else'd matter."

"That's all I want, Nick," she said. "Just to be with you."

She asked him no more questions; she went along—wherever he was going. Ready to give up her good job and marry him. Ready to take whatever he had to offer, trusting him with all her life.

"I'll be good to you, Genevieve," he said, "so help me God."

"I know that, Nick. Nick, darlin' . ."

They turned another corner.

"Now!" he said. "D'you know the Willow Hotel?"

"Why, sure!" she said surprised, looking at the lighted portico of the hotel. "Sure I do, Nick."

"Well, that's where we're going to live for four or five weeks."

"In a hotel, Nick?"

"I got a room there already," he said, and could not disguise his vainglory. "Six dollars it costs me alone, and you come, they give me a special rate of eight dollars for the two of us. Running water right in it, telephone, all furnished up, with an armchair, a nice green carpet . . . It's on the top floor, but you got the elevator. There's a boy I know runs one of the elevators. It made me laugh to see him dressed up in his uniform."

"You living there now, Nick?"

"Yeah. Got the key in my pocket."

"You—left home, Nick?"

"THERE he is," said Miss Burleigh's voice, clear in the frosty air.

Slim and smart in her astrakhan coat and little black hat, she stood in the doorway of the Willow Hotel, with a policeman beside her. She was holding Taffy by the collar, and when he saw Nick, he broke away from her and rushed down the steps. He rolled over at Nick's feet and then got up, shook himself frantically, ran away and came back barking; he jumped up, with his big clumsy paws on Nick's chest; he gave a sharp imperious yelp.

"Come here, Taffy!" called Miss Burleigh.

He ran to her at once, like a good dog, but before she could catch him, he was away again. This cold night and these bright lights were exciting.

"Well," said the policeman, laying his hand on Nick's shoulder. "Come along, feller."

"Okay," said Nick. "Could I speak to the guy inside first? I got a room paid for in advance for a week, and I want this—this young lady to have the use of it."

"I'll go with you," said the policeman.

Nick brought a key out of his pocket, and handed it to Genevieve. She took it, and kissed him, with tears running down her cheeks. She stood there in the street, waiting for him to come out again and Miss Burleigh stood in the doorway.

"I suppose you helped Nick in this?" she said.

"In what?" asked Genevieve.

"You knew he'd stolen Taffy."

"I don't care," said Genevieve.

"How tawdry she looks!" thought Miss Burleigh. Tawdry and flaunting, that girl in the long dress and the cheap silver slippers, and the old velvet wrap she had given her. Only her face . . . Softly rounded, almost childish, those grey eyes luminous with tears . . . Her face . . .

"You care about the boy going to prison, I suppose."

"No!" said Genevieve. "I don't care about that. They got to let him out some time—"

"Did you help him in this, Jenny?"

"I would've helped him if I'd known!"

"If you didn't help him," said Miss Burleigh, "I'll take you back with me."

"I don't want to go back with you, ma'am. I want to stay in the room that he got."

"Don't be stupid! You can't afford it. You can't afford to lose your job either, can you?"

Something dreadful came surging up in Genevieve's heart. There was Miss Burleigh, in her fur coat and all, sending Nick to prison . . . Her young spirit had no words for bitterness or hatred; she caught her breath in a sob.

"I don't care. Taffy likes Nick better than you!" she cried.

Miss Burleigh turned away her head. The policeman was coming back now,

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Kellogg's WHOLE WHEAT KRUMBLES

Custody of the Child

Continued from page 11

kind for me. If there's one thing I can't stand, and I've always said so, it's a man with dark hairs on the back of his fingers. Gee!"

Well, that was Mr. Holiday, all right, and however much he might not care for Janet, David was certainly at one with her on this antipathy. When Fraser Holiday put his hands on him, he wriggled, inside and out. And when he put his hands on his mother, he felt sick and wanted to look away but never could. It was awful, perfectly awful.

David took off his sandals and put them under a chair near his bed. It was almost too hot to put on the pyjamas that lay on his bed. Janet had finished her phoning. He heard her turn on the radio and the loud blare of an orchestra drowned out his voice as he called to her from the head of the stairs.

After a moment she answered: "Yes? What is it? Have you brushed your teeth like your mother said to?"

"No, I haven't. Janet, how many days until Friday?"

He went halfway down the stairs and sat down. It felt a little bit cooler down there. He wished he did not have to go to bed.

"What? You go to bed now, David."

He looked down at her at the foot of the stairs. Her brown hair was damp and dark against her red forehead.

"How many days are there until Friday?"

"Well, tomorrow's Wednesday. That makes three. Two really." She came up and took him by the hand and led him the rest of the way upstairs and into the bathroom.

"Lord, this house is like an oven. Come on. Let's get your face washed; I want to get down on the porch."

"How can it be three and two, Janet?"

"Depends how you count. Put your hands in the basin. Here, you know how to use the soap, don't you?"

"Friday's my brithday."

"Oh. Stand still, and hurry a little, will you?"

"Yes. I'll be six. Six. Six."

"Okay, okay. Birthdays are just like every other day."

"No, this one isn't."

"Your mother going to have a party for you?" She wiped off his perspiring face with the end of a damp towel.

He wriggled from beneath it. "No." But he couldn't tell her. He looked up at her blank face and he just couldn't. It would be different. It was the last thing he thought of before he slept, and the first he remembered when morning came, still hot and cloudless.

BUT THERE was something new. At breakfast his mother told him that they were going to a zoo.

"What's a zoo?" She laughed, the way she laughed when he knew that he ought to have known.

"Heavens! Well, it's a place where there are lots of animals."

"Dogs?"

"No . . . Well, maybe. We're going to take a picnic lunch, so mother's very busy."

"What kind of animals?" He stood quite still, waiting.

"Oh, all kinds. David, now I've simply no time to answer questions. You wait and you'll see."

But in the midst of her being very busy the phone rang. David lay flat on his stomach in the upper hall and listened.

"Yes, but Fraser, it was your idea . . . I never . . . in this heat . . . but you said . . . well, but I have everything ready . . . tomato aspic and . . . well, I can't see that it will be much fun alone . . . oh, Margaret, she won't want to go. Well . . . of course I'm terribly disappointed, but I suppose if you can't, you just can't . . ."

Well, he didn't care much; not if she wasn't sure there were dogs. She called Margaret's number.

"Well, he suggested it. He thought it might be something to interest David, sort of snap him out of. . . well, you know . . . I've been at my wits' end. But I suppose if he can't, he can't. Goodness, I never would have planned this if I'd thought I was going to drag out there alone. Can't you . . . ? I've everything ready . . . sandwiches and tom . . . oh, well . . . Yes, I understand."

So they went alone. The road was hot in the mid-morning sun. The weeds by the side of the road were grey with dust, and the leaves on the trees were shrivelled and dry. He tasted the dust in his mouth. His mother drove very fast and her eyes looked straight ahead. He looked up at her, wanting to talk, but he didn't.

Once he said: "Will we be there soon, mother?"

"Well, I certainly hope so," she snapped, and her face was hot and shiny and closed looking.

Then they came to a big stone arch and drove under it, and parked the car, leaving the picnic basket in the car. And he walked with his mother on the broad, gravelled path through a turnstile where a man sat on a high stool and said that the heat was terrific.

The inside didn't look very attractive. There weren't many trees, and the grass that once must have been green was now quite brown. Near the entrance there was an oval pond, covered with a high wire cage.

"Birds," said his mother, and they stopped.

On dead stumps, sticking up out of heavy green scum, and on sticks attached to the sides of the cage sat birds of various descriptions, some of them with their heads under their wings. They looked hot and sick. One with long red legs blinked at David out of sore, inflamed eyes. David looked back at him and said nothing, his hand held fast in his mother's. They moved slowly on, along the path.

"In this house there are tigers and leopards. Lions." Oh yes, he began to recall pictures in his books at home. But these seemed quite different somehow. And the smell—He wrinkled his small nose curiously.

THEN SUDDENLY he stood quite still, his eyes lifted to a narrow cage in which a great, tawny leopard prowled back and forth. The animal's

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together with Nick and another man.

"Will you come along, Miss Burleigh?" asked the policeman. "Then we can charge him. This is the fellow who told us there was a dog shut up here. Heard him barking all evening."

A slight, sandy-haired young fellow, this was. Miss Burleigh glanced at him.

"He must have the fifty dollars reward, of course," she said, and her cool voice conveyed a sort of squeamish distaste. "We can go in my car, officer." She hesitated a moment. "Your father will put up bail for you, no doubt," she said, not looking at Nick.

"No. I wouldn't let him."

"You did this—to get the reward, didn't you? You meant to bring Taffy back to me?"

He did not answer.

"If they'd make any explanation," she thought. "I'm not—completely heartless. If they showed the least remorse . . ."

They asked her for nothing, no money, no understanding.

"For your father's sake," she said, and looked now at the sullen boy, "I don't like to make a charge against you. If I could believe that you realize what a serious—what a criminal thing you've done . . ."

"Hey! Can't you talk?" said the policeman, giving him a shove. He knew old man Kernochan.

"No, I can't," said Nick.

"I can't do any more!" cried Miss Burleigh. "I was willing to give this boy a chance, and Jenny, too. But they're both—impossible."

"Come on, feller," said the policeman. "No, sister! You stay where you are."

"Good-by, Nick!" cried Genevieve. "I'll be seeing you."

"Good-by, Genevieve! Go inside, that way you won't catch cold."

A CAR drew up to the curb, and old man Kernochan got out. He took off his hat to Miss Burleigh.

"I got word of this from a friend," he said. "I'll take it kindly, miss, if you'll let me pay the reward offered and let the boy off."

"I'm not heartless," said Miss Burleigh. "I'm perfectly willing not to press the charge if Nick makes a suitable apology."

"He's stubborn," said Kernochan. As if that were a fact of nature to be taken for granted.

"Very well!" said Miss Burleigh. "So am I. You can't expect me to be perfectly placid, Mr. Kernochan, when I've been robbed by someone I've trusted."

"Well," said Kernochan. "It's natural enough that you'd be provoked. I'll take your girl home to your mother, Nick. I'll see what I can do for you tomorrow."

"Okay," said Nick.

"They're all so—stolid!" thought Miss Burleigh. "People like that . . ."

She looked at Kernochan, still hat in hand; his eyes were a little drawn at the corners, his mouth was set in a tight line. She looked at the girl with tears on her forlorn little face; she turned toward Nick, and found his sullen glance fixed upon her. But was he sullen? Perhaps that was fortitude —and pain, and pride . . .

"If you needed money so badly," she said sharply, "it would certainly have been better to come to me frankly and ask for a loan."

He didn't answer. Nobody asked her for anything. Was it because they thought she had nothing to give?

"Let him go!" she said to the policeman. "I shan't make any charge against him. I have the dog . . ."

She opened the door of her car and got in, and Taffy crowded in with her. He liked to ride. He liked a lot of things, a lot of people. He sat on the seat beside her and licked her hand.

"She must be terrible fond of that dog," said Nick. "I'm sorry . . ."

She heard that. She sat motionless, with Taffy licking her hand.

"Sorry for me," she thought.

How dared he? That boy whom she had so generously forgiven, that sulky young lout—sorry for her? A dreadful anger rose in her; she wanted to call out to the policeman, and say she had changed her mind. She wanted him to go to prison.

KERNOCHAN had turned toward his own car, holding the girl by the arm; he was speaking to her, his head bent, she was looking up at him with a nervous little smile. Nick was following them, hands in pockets, slouching.

"Nick!" Miss Burleigh called, leaning out of the window.

"Yes?" he answered over his shoulder.

It was not anger, it was pain that filled her. They were all going away, even the policeman had strolled off. All going, and leaving her . . . Her house was so quiet . . .

"Nick—you and Jenny can have the rooms over the garage. You can get married and live there."

Kernochan came back, stood by the car.

"That's very kind of you, Miss Burleigh," he said. "But the two of them can come along home with me. If I'd said that yesterday to the boy—" He sighed. "But, I'm stubborn," he said. "And when you're old, you forget how it was when you were young."

But suppose you hadn't anything much to forget? Suppose you were growing older, and had—so little to remember?

"It's very kind of you," he said again. "But I'll take them."

"No!" cried Miss Burleigh. Her voice broke; she could not go on for a moment. "I want them . . ." she said. "I want them—with me. I have —so much furniture . . . Jenny! You'll come back with me, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Genevieve. ✤

Next Month

"MARINA MAKES THE MODE"

The Duchess of Kent is acknowledged as one of the best dressed women in the world. This article in the May Chatelaine shows just why she is such a leader of fashion.

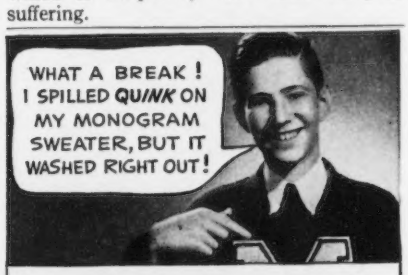
AT 83 SHE DEFIES RHEUMATISM

After Suffering Acute Pain for Years

Rheumatism first attacked this old lady in 1931, and gradually spread from her arms to other parts of her body. Then she started to take Kruschen Salts, and now she sends the following letter in her own handwriting:—

"I have suffered from rheumatism since 1931. At first, I felt acute pain in both arms. I could not sleep for pain. It grew worse, and gradually crept down to the tips of my fingers. Next it reached my knees and ankles, which made me quite helpless for a long period. A friend recommended me to take Kruschen Salts. I find they do me more good than any other medicine, liniment or ointment I ever used. This is my own writing, though I am in my 84th year."—(Mrs.) H.

The pains and stiffness of rheumatism are often caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the muscles and joints. Kruschen Salts stimulate your liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action, and assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is frequently the cause of your suffering.



NO MORE INK STAINS ON HANDS OR CLOTHES

The Quickest-Drying Ink You Ever Tried—And the SAFEST

The Parker Pen Company's new ink—Parker Quink—dries so fast on paper you can throw your blotters away. It dries by penetration, not evaporation—hence does not dry in a pen. Quink contains a secret ingredient that dissolves sediment left in a pen by pen-clogging inks. It makes your pen start instantly—every time! No shaking or fussing to get it to flow.

Made 2 ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. If spilled on hands, clothes or rugs, WASHABLE Quink is removed with soap and water without trace. PERMANENT Quink for office use is PERMANENT as paper—won't wash out or fade out. Both kinds are rich, brilliant—never watery. 15c, 25c and up at all stores selling ink.

Parker Quink

The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store, sprinkle it on a hot, wet cloth, rub the face gently—every blackhead will be gone. Have a Hollywood complexion.

light was turned on and Janet stood over him, her face drawn and frightened.

"Well, for the love of Pete! What now?" And she ran for a towel from the bathroom. She changed his bed and wiped his face with water and a clean towel while he shook and shivered and tried to choke down his sobs. He kept his eyes closed as he leaned weakly against her shoulder.

"I wish your mother'd come home," she complained, when he lay back on his pillow, frightened and miserable. She said she hoped he wasn't going to be sick again, but he couldn't reassure her; he felt very sick indeed. He managed to ask her to leave the light on. He must not sleep again. And quite soon it would be morning.

But he did sleep, and in the morning his mother only looked at him sharply, anxiously, and said nothing. When she spoke, as she did twice, about his birthday, he had nothing to say. Back home things like this would never happen. One day now until Friday. He could wait.

Night came. Hot and unbearable as all the other nights that had been before it. He asked his mother for a light left in the hall. He stayed awake, looking out at it. He heard her, suddenly, at the telephone, and he got up quietly and went into the hall.

"Just exactly like Tom . . . high-strung. Well, after yesterday's performance and then last night I decided it was about high time things were changed. If we'd gone on a few years more I don't know what he'd be like. What? Why, no of course I wouldn't tell Tom . . . why should I? You know how he is about David. There's certainly nothing wrong in taking a child to a zoo. Any normal child would never have reacted that way. Fraser thinks I ought to see a psychiatrist. Well, I know I simply can't baby him . . . David, I mean. That's just what the trouble is. You know Martha always . . ."

David closed the door and went back to bed. He didn't care what they said, he wasn't a baby. Tomorrow was Friday. You couldn't be six and be a baby.

And suddenly he thought of something. Could it be that tomorrow, when he was six, he would forget completely about home and his father . . . like he had about the dog he had had? Like the . . . the leopard was forgetting? He shut his eyes tight in the dark and said, Oh no, oh no, oh no, over and over. What was the prayer Martha had taught him: God keep me all through the night and the day . . . He mumbled it. Perhaps he didn't know how to pray right. He'd forgotten the rest of it! There had been lots of nights since he had come here that he hadn't said his prayers; Martha always had made him. But without Martha the prayer hadn't seemed quite the same. It was quite possible that because he hadn't prayed every night God would have forgotten all about him . . . just one little boy in a dark room when there were so many to remember . . . so many who were good. Tears were hot in his eyes and he pressed his mouth tightly against the pillow.

AFTER A LONG while he slept. And the dream came again, just the same, with the leopard stalking up and down ever closer to him and closer, and the THING coming in just as it had before at the window and over the bottom of his bed. It was even more awful than it had been before. He couldn't bear it. He *must* scream, and there was the familiar struggling and still no sound came . . . none at all. His mouth was dry and something in him was going to burst. In just one more moment it would be too late . . . too late. It was next to his throat . . .

Sick, and utterly exhausted he lay back upon his pillow. He did not even open his eyes now to look at his mother's face bent above him. Her hands were on his thin shoulders.

"Now, this is simply ridiculous," he heard her say as if from a great, great distance. "We're certainly not going through this thing every night." She lifted him up, but his body was slack and nerveless in her hands. "Now you're to tell me all about it, at once. At once, David, do you hear." She shook him. But he couldn't. He sobbed, but he couldn't.

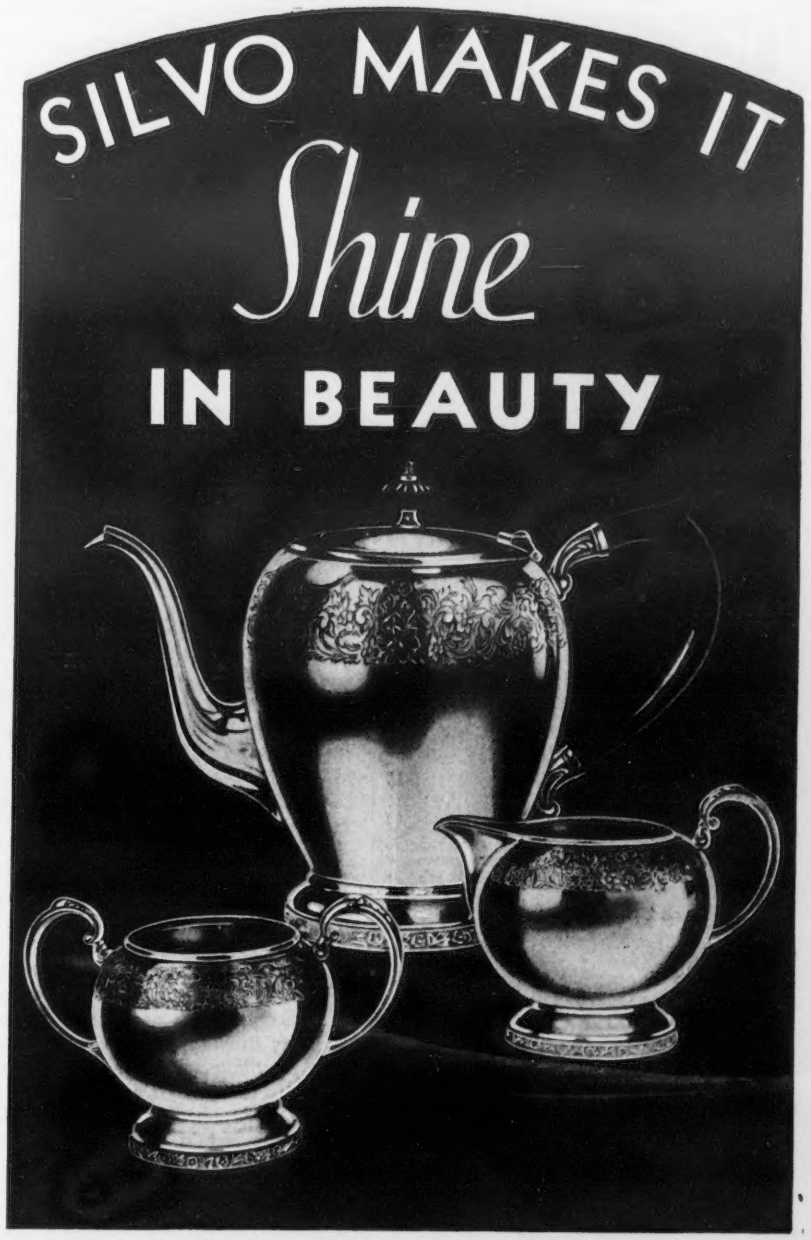
"Is it . . . are you dreaming about . . . about the snake, David?" Oh yes, but that was not all. How could he tell her about his room being a cage and about getting out and about his father?

"Now, David, look at me. Look at me." He opened his eyes . . . her face was very white. She had sounded so angry, but her face looked frightened. There was something about her that reminded him of days at home . . . just a little. But while he looked her eyes changed again.

"Now, you're to know that nothing can hurt you. You're in your own little room . . ." He didn't hear the rest. He didn't believe her. He knew. If he slept it would come back again. She made him sit on a chair while she changed his bed. He obediently swallowed a pill still without opening his eyes. She put clean pyjamas on him, got him into bed again, and pulled the sheet up over his small body. And then because she was so still, he looked up at her. But she did not say anything, or touch him.

He kept his eyes fastened on the light in the hall. Nor did he sleep. He was surprised how soon it was light. And it was Friday. Today his father would come. Today . . . today . . . today . . .

ALL THROUGH the morning he kept reminding himself that soon he would begin to feel quite different. Soon his father would come. There were gifts, and Fraser Holiday came, and there was ice cream of course, but he wasn't hungry. His mother gave him a wristwatch and said: "Your father sent this." David looked at it and put it in his pocket. It would have been nicer if he had brought it; he wouldn't put it on until he came. When he was alone he looked at it; it was just the kind of a watch he wanted. He liked the brown, smooth leather strap. But he would wait until his father came until he put it on. It was important that his father should come soon. It was lunch time, and then it was dinner time. Fraser Holiday stayed to dinner. All through dinner he talked a great deal and laughed, but David kept looking out of the window. The sun was setting. It was going to be dark. But the day was not over yet. Not yet. There was the sudden jangling of the tele-



The chaste simplicity of the Creswick Pattern in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate is typical of the fine trend in modern silverware. The makers, International Silver Co. of Canada Ltd., suggest Silvo for all your silverware.

To keep your modern silver softly gleaming, to preserve the mellow glow of old and precious plate, there is no gentler or *safer* polish than Silvo.

Silvo deals only with the dimness and the stains, coaxing them away, bringing back the captivating loveliness your silver had when new.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT

91

Housework Nearly "KILLS" HER

Hours of standing or walking put unusual strain on foot muscles, ligaments and tendons. Fatigue acids settle in them—make them stiff and painful. The circulation of the blood through the feet slows down. The whole foot swells and aches. Absorbine Jr. brings quick relief.

Quick Relief for Swollen Aching Feet

● No matter how carefully she plans her work, her feet give out by evening.

When this happens to you, use Absorbine Jr. at once. No need to soak the feet. Rub Absorbine Jr. on aching feet, especially around the ankles and on the soles.

It quickly increases the circulation through the feet. The blood carries off the fatigue acids faster. Swelling goes down. Your feet feel rested and you're ready for an evening of fun.

Bruises, Sprains, Athlete's Foot—Absorbine Jr. relieves congestion. Antiseptic. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada

ABSORBINE JR.

—speeds **FATIGUE ACIDS** out of Muscles

hot, black-green eyes seemed to look at him.

"Do they live here? What's that?"

"Leopard. Of course they live here. They're fed every day and they have hay to sleep on."

"Do they always live here?"

"They were caught in the jungle and brought here so that you could see what they . . ."

"What's a jungle?" His words came breathlessly, but his grey eyes never left the animal's sleek, moving body.

"Oh, you know. Lots of trees and green woods. Vines . . ."

"Oh." Like home! "When will they go back, mother?"

"They aren't going back," she said impatiently. "They live here."

He looked with unwavering eyes at the steadily stalking leopard and resisted the tugging of his mother's hand. Each time the leopard came to the end of his cage he turned his lean body and came back to the other end, where he turned again, never stopping. David watched the animal with sick fascination. Why didn't he ever stop? To the child only one thing was evident; he wanted to get out and nothing else mattered. Not the food nor the hay to sleep on.

"He wants to get out," he said faintly.

"Well, of course," his mother laughed, shortly, unclasping his hot hand and moving a few paces ahead. "Come on, dear!"

"Well, why don't they let him out, then?"

"He'd tear you to pieces if they did that. You wouldn't like that, surely?"

"Because he wants to get out so badly?"

"Yes. Do come on, David. We haven't all day."

"Will they let him go back some day?"

"No, of course not. This is a brown bear. He . . ."

"But—mother—" She looked down at him.

"David, for heaven's sake. He's forgotten all about the place where he came from."

Oh no, he hadn't. He couldn't have. Or he would never walk like that, and look like that. If ever he forgot he would simply lie down and never open his eyes.

"He's simply here for us to see what leopards look like. People come here and pay to see them."

They paid; it was awful. On slow, tired legs he moved along. He did not like the zoo at all, he decided. He was very quiet. They watched the monkeys and the people all around them laughed. The monkeys' quick little eyes looked out at them as they jumped about, but there were signs all about the cage which said: Do Not Touch. He did not think they were funny. He thought they were dreadfully ugly. Hairy.

"Aren't they funny?" his mother enquired. He pulled at her hand. He wanted to go home. Even the hot little house was better than this.

If they had gone, then, things might have been different, but there were all the other houses to visit, and she seemed suddenly determined to go through them all.

The next house was warm and had a queer, musty smell, and the cages were enclosed in glass. Inadvertently David stepped too close to a glass, not sensing the green-black gliding thing on the dead branch.

"King cobra," his mother read, leaning closer. "Habitat . . ." And suddenly David's fingers tightened with frenzy on her own. The ugly flat head had come on a level with his own, and from the red mouth darted sharp, pronglike tongues. The small green eyes looked at him with such a malignance as he had never seen. David's shoulders instantly grew tense; his lips shaped themselves for a question that was never asked. The low, cement house rang with his screams and he felt himself being shaken violently. He was dreadfully sick, there at once, and before his mother could get him out of the house. A man came running.

"It's the heat, ma'am." David shivered with cold, leaning up against his mother's body while she wiped his face and attempted to clean her skirt. Faintly he heard her half-angry, half-frightened voice, but what it was that she said he did not know. His legs kept stumbling on the way back to the car. There never was any picnic. While they drove home he slept, exhausted and sick, with his head on her lap.

HIS MOTHER still had nothing to say when once they reached home. She gave him a bath and brought him something to eat, and even though it was still afternoon she put him to bed. She stooped over to kiss him and he put his face against her throat and took a deep breath. He wished she would stay with him. He wished he was quite small and could sit in her lap. He wished he was really very sick and that his father would come and hold his hand and talk in his quiet voice. It would not be long now until Friday. Today was over and done.

But it wasn't. He slept, and when he woke there was a dim light in the hall and he could hear the radio. He got up out of bed and went to the stairs and saw Janet.

"You better get into bed. Your mother's gone out," she said. And he went back into his room. He wished that she hadn't. Janet turned off the radio. The house was very still. His bed was hot and tumbled. He got up again and looked out of the window. No faintest breath of air came in to him. Far in the distance a dog barked and he could hear cars going by in the streets and the sounds of people laughing in the house next door. He got back into bed. If he thought about it . . . back home. . . he wouldn't have to think of today. He wished it was tomorrow. How could you stop thinking about that thing today . . . how could you? Tears rolled down his cheeks and he began to cry, softly, without making any sound. It seemed to him that he would never stop. He turned and turned in the hot, close darkness. And finally he slept. Slept and dreamed!

He was locked in, and his room was a cage, and the leopard stalked up and down and up and down, right next to his bed, and then suddenly IT came in at the open window. His fingers tore at his pillow and he tried and tried to scream and could make no sound. The screaming gathered in his throat, bursting out finally with a vehemence that could not be stopped, once it began. He awoke and was sick. The

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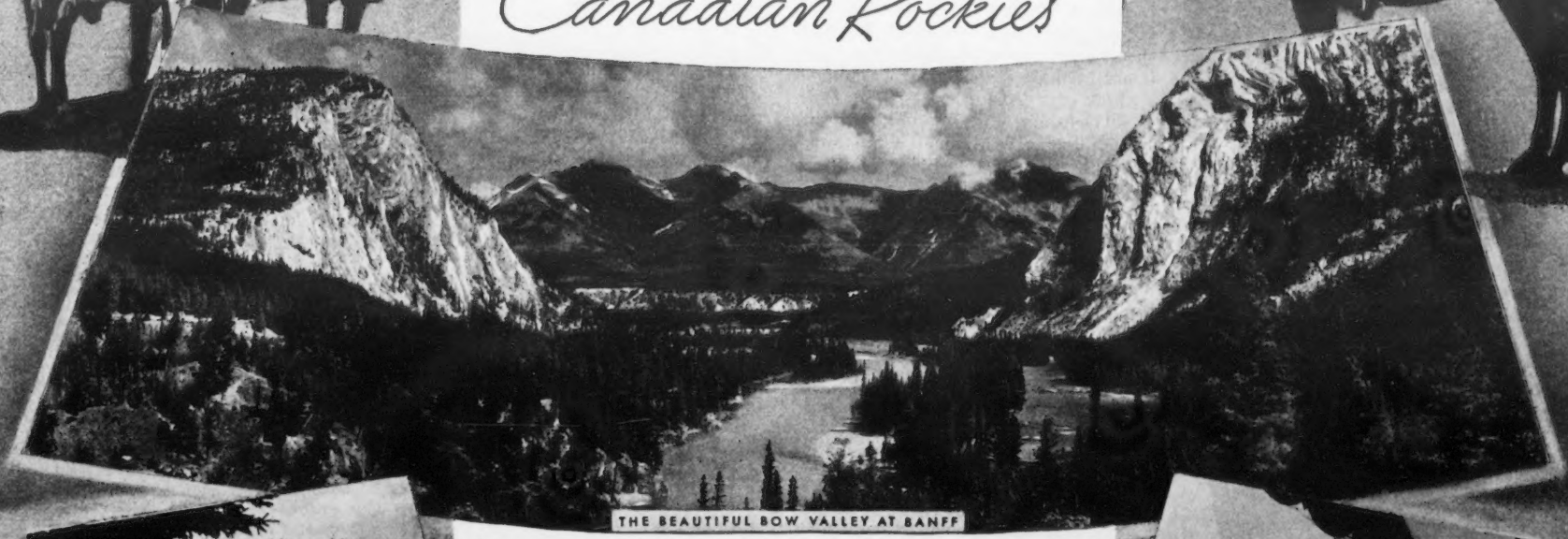
Good Health Can Be Yours by the help of Beecham's Pills. This purely vegetable remedy ensures that internal cleanliness and harmony which is the true secret of youthfulness and vitality, sound digestion, steady nerves.

BEECHAM'S LIVER-BILE & LAXATIVE PILLS

BANFF

LAKE LOUISE
EMERALD LAKE
in the Canadian Rockies



THE BEAUTIFUL BOW VALLEY AT BANFF

Snow-capped mountains!... Jade-green rivers and lakes! ...Thrilling outdoor sports!...The glamour of Canada's glorious mountain heritage!...Tangy Alpine air!

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL in the Canadian Rockies offers all these and more for your summer vacation. Saddle Ponies, Cowboys and Indian Pageantry, red coated 'Mounties'... *Golf* on a superb course, *swimming* in warm sulphur and fresh water pools, *tennis, climbing, trout-fishing, motoring* over smooth roads to Lake Louise and Emerald Lake.

At *Banff Springs Hotel* are travelers from all over the world—entertainment, dancing, concert music. 600 rooms with bath. 38 de luxe suites, even the smallest suited for private parties. Rates on request.

Tournaments and Events: *Calgary Stampede*, July 11-16; *Indian Days, Banff*, July 22-24; *Banff Golf Week*, Aug. 22-27. *Banff Springs Hotel* open June 4 to Sept. 12; *Chateau Lake Louise* and *Emerald Lake Chalet* open June 11 to Sept. 12. *Low Round Trip Fares* to Banff, North Pacific Coast, California, Alaska. Canadian Pacific fast trans-Canada trains—*Air Conditioned.*

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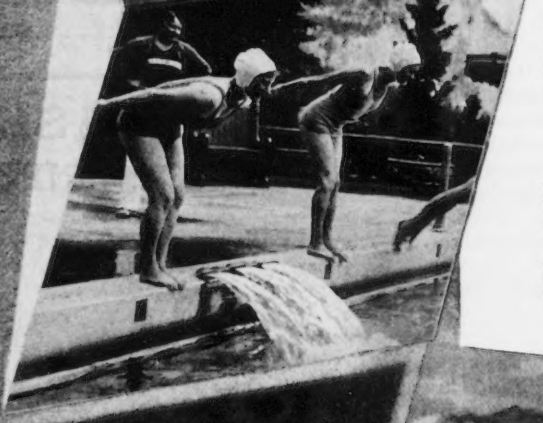
MILE-HIGH GOLF AND SWIMMING—AT BANFF

DINING, DANCING—AT CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE



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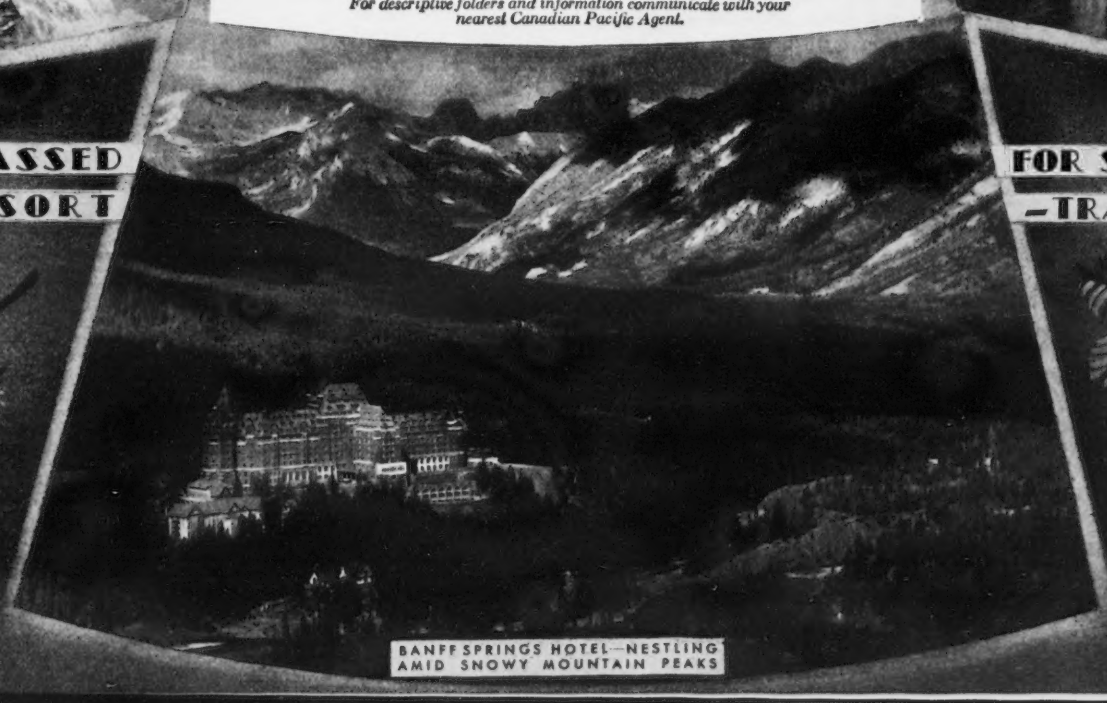
FOR SMART, WORLD-TRAVELED PEOPLE



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL—NESTLING AMID SNOWY MOUNTAIN PEAKS

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—it saves as it serves just one double tissue at a time!

. . . PULL A DOUBLE TISSUE

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This handy Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box ends tissue waste and mess—saves time, trouble, tissues! Pull just one double tissue easily, quickly—another pops up ready for use! Why fumble with clumsy boxes and inferior tissues that can't give the same service, economy and satisfaction.

Adopt the Kleenex Habit for dozens of uses—as handkerchiefs during colds; and to remove face creams and cosmetics; to apply powder and rouge; to dust and polish; for the baby—And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots. This 200 sheet Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box is the handy size for every room *and for your car.* Don't forget either that Kleenex checks spread of colds, because you use each tissue only once, then destroy—germs and all.

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phone, and a long look exchanged between Fraser and David's mother. She got up and went into the hall.

"Hello. Oh." Her voice was very cautious. "No. No. No, I think it best not to. Well, after all I should be allowed to judge what is best. Oh, quite all right. Yes, quite." And she hung up.

"And I'll tell you what we'll do," David heard Fraser's voice saying very heartily as his mother sat down. "How about making this a regular party? I know a little fellow—nephew of a friend of mine, who'd be just keen to go. And I won't be cheated this time . . . I should say not. This time I'm going along. We'll go back there and we'll just look those old animals over and learn where they came from and everything. That's the thing to do. What say?"

David looked from the window to the man's face. "Back where?"

"Why—back there. Tomorrow. What do you say to that?"

David looked at his mother and she smiled faintly at him. "Come and eat your chicken, dear," she said.

"Tomorrow?"

"Mmm."

Well, he needn't worry about that. Before tomorrow came his father would be here, and after David told him *be'd* never let Fraser Holiday take him back. Not for any party. That was just something that couldn't happen. Today was his birthday. He looked toward the window and made no reply.

"There! You see!" said Fraser Holiday to May triumphantly.

After dinner David went out into the yard and looked up and down the street. He wished he would come. He wished he would hurry. His fingers closed around the watch in his pocket. Far off against the sky there were black clouds all twisted and piled, and behind them lightning jutted in great ragged streaks.

"Well, let's hope to heavens it rains," said his mother. David sat down on the grass. Every car that came down the street he followed with his eyes. But they went by, every one of them. It was really quite dark, now. Thunder rumbled dully and the lightning split the clouds.

Of course his father would not care if he was caught in a storm. But he would have to hurry. David's throat began to feel very funny. He pressed one hand tightly against his stomach.

"David! You'll have to come in, now." He didn't answer. His mother called again. He got up very slowly. Well, it would be all right. It would be sort of nice to be in bed when his father came. Like old times. He would sit down by the side of the bed and close his fingers very gently over David's. He had the kindest face, his father had. There was something about it now that made David want to cry, and put up his hands to touch it. Oh, yes, it would be lovely to have him come when he, David, was in bed. It would be the best time of all for him to come. He got up and went into the house very quickly, said goodnight to Fraser Holiday whom he would probably never see again . . . so he could be nice to him, just this once . . . and he went up the stairs. He undressed very quickly and washed quickly, too, so as to be quite ready. He heard his mother say: "No, I think we'd really better stay in tonight, Fraser. Besides I simply couldn't ask Janet to go through that again; she just wouldn't, that's all."

"Well, you won't have to. The thing to do is to face this thing, show him that there's nothing to be afraid of. After tomorrow you'll see that I'm right, May."

"Yes. Well—but tonight—I certainly hope you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Any psychiatrist would tell you I'm right."

"Well . . ." Her voice trailed off into an indistinguishable murmur.

David looked out of the window, sitting on his knees on the floor. He surely ought to be here now; it was getting late. His mother came up the stairs and into the room.

"Why, David, aren't you in bed yet?"

He got up very slowly. "It's my birthday," he began. He would tell her.

She laughed: "Oh, yes, but that's over, now, and it's bedtime. Climb in. I'll be right downstairs. And you're going to sleep as sound as a rock, aren't you?" Her voice didn't sound very assured.

No. He wasn't. He wasn't going to sleep at all. But he only looked at her and submitted to lying down in his bed.

"May I have the light on in the hall?"

She hesitated. "Now, David," she began.

"I want it on," he maintained. The doorbell would ring any moment, now, and if the light was left on he could see him the minute he came up the stairs.

"And my door open."

"All right, all right." She bent over to kiss him, pat him on the shoulder, and then she went on down the stairs.

He faced the door and he watched and listened, growing steadily more impatient, and momentarily more frightened. Thunder rolled ominously close, and the room was illumined with constant flashes of lightning. His eyes blinked; he had never liked storms.

HIS BIRTHDAY . . . and it was almost over. And he hadn't come! He hadn't come! And then, slowly, but with a terrible clarity, etched out in his mind against the startling interplay of blue fire against the walls of his room, he began to think of something he had not thought of before. Hitherto his fear had been that he, David, would forget. But not now. It was his father who had forgotten!

They had made that up about the watch to keep from hurting his feelings. He would have come; he must have come. It was that he had forgotten. His heart beat hard, and he doubled his hands up under his body because, suddenly, they were cold. All hope that he had clung to through the long day was now utterly dispelled.

His small shoulders shook with an uncontrollable sobbing. What was he, now, to do? If he slept, he would dream again. That was not to be thought of. And tomorrow Fraser Holiday was going to take him back . . . back there, and there would be no one to stop him. The menace of rapidly passing days, together with the fear of forgetting, was suddenly not to be borne. There was only one thing *to* do. He hated the dark, and the sound of a steadily rising storm, but he knew if things were going to be different, it was he who must make them so. Now, at once.

Stealthily, and without any noise, he got up and put on his clothes. He couldn't get all the buttons just right but that didn't matter. The thing was to get out without having his mother see him, through the kitchen and out the back entry-way.

It was very still outdoors, dreadfully still, as though everything was waiting. It was, too, quite the blackest night he had ever known. The blackness seemed more ominous for the brilliant flashes of lightning that every few seconds dissolved it. He'd never been out alone at night before, and even in the daytime he did not know to a certainty the direction in which the main street of this town lay. For it was here he meant to go to ask the way to Valley View. He would have to walk there, and that it would take a long time he knew. He could sit down and rest, he supposed, if only he did not sleep.

He went through several dark alleys, and in his ears was the sound of the wind steadily rising. Dust blew up into his eyes. After having been suffocating with the heat for so long a time he was suddenly very cold. He came out at the end of an alley and ahead of him lay a field. Beyond it was a glimmer of lights that must mean a main road. He started to cross the field. It was very wide, and black, and pitted with holes. When he had stumbled and fallen twice he began to cry, sobbing between teeth that chattered. But his crying didn't matter out here in the dark; there was no one to hear. Rain began to splatter against his face, and he started to run as great, white sweeping clouds of it drove across the field, levelling the grass and beating against his body, forcing him back. He put his hands up to his face, and kept his head down. In a few moments his body was drenched. Thunder split the heavy skies in two and the blue lightning crackled in his ears. He was really desperately frightened now. Would he never come to the end of that field? He tried to run faster, but could not for the weight of the water in his clothes. Then, suddenly, just ahead of him, and revealed by the very next flash of lightning he saw . . . IT . . . black, and shining and twisted across his path. He stopped, his eyes wide with terror, and screamed as he attempted to turn, but the wind whirled him forward and he stumbled, feeling with horror his body go down across the length of . . . IT. And then, mercifully, it was black, and he did not feel anything any more. Nothing.

DR. HARRY BUTLER had a guest. It was not often he was privileged to entertain a man like Tom Harrison. They'd talked all the evening, with the curtains of Butler's very comfortable living room drawn against the wind and the rain that still lashed at the closed windows. There were still no end of things Butler wanted to know . . . new things Tom was doing, things that the world was beginning to hear about.

It was long after midnight when the

✦ *Continued on page 64*

Chart Your Course for Spring

Continued from page 13

and fitted, like Eton jackets. Jackets themselves should be twenty-two inches or ring length, and the many gaily designed casual coats to fingertip or longer.

There you have the main signs of the times. But let's get down to cases.

Color. It quickens your whole spring wardrobe to new and thrilling life. Let your thoughts run fancy-free to the loveliest shades—and you can get them. For the stylists have rifled the spectrum from end to end this brilliant and kaleidoscopic season. Clean, sunny shades for the sub-debs, bright, madcap concoctions for the twenties, subtle, unusual combinations in muted effects for the young matron, misty and delicate pastels afterward.

While black, navy and brown are the stand-bys, there are plenty of interesting and effective new accessory arrangements. And you won't be wearing dark colors without light touches, if you're really smart. Blue is the season's favorite—thirteen thousand Canadian women picked a clear porcelain tone as their choice in accessory shades at a Toronto store recently. Then there are the light and dark beiges, from wheatstalk to cocktail tan, and rose tones, grey, violet, gold and green. With your *blacks* try gay effects in stripes or checks as well as two-color combinations like lilac and sky blue, purply blue and rose, pale blue and white and bright pink with cerise. With *navy* wear pinks, two tones of lighter blue, rose and violet, yellow and lavender. With *brown* choose green and a light beige. In tweeds you'll love the new English pastel mixtures, pink and mauve, lavender and green, yellow and beige. For sportswear, use two or three colors for scrambled outfits—of skirt, blouse and jacket—deep and light shades of the same color, black and grey with the two combined in checks, brown and beige with a stripe in the third, or two greens and brown.

Movement. Skirts are gloriously alive with all sorts of new accordion and trick pleating effects. Some of them are outlined in stitching to give them a flared effect—others are radiated in the front of the skirt, or inverted in back fullness. Gores, circular cuts, gathers and other tricks give an effect of animation. Even the short, slim tailored suit skirts flare slightly. Bodices are softly bloused or tucked, collars are small and few in number, with high, close necklines popular. Or plain V cuts. Suits and coats are often collarless with emphasis on back fullness, bloused lines or revers or lapels (frequently contrasting in color). Capes are very smart, particularly in short, flared lines. Shoulders are either squared (but not puffed except for evening) or simple, or sloping. White guimpes give fresh touches to many bodices and there is a definite tunic revival, sponsored by Mainbocher. The corseted line, with molded bodice and flattened diaphragm, is still popular, particularly in evening things.

Fabric Contrasts. Two-fabric effects are among the most popular of the season's innovations—wool with crepe, taffeta with jersey, prints, stripes and checks with plains, lawn and piqué in guimpes and lingerie touches with silks and rayons. Most of the woollens are sheer and lightweight, and line checks, flecks and nubby weaves are extremely smart. Even flannels and jerseys are printed. Surahs and twills are grand for suits. Sheers such as organzas, tulles and chiffons are smartest for evening, silks and soft woollens for afternoon. Silk and rayon patterned effects run to smaller, more closely spaced figures on contrasting backgrounds.

Curves on Your Hats. Never were bonnets so rhythmic in outline! Even the pert little Breton sailors with a strictly attend-to-business air about them have unexpected snoods and *cache-peignes* dipping snugly to the head in the back. Brims nod romantically forward after the Watteau inspiration, laden with flowers, or are often curved widely in the tantalizing manner of the Gay Nineties. Blossoms snuggle in the important snood effects at the back. Quaintly tied or long flowing veils are very feminine, chin streamers and back straps add a dash of romance and many hats follow the curls of the newer upturned hairdresses.

Variety—color—suitability. These are the bywords of the new spring fashions. They mean the loveliest possible fashions for every woman. ✤

Toss for Partners

Continued from page 34

high color note in your flowers or scarf or hankie, or all of them.

Among your accessory "musts" for the season are: A mannish tucked and tailored shirt with your tailored suit. A sheer or lacy tucked one for your bolero outfit.

Gloves and matching pumps in patent or calf, tanhide leather or "puckered" capeskin.

Lining or lapels or braid or inverted pleats to match some other costume detail—like bag or scarf or sash or belt.

Wheatstalk accessories with your string-colored clothes.

Darker touches with your pastel-colored suit or dress. Bows or insets or stitching on your gloves to match shoes or bag.

A long gold chain with a piece of striking jewellery over a plain, high-necked frock, as a change from chokers.

A bright flannel blouse and matching hat with a dark suit.

Nails tinted the color of your accessories.

A tie under your chin or flowers on your snood at the back to match your buttonhole posy or your belt.

Pink or pale blue or vita red with your navy suit, and wheat or pale green or Italian tan or beige with your brown, muted pastels with your black.

Watteau wine in matching pumps and gloves. Mulberry ditto with calf brown. White accents with dark or bright clothes. Adobe rust in suede with dark shades. ✤

TOONERVILLE FOLKS —By Fontaine Fox

When constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran goes straight to the cause. This crunchy, toasted cereal supplies the bulky mass you need to aid elimination. And at the same time it contains vitamin B_1, which helps tone your intestines. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars." Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Sold by every grocer.

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MORE ECONOMICAL

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GUARANTEE: Princess Flakes guarantees you complete satisfaction or your money back.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE

PRINCESS FLAKES ACTUALLY GIVES YOUR HANDS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

telephone rang and the maid said that the hospital wanted him. Butler groaned.

"I'd hoped for one free night," he complained. "Someone most likely went into a ditch in this storm."

Tom Harrison walked to the window, drew aside the drapes and peered out. An ugly night; part of a day that, outside of his visit with Harry, hadn't been a good day. It had left him most unhappy. He should never have accepted May's decision. He could not think why he had.

"Delirium? Done anything to locate the parents? Might try the radio. Well, get him ready. I'll be right over. Get Miss Husted on the case."

He turned from the phone. "Perhaps you'd better turn in, Tom. No telling how long I'll be. Harvey's out of town, and there's a double fracture I'll have to take care of for him."

"Oh, I'll just sit here and read. I don't feel like sleeping. Accident case?"

"Mm. Youngster. Picked up in the North Bay field in the storm. Fractured leg, bad head injury, delirium. Despite the leg, however, he's bent on going places, it seems."

"Frightened, I suppose."

"I expect so. This is no night for a dog to be out in. He says it's his birthday."

Tom Harrison wheeled sharply. "Birthday?"

Butler looked at him in surprise. "Yes. What's the matter?"

"Mind if I come along?"

"No, of course not, come ahead."

WELL, HE'D said he wouldn't sleep until *he* came, and he hadn't! And he hadn't dreamed, either! The room was filled with a soft, early morning light. Drowsily, David opened his eyes, and then closed them again. His leg . . . his teeth bit into his lip. But that didn't matter. A fellow could stand a little pain, he guessed, especially since *he'd* come. David felt the warmth of his fingers on his own, all up through his arm. If he could ever manage to get his eyes really open he could *see* him.

"He's all right, Tom?" That was his mother's voice.

"Yes, he's all right."

Well, of course he was. David turned his head very slowly.

"You *did* come," he said, and he felt the fingers tighten on his own.

"Right you are! What else can a fellow do when you *will* go stumbling around among tree trunks at midnight!"

A tree trunk! So, that was all it had been? David laughed very softly. But there was something else he must know. At once. With great effort he forced open his eyes.

His lips stumbled over the words, thickening them a little. His father bent closer, his face gentle, waiting.

"Dad . . . could I . . . could you . . . could you and I . . . ?"

Slowly, but surely, his father nodded. "Be together . . . sometimes?"

David's eyes shone. He swallowed. He watched the man's face.

"Yes, David." And then again came the tightening of the loved fingers on his own, and somewhere, before David dropped happily into sleep, he gathered an impression that he need not fear. His father had spoken, and from the straight scarlet line of his mother's lips as she stood farther back in the shadow, there had come no denial. It was all right, now. ✦

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 52

answered that she hadn't the faintest notion, Dave was using such long words and talking about Art in capitals. Which centred the attention on Dave and made it simple enough, when they left the table, for him to fetch his sketches which he had left with his coat, and pass them around.

Reba, being hostess, had the first look. Ordinarily when she laid down her palette and brushes at the end of the day, Reba automatically dismissed her very good mind for the night. A mind was no asset at a party. Tonight, she studied Dave's drawings long and gravely. Then she handed them over to Merrick Trew and lifted her dark eyes to Dave. They were burning bright. She said, low and passionate, "You low-down humbug!"

"Are they—any good?"

"They're a good deal worse than good. They're devastating! So that's how you work off your spleen instead of taking calomel!"

He was as red and self-conscious as a boy. The group around Merrick Trew, peering over his shoulder, was giving off explosions of mirth and superlatives.

The magazine owner said finally, in a dry, guarded voice, "These aren't bad, Mr. Ramsey. Technically, they're a bit crude—"

"Of course they're crude!" Reba cried impatiently. "That's their chief charm—they're like a newsboy sticking his tongue out at a duchess. Look at the expression on that musician's face—where is it? The pianist with all the tea-drinking women making a fuss over him—"

"Why, he looks just like the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood!"

"And the women look like the Three Little Pigs!"

MERRICK TREW went through the lot, slowly, without once lifting his eyes. The others drifted away, some of them gathered round Dave, wanting to know how he'd learned to draw, how he happened to think of such amusing things. Dave had been a little fearful that they might resent the pictures, for the entire collection was a ruthlessly satiric commentary on their own foibles. He had yet to learn that an unpleasant portrait is invariably recognized as that of our neighbor—never ourselves.

When Merrick Trew had finished with the sketches, he stacked them neatly, got up and brought them over to Dave. He said in a level, unexcited voice, "There are two or three things here that I think we might use in the *Slicker*—the one you call 'Handout' and perhaps that 'Love's Young

✦ *Continued on page 66*

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For Youth in Spring

Continued from page 18

Next Row—K2tog, K33, *WO, K2 tog, K6, repeat from * 5 times, WO, K2tog, K31, K2tog.

Next Row—Purl.

Next Row—K2tog, K32, *WO, K2 tog, K6, repeat from * 5 times, WO, K2tog, K30, K2tog.

Next Row—Purl.

Decrease 1 st. each end of needle every knit row 4 times (106 sts. on needle).

Continue evenly until armhole measures 3½ inches from last decreasing.

Next Row—K53 (place remaining 53 sts. on a stitch holder), turn, purl 1 row.

LEFT FRONT—Work even for 1 inch on 53 sts.

Shape Neck—Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next purl row.

Next Row—Knit to within 3 sts., K2tog, K1.

Next Row—Purl.

Repeat the last 2 rows until 28 sts. remain on needle. Continue evenly until armhole measures same length as back.

Shape Shoulder by casting off 7 sts. (armhole edge) 4 times. Join wool at centre front. Work right front to correspond.

SLEEVES—Starting at cuff, with No. 11 needles and blue wool, cast on 72 sts. Work in ribbing (K2, P2) for 4 inches.

Next Row—K4, increase 1 st. in each st., to within 4 sts. from end of row, K4 (136 sts. on needle).

Next Row—Purl.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows.

Decrease 1 st. each end of needle every knit row, until 94 sts. remain on needle.

Decrease 1 st. each end of needle every row, until 60 sts. remain on needle.

Next Row—K24; K2tog, 6 times; K24.

Next Row—Purl.

Next Row—K21; K2tog, 6 times; K21.

Next Row—Purl.

Continue decreasing in this manner, knitting 3 sts. less each end of needle until 30 sts. remain on needle.

Next Row—K2tog, 15 times. Cast off.

YOKE—With crochet hook and green wool, chain 58 sts. Work 1 s.c. in each ch., turn.

Work 1 row even, turn.

*Join emerald, work 1 row.

Join yellow, work 1 row.

Join red, work 4 rows.

Join yellow, work 1 row.

Join emerald, work 1 row.

Join green, work 1 row.

Join emerald, work to within 6 sts., turn (this starts shaping for neck).

Join yellow, work 1 row.

Join red, work to within 2 sts., turn. Work 1 row even.

Repeat the last 2 rows once.

Continue working in stripes as follows, taking 2 sts. less every 2nd row (neck edge):

Yellow, 1 row; Emerald, 1 row; Green, 1 row;

Emerald, 1 row; Yellow, 1 row; Red, 4 rows;

Yellow, 1 row; Emerald, 1 row; Green, 1 row;

Emerald, 1 row; Yellow, 1 row; Red, 2 rows**.

Work from ** to * (backward) to correspond with other side, ending with 2 rows green.

Next Row—Red. Work to within 6 sts., chain 6, turn, work 1 s.c. in each ch. to end of row.

Continue shaping to correspond by adding 2 s.c. every 2nd row until same length as other side.

Sew in place before joining shoulder seams.

COLLAR—With blue wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 94 sts. Knit 10 rows (5 ridges). Cast off.

Using red wool, work 3 rows s.c. around entire collar, working 3 s.c. in each corner stitch.

BELT—With blue wool ch. 250. Work in s.c. in the following stripes.

Work 1 row green. Work 1 row emerald. Work 1 row yellow. Work 2 rows red.

Next Row—2 s.c., ch. 5, skip ch., 5 1 s.c. in each s.c.

Next Row—1 s.c. each s.c., working 5 s.c. in loop for buttonhole.

Work 1 row yellow. Work 1 row emerald. Work 2 rows blue.

BUTTON—With red wool, ch.4, join.

1st Round—6 s.c. in ring.

2nd Round—*1 s.c. in first s.c., 2 s.c. in next, repeat from * around.

Repeat the last round 3 times.

Place mold inside, decrease in same manner as increased.

TASSELS FOR FRONT—Make 7 tassels, about 2 inches long, in the following colors: 2 green, 2 red, 2 yellow, 1 emerald.

Make a small chain on top of each tassel, thread through holes on front of blouse—in centre place emerald tassel—on each side place yellow, red and green. Fasten to yoke. Sew collar. Press. ✤

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 64

Dream' strip if you'll work it over—turn out a better copy—"

Dave felt as if every drop of blood in his veins had turned to water. The figures around him blurred, the chattering voices became indistinct and remote. But soon the room steadied and the fog cleared and Mr. Trew was saying in his normal voice, "—they're pretty vicious, but, as Reba says, your barbs are delivered with such apparent naiveté that you make your audience feel they're discovering the poison themselves."

Dave smiled and nodded, attentive and courteous, and going quietly and rapidly crazy with joy. "I understand," Vic had said, "that they pay as much as five hundred dollars—" That was unthinkable, of course, but suppose it were only a hundred—or even fifty! Suppose he turned out only one a week—a ridiculous supposition for he knew he could do one a day—his problems were solved. His future secure. And Marta's—darling, darling! Now they would have something to celebrate—and something to celebrate with!

"What would you think," he heard himself calmly asking Merrick Trew, "of running that 'Love's Young Dream' idea as a series, printing one a week, covering the whole ground, showing up the whole night-life romance racket—"

"Which you appear to know pretty well," Mr. Trew said dryly. "That's your big draw, of course. Most of our artists have to fake the Park Avenue angle. You know it! How'd you happen to get out of it?"

"I was kicked out," Dave said.

"Ah! The fog's beginning to lift!" Trew said, nodding.

Dave had no idea what else was said. Voices hummed and buzzed around his ears, he talked and laughed—made other people laugh. Evidently he was cracking pretty wise. He wouldn't know. He was keeping furtive track of the time—if he left at twelve-thirty, he would arrive at the club when Marta was ready to leave. Or, perhaps, he had better light out at twelve. Then he realized suddenly that everybody was leaving, gulping down their coffee and moving toward the door. Reba's hand was on his arm and he asked her, "Where are you taking me, darling?"

She gave him a shake. "Are you deaf? We're taking you down to the Surf Club to show you off."

"What?" He laughed. "To the—where?"

"You wouldn't know it, of course, a homebody like you!" Reba said dryly. "Come along, we're going to ask Carmencita if she sees a bright future for you."

Dave's first impulse was to refuse to go. He had already made his own private plans for that momentous night. They did not include anyone save himself and Marta. Marta in his arms, her eyes reflecting his own joy. Tonight was too sacred even for the long-awaited celebration, tomorrow would be time enough for that. And so his first reaction to Reba's suggestion was definitely negative. Then of a sudden, a hysterical spasm contracted his throat. The idea was so perfectly attuned to everything else that had happened this marvellous, incredible night. To have her discover him waiting there at a table when Hal's cue summoned her; to hear the others marvel and exclaim over her and then to bring her over to them, introduce her as his fiancée—the picture was too dramatic and alluring for him to resist. He gave Reba a pat and dashed off for his hat.

✤ *Continued on page 70*

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

FIRST-AID FROM THE TEA-POT

BURNS AND scalds are very common in households, especially in a home where there are small children, for they do not realize the dangers a boiling kettle or open fire present if they are careless. Burns are caused by fire, boiling grease, water or steam, by acids or alkalis, by electricity, from over-exposure to X-rays and radium and to the ultraviolet rays and sunlight. These accidents are fatal in proportion to the area of skin involved and to the treatment applied. The death rate runs all the way from ½ to 30 per cent.

Fatality in burns and scalds is due to shock, to loss of fluids from the body and to the absorption of poisonous products from the site of injury.

Shock may be combated by the use of mild stimulants and warmth. Loss of fluids should be met by supplying the patient with water and other liquids freely. The absorption of poisons from the burned area is prevented by the use of a proper dressing.

HOUSEHOLD treatment of burns and scalds is usually about as bad as could be imagined. Often grease in various forms, flour, starch or other powders are used. All these do for the doctor is to add to his troubles. They help to infect the burned area, are difficult of removal and promote, instead of limiting, absorption of poisons. In all cases the doctor is obliged to remove the first-aid dressing (not always an easy job), for the burned surface must be thoroughly cleansed in advance of a permanent dressing.

The best dressing in burns and scalds is tannic acid in solution (two teaspoonfuls of acid to a glassful of boiled water). In its absence recourse should be had to the teapot, available in every home. The active ingredient in tannic acid and in tea is tannin. Ordinary tea infusion contains from two to five per cent of tannin. Tea, as a dressing for burns and scalds, has been in use in China for 5,000 years.

An infusion of tea should be applied to the affected area in the form of a sterile pad of cotton or linen soaked in the liquid. This should be secured by a bandage and left until the doctor comes. No attempt should be made to clean up the affected area. If anything is given for pain a note should be made of it and the doctor informed. Burns from overexposure to sun or ultra-violet rays may be treated by a similar solution or by a strong solution of Epsom salts. In the event of a burn or scald, do not forget the teapot.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—I have taken a little boy at 2½ years old to raise. He is very knock-kneed and I should like your advice about him. He is now 3½. —Mrs. E. A. H., Meanook, Alta.

Answer—The feeding you describe for the boy is all right. Keep up the exposure of his skin in summer and from September until June give him cod-liver oil. The latter is the best remedy for the knee condition. He should get over it.

* * *

Question—I have been troubled much with nausea, which, I believe, is a sign of pregnancy. How long should it last? What do you prescribe for nausea and vomiting of pregnancy? —Mrs. N. K., Pleasant Point, N.S.

Answer—Nausea and vomiting, often called "morning sickness" sometimes begin very early, within a few days after conception, but not usually until the fourth or fifth week of pregnancy. The condition seldom persists throughout the pregnancy, generally ending spontaneously within the fourth month. In many cases it is comparatively mild, but there are all degrees of seriousness in its nature. Sometimes it is so bad that the greater part of the food taken is rejected. In the milder cases a little food should be taken before getting up in the morning. If there is constipation, this should be relieved by the use, say, of paraffin oil or milk of magnesia. The urine should be examined. A mixture of 20 grains

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES

"Come on down, sonny — your mother changed her mind!"

1. MOTHER: Please . . . please come down, son. I promise you'll never have to take that stuff again.

2. MOTHER: Thank heavens, he's safe! . . . It was all my fault . . . trying to force the child to take that nasty-tasting laxative. Yet he needs one badly . . . Oh dear, what *shall* I do?

3. FIREMAN: Well, Ma'am . . . I used to force my kid to take the same laxative I took until the doc told me what to do. He said making a lad take a medicine he hates can upset his entire nervous system.

4. FIREMAN: He said a child should get a nice-tastin' laxative. But not one made for grown-ups. He said an "adult" laxative can be too harsh, too purging, for a tot's delicate insides—*even when given in smaller doses.*

5. FIREMAN: So he told me to get Castoria—the laxative made *especially* and ONLY for children. It's mild, yet thorough—without a harsh drug in it. And it has a grand taste the kid thinks a treat. I'd get a bottle now if I were you.

6. FATHER: Oh boy! Just look at the rascal lick up that new Castoria. At last we've found a SAFE laxative he'll take without driving us all nuts.

To be on the SAFE Side . . .

...don't give your child a laxative that you would use yourself. For, while it might be mild enough for *you*, it can be too strong for a child's delicate "insides".

Give your child Castoria — the laxative made ONLY for children. It is mild–yet thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel. *Never gripes.*

Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your druggist today. It saves you money.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for babies and growing children

Castoria Trade Mark Registered in Canada

YOUR BABY

At Teething Time . . .

If baby loses that sunny smile, grows fretful and feverish, the little system may need the gentle help of Steedman's Powders. Steedman's, the standby of mothers for more than 100 years, promotes regular bowel action, cleanses the system, relieves colic and feverish conditions. A safe laxative for babies and growing children. At your druggist's.

FREE *Sample and Booklet*

"Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal. 66

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS From Teething to Teens

Look for the double EE symbol on the package.

STOPS SWEEPERS FROM DISTURBING SLEEPERS!

Oil your carpet sweeper, vacuum cleaner, sewing machine and household mechanisms with 3-In-One Oil. Lubricates, cleans, prevents rust. At hdwe., drug, grocery & chain stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL

CHAN

ODOUR REFINED

CN 1

FLOOR WAX

"The white moth to the closing vine, the bee to the op'ning clover,
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood, ever the wide world over—"

Slowly he circled the dance floor—and then suddenly there was Marta. She had made no entrance, it was not until the shaft of amber light found her, that they knew she was there. She stood quite still, smiling a little, while they applauded her and Dave, who had seen her every day for weeks, realized that he had never seen this Marta. This was not Marta, this was Carmencita, a golden-skinned gypsy girl in gold and scarlet, her small, close-wrapped head held proudly on her slender neck, one arm hanging at ease, the other balancing her tambourine. There was dignity and assurance in her bearing, and all the mystery and allure of the East in her smoldering dark eyes and in the smile hovering about her lovely mouth.

Dave was searching his pockets with trembling hands. He asked thickly, "Has anyone got a pencil?"

Merrick Trew laughed. "It won't do you any good, boy. I've tried that."

"Tried what?"

"What you're trying—she turned me down flat."

Dave grinned and held out his hand. "This is different. May I borrow your pencil?"

Mr. Trew gave him the pencil with a sceptical smile. "Think you're a better man than I am, do you?"

DAVE WAS about to make a flippant reply, controlled himself in time. This man was going to make him rich and famous. "No," he said, "but maybe this is my lucky night." He scribbled his note feverishly; "Darling, you're wonderful and I have wonderful news for you." He folded it, looked around for a waiter—and found Marta's eyes on him.

Dave half rose in his chair, smiling, forming her name with his lips. But even before he could sit down again, she had turned away, was bending, with her back to him, over someone's hand.

Merrick Trew said slyly, "Have a seat, Mr. Ramsey!"

But Dave didn't hear him. He was summoning a waiter, pressing a bill and the note in his hand. "Give it to her at once, will you?"

The waiter made off and Dave seated himself. She hadn't recognized him, of course. Probably thought she was seeing things. Well, now she had the note—she was tucking it into her sash. Presently she'd be reading it.

It was the maître d'hôtel and Merrick Trew was saying, "Tell the little gypsy to come over here, captain. We've a very important question to ask her."

The maître d'hôtel bowed, rubbed his hands together. "She'll be here directly, sir, I'll speak to her at once."

"Here she comes," Reba said. Then, "No, she's going out—look."

"She'll be back."

But Carmencita did not come back. They had seen the maître d'hôtel speak to her, but still she had gone. A sense of disaster engulfed Dave now. She must have read his note—she must know he was there. Yet she had gone!

✦ *To be Continued*

Made in Canada

CHILDREN of all ages thrive on "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP. They never tire of its delicious flavor and it really is so good for them—so give the children "CROWN BRAND" every day.

Leading physicians pronounce "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP a most satisfactory carbohydrate to use as a milk modifier in the feeding of tiny infants and as an energy producing food for growing children.

The Great Energy Food

Edwardsburg
CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited

each of soda bicarbonate and bismuth carbonate with 10 drops of tincture of calumba and two of dilute hydrocyanic acid may be taken before meals. The above is one dose. If the vomiting is severe, involving much loss of food, you should consult your doctor and have him look after you. All pregnant women should take cod-liver oil and have sea fish twice a week after the third or fourth month. These if used will ensure good bones and teeth in the baby. But remember not to neglect vomiting if severe.

* * *

Question—My little girl is 3½ years old. Although she seems in perfect health, she cannot help herself in any way. I thought of taking her to the clinic in Toronto. Could you tell me what an examination would cost? —Mrs. T. D., Shannonville, Ont.

Answer—You could have your child examined at the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto at a cost suited to your means. If you took her to the Ontario Hospital, Kingston, I am sure the superintendent there would have her examined for you.

* * *

Question—My boy, nearly three, talks well but has a slight lisp. Would that be caused by thumb-sucking? Lately he has been drooling very badly and the excess of saliva has made his chin sore. Please advise. —Mrs. L. C. W., Toronto.

Answer—The lisp probably has no connection with thumb-sucking. It will disappear as he gets older. The drooling is likely due to a mouth condition called stomatitis. Wash the mouth gently with a three per cent solution of chlorate of potash, that is three grains to 110 minims of distilled water. Any druggist would make the solution for you. Stop sweets and sweet things. Give milk, cereals and vegetables. Tell me how he gets on.

* * *

Question—My five-year-old son had a cold for several days with sore throat, was feverish, restless with no appetite, vomiting with pains in stomach. He had a similar attack last June and again in August, also one at Easter three years ago. Do you think his throat might be the cause of the trouble? His bowels move regularly and apart from these illnesses, he seems healthy and happy. Please advise. —Mrs. J. W. S., Barlochan, Ont.

Answer—Two sources of infection suggest themselves: The tonsils, which on your doctor's advice, should come out, or the appendix. Vomiting and recurrent pain suggest that the lad has a chronic appendix. I should advise prompt removal of the tonsils. If the attacks continue, particularly if there is vomiting accompanied by abdominal pain, I should have a surgeon see him.

* * *

Question—Please tell me if it is advisable for a woman who has had an operation for hernia in the groin to bear children. Would it make childbirth more difficult? Are there any special precautions? Any treatments? Would a Caesarian delivery be necessary?—Mrs. ——, Calgary.

Answer—If there is a good strong scar as the result of the herniotomy, the answer to the above questions is in the negative.

* * *

Question—My girl, at six months, weighs 18 lb., 6 oz. How much sleep should she have? How shall I feed her in order not to diminish the breast supply? Is there any danger of causing sinus trouble by inserting cotton swabs too far into nose and ear for cleansing purposes? I am about 20 pounds overweight since the baby's birth. Could I diet, or would this react on the baby? Since the baby does not wake until 7 a.m. this has upset the four-hour schedule which is now nearer 3½. Would this be harmful?—Mrs. A. E., Starbuck, Man.

Answer—Let baby have all the sleep she will take. Feed regularly whether breast or bottle. Let her empty the breasts. Don't diet until baby is weaned. Insertion of cotton swabs is unlikely to do any harm. Rearrange your schedule on a four-hour basis. Complete emptying of breasts will maintain supply. ✤

Make-Believe Gypsy

Continued from page 66

THERE WAS a ringside table vacant, big enough for them all—"If they didn't mind being a bit crowded," the maître d'hôtel explained obsequiously. They said they didn't mind being crowded, apparently no one else minded either, for the tables were placed so close together around the small dance floor that a tall man found it difficult to dispose of his legs. Dave's knees were hunched up almost to the table's edge, his back was glued to the back of the man seated behind him, but he was conscious of no discomfort, conscious of nothing save deepening excitement.

The orchestra left just as Reba's party was seated, dancers strolled back to their tables, the lights dimmed. "We're just in time," Vic said, and Dave's heart turned over. What would Marta do when she saw him! She had scolded him often for never coming to see her act. Well, now he was here.

"She's a cute trick, this gal," Merrick Trew said, watching the door through which the entertainers would come. "I came in here the other night and she told me I was about to make a great discovery—by Jove, maybe she meant Ramsey, there!"

"Let's ask her—here she comes."

But it was only Hal and his accordion. Hal in the red bandanna and spangled bolero and cape of an apparently very prosperous Romany buck. The fact that he still looked a good deal more like his Irish ancestors than a gypsy, only made him the more irresistible. When the applause had subsided and his wide cheery grin had acknowledged it, he touched the keyboard of his accordion and very softly the melody crept forth—

✤ *Continued on next page*

and Mother says . . .

"I smell fresh as a breeze"

"I've just had my regular beauty treatment — a rich, foaming bath with mildly medicated, super-fatted Cuticura Soap. It keeps my skin so clean and comfortable. For my baby chafings and irritations, I specify Cuticura Ointment. Smooth, borated Cuticura Talcum completes my trio of skin-comfort aids."

Each 25c, all druggists. Made in Canada. For FREE sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. 91D, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

COUGHS . .

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The Moist-Throat Method of Cough Relief

BABY FRETFUL?

FRETFULNESS is not natural. It is a sign of trouble. A warning alarm to which you must quickly respond.

Read how Mrs. George Mitchell responds: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets so helpful when my baby gets irritable and upset. I give him one or two tablets and in a short time he is relieved and sleeps so soundly."

Read how Mrs. Stewart McEachern, of Palmerston, Ont., prevents fretfulness: "When my baby shows signs of fever or fretfulness I give her Baby's Own Tablets which change her to a good baby."

They also bring quick relief from diarrhoea, colic, upset stomach, simple croup, colds, constipation, summer complaint and simple fever.

The most delicate baby can take Baby's Own Tablets with safety. They act quickly. Are free from opiates and stupefying drugs. An analyst's certificate in every box. Money back if you are not satisfied. 25 cents. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night.

HOW'LL YOU HAVE YOUR CORN *Today?*

Here's the tenderest, most delicious golden sugar corn you ever tasted . . . packed in three ways for summertime enjoyment all winter long

They can't duplicate Niblets—We developed, increased and perfected this seed stock and control it exclusively.

Also packed from an exclusive breed. That's why cobs are smaller, kernels fuller. Packed a new way—in vacuum.

Del Maiz Niblets Corn—The Green Giant treat that has made the whole world hungry for whole-kernel corn. Corn-on-the-cob without the cob. Sweet, flavorous and fresh as a summer morning. A new breed of corn canned a new way. Big, plump kernels of golden sugar corn, so tall they can be sliced clean and whole from the cob, without the tough fiber at the base. In vacuum, without brine or cream. Grown and packed in Canada . . . and one of her greatest delicacies.

Niblet-ears Corn—The newest Green Giant delight. Corn-on-the-cob in a can. Another new and exclusive breed of corn controlled by Fine Foods of Canada. Four "matched ears" of golden sugar corn with extra-tall, extra-tender kernels on a long slim cob. Grown to order for canning and marvelously sweet and fine in flavor. Better order at once. We can't grow enough to go around.

Trained cobs—You don't eat cobs, so we've trained 'em to be small. That's the exclusive superiority of Niblet-ears. Note the remarkable uniformity of the ears—"matched ears" we call them.

Del Maiz Cream Style Corn—Deep, tender, golden kernels in their own rich cream. Solid, not mushy. Fork food, not spoon food.

FINE FOODS OF CANADA, LIMITED, *Tecumseh, Ontario*

ALSO PACKERS OF GERBER'S STRAINED VEGETABLES...GROWN AND PACKED IN CANADA

Chatelaine's HOUSEKEEPING

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT-Conducted By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

Photograph by Milne Studios.

Pancakes can be considered an emergency meal — anyone can make them and the necessary ingredients are almost always in any kitchen.

Hot off the Griddle

There are lots of novel variants of the original pancake theme.

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

SOME FOLKS—bless their hearts—are always gilding the lily. They're not content to leave well enough alone and even pancakes come in for a lot of revolutionary attention. It seems the better they like a dish the more they want to enhance it.

That's the kind of people we are at the Institute. Just let us get out the griddle and we have ambitions to give a new flip to the old-fashioned flapjack.

Now no one could hope to do much improving on light, tender, golden-brown pancakes, served in the traditional way with butter and syrup. But this is not to say that the original theme isn't capable of as many variations as original sin, or that you're limited to only one time-honored accompaniment.

To begin with, the batter may be concocted of various flours—white, whole wheat, buckwheat, cornmeal—in different proportions, with sweet milk or sour, and with or without an egg to enrich it. And you can go on from there in the process of evolution, making all manner of additions to the basic recipe and thereby adding to your own repertoire. Those crumb currant pancakes, for instance, might well become the specialty of your house, as blueberry or some savory versions are in others. Prepared cereals, cooked rice, chopped nuts, small fruits or diced large ones, corn, cheese, ham, chicken are all equal to giving fresh interest to a dish which has long been a favorite with men, women and children, who know good food when they taste it.

Breakfast is not the only time to serve griddle cakes, any more than maple syrup is their only accompaniment. They come to the aid of the menu maker who racks her brain for something simple but satisfying as the main course for luncheon or supper. Try buckwheat cakes with sausages and gravy, corn pancakes with bacon or fried ham, cheese cakes with tomato, rice or plain ones as a base for creamed chicken, chipped beef, minced ham and mushroom, or even vegetables in a rich cream sauce.

There's no better dessert in all creation to round out a not-too-hearty dinner. All but the savory kind have a natural affinity for maple or corn syrup, honey or a fruit sauce. When you want a very sophisticated effect, butter and spread with jam, jelly or maple sugar, then roll them up like a jelly roll and have a jug of lemon or orange sauce to go with them. Or serve a sandwich—two delicately browned cakes with a filling of stewed apricots and a hot apricot syrup over them. Make it a triple decker if you like and vary the filling as you see fit.

For all their versatility in the menu, pancakes can be considered an emergency food. Anyone can make them and the necessary ingredients are almost always in any kitchen. Prepared pancake flours simplify things even further, for all that's needed is the addition of an equal quantity of liquid and you're ready to pour. Time-saving and not extravagant in any other way either, for the cost is about the same as the home-mixed batter. We made a few experiments on that score, and with eggs at thirty cents a dozen, milk at thirteen cents a quart, they're even a little cheaper per dozen than those made from our standard sweet milk recipe. So your conscience needn't trouble you if you take this culinary short-cut. Many a man has won his reputation for flapjacks merely by adding milk to the ready-mixed product and giving the cakes a flip at the proper time. Which reminds me to mention that a package goes in every camper's food supply and is taken to innumerable picnics every season.

THERE ARE a few tricks worth knowing, if you do your own mixing. For instance, when you want a very light, fine texture, separate the egg and fold in the stiffly beaten white last of all. Keep the batter in a pitcher for easy pouring and symmetrical shaping. You can store it, covered, in the refrigerator for a day or so and still have superlative pancakes when you come to serve them. Turn them only once during the cooking, when the top side is full of bursting bubbles and a peek shows golden brown underneath ✦ *Continued on page 82*

A Toast to the Roaster

by Helen G. Campbell

THEY call it a roaster, but it's really a full-fledged oven on the loose. An extremely well-behaved one, for all its gadding, with airs and graces that give it an entree anywhere. In fact, this youngest member of the oven family is at home, not only on the range but wherever there is an electric outlet. That's what comes of a college education!

Already at the beginning of a promising career, the roaster is making a name for itself. People who have one become attached to it, romantically not literally speaking, you understand. They like its good behavior and its efficiency as a cooker of food, one dish at a time or a whole meal for the family as the case demands. Even the men are keen about it—you should hear them talk. Some of them turn chef occasionally, just for the pleasure of using it. Look at the broad smile of one who has just shown us what he can do with a roaster.

Designed originally to understudy its older brother, it supplements the range in many ways. At Easter, for instance, it takes care of the traditional ham in a masterly way, leaving the oven free for a dish of scalloped potatoes, a pan of biscuits and a deep rhubarb pie. You could reverse the order, if you like, by giving your oven the ham and baking your other dishes in the roaster. Or you could do as we did, cook a twelve-pound ham and its savory table mates together. All that's necessary is to compute the time—18 minutes to the pound, for this new ham cured by an improved, modern method—put it on the trivet in the inset pan, set the dial and let the roaster get on with the job. Then, an hour or so before dinnertime, skin the ham, sprinkle with sugar, spice and flour or your favorite topping, and add the prepared vegetables. No basting—and no peeking.

Turkey-time is another occasion which proves the supplementary value of this smart appliance. Now you can have the baked squash you have always wanted as its accompaniment but never had room to cook. When it's chicken, the largest of the three oven glass dishes which come with the roaster will accommodate a small bird and the covered ones can look after two vegetables. Other menus appropriate to this cooking method combine meat—or fish—one vegetable and a hot pudding of some sort, each in its own compartment so there's no mixing of flavors. Just to show the proud possessor or the would-be owner, we give you a list of meals, most of which we have cooked and served in the Institute and some we hope to.

We have also steamed puddings, baked bread, pies, cakes, biscuits, cookies and custards on the trivet in the large metal inset pan. Of course, you can't do enough for an army at one time but small quantities are cooked here satisfactorily and even more economically than in your range oven. It's important in baking that the pans fit loosely in the space to avoid interfering with the free circulation of hot air.

WHEN THE fruit season comes along, we're going to oven-can several varieties in the roaster—another use to which it lends itself. And we're planning a picnic for the Twenty-fourth of May as an excuse to put it, loaded with a hot meal, in the back of the car and cater fittingly to outdoor appetities.

This newcomer to the kitchen is rectangular or oval in shape, smartly enamelled for the sake of appearances and insulated for economy. It keeps the heat in the box to roast the food and not the cook. There's a porcelain enamel inset pan the full size of the interior, with fitted containers, to increase the versatility and usefulness of the appliance. A strong wire rack which sits on the floor of the pan, can be raised to rest on the top edge for convenience in removing the hot dishes. Turned upside down it becomes a trivet for baking or roasting a goose or a ham; lets the fat drip through, you see. The automatic regulator maintains the inside temperature at any desired heat, so you can have a warming oven or a blazing inferno.

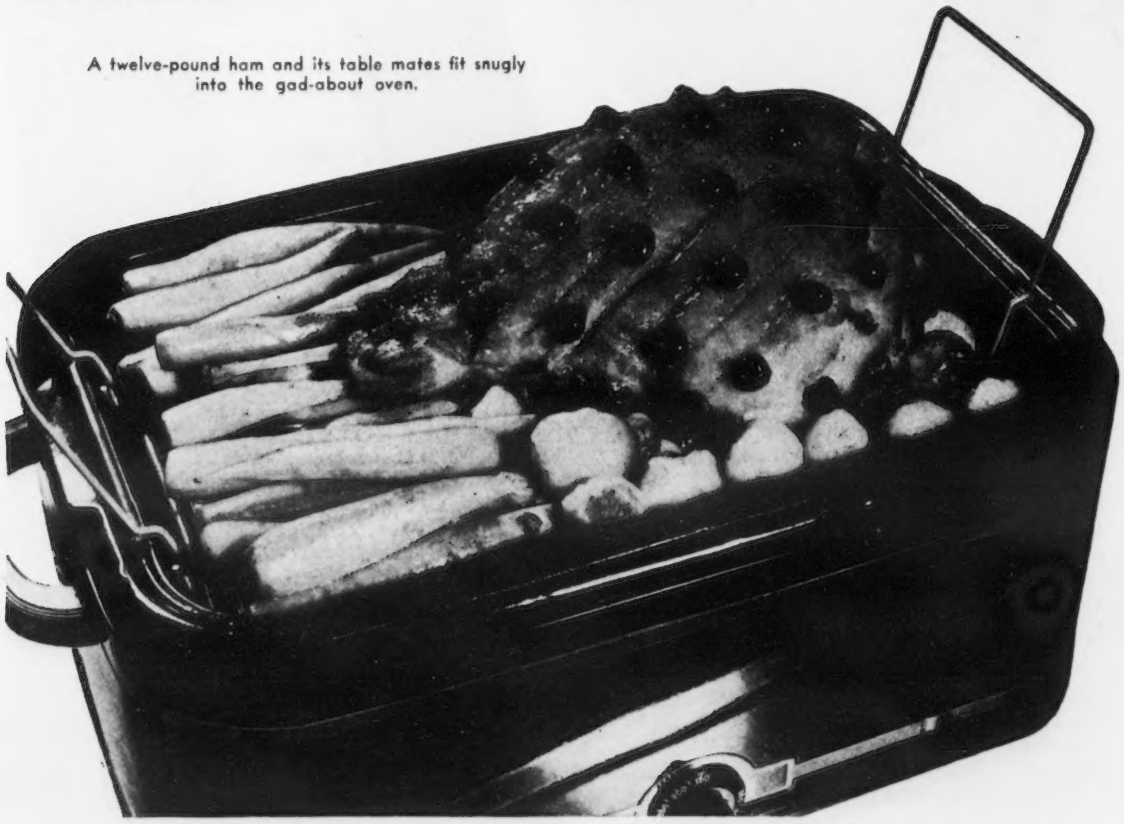
The roaster occupies about two feet of shelf space, but provides accommodation for surprisingly large quantities and much variety. It works from any wall socket and stands on feet to prevent over-heating the table or counter top. You can set it any place in the kitchen, carry it to the buffet table when you are entertaining the world and his wife, or take it to church for a community supper.

So, with its flexibility, it serves the large and moderate-sized family in lots of ways. As well as bachelors of both sexes, widows and orphans who set up housekeeping on a small scale.

The roaster menus we give you here include an Easter Sunday dinner, a roast beef dinner and several in which an inexpensive cut of this popular meat is the *pièce de résistance*. There's one with a dish of tongue and vegetables, one with stuffed breast of lamb and one with a new and appetizing salmon loaf.

A man-made roast beef dinner—look at that smile!

A twelve-pound ham and its table mates fit snugly into the gad-about oven.



Photographs by Milne Studios.

ROASTER MENUS

(An Easter Dinner)

Rhubarb Juice with Lime Ice Cubes
Baked Ham Apricot and Green Cherry Garnish
Browned New Potatoes
Baked Carrots with Parsley Butter
Pickled Fruits
Hot Buttered Rolls
*Pistachio Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce
Coffee or Tea

—

Rolled Roast of Beef — Horseradish Sauce
Baked Sliced Potatoes Corn and Pepper Pudding*
Quick Maple Dessert*
Coffee or Tea

—

Roaster Cooked Stew*
Spaghetti Loaf*
Cole Slaw
Baked Honey-filled Apples
Coffee or Tea

—

Spanish Steak
Scalloped Potatoes Diced Turnips
Fresh Fruit Salad Cookies
Coffee or Tea

✦ *Continued on page 78*

For this Easter Masterpiece . . .

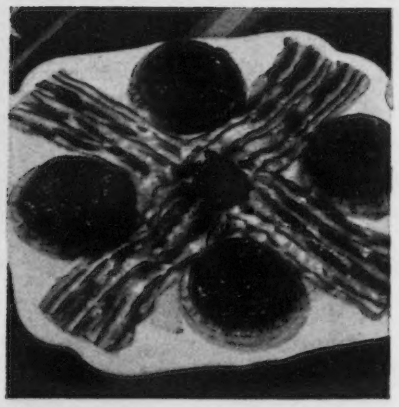
SWIFT'S PREMIUM FLAVOR! SPRING-CHICKEN TENDERNESS!

Exciting new fixings—yes. But the real news concerns the ham itself. Swift's Premium, world famous as "the ham with the marvelous flavor," brings you miraculous tenderness such as you have never enjoyed before . . . the same famous flavor, the same firm texture, yet it's tender as spring chicken. *And* this ham cooks more quickly, too! No parboiling, of course!

Be sure you serve *Swift's Premium* Ham this Easter. To give it the lovely surface shown here, rub fat with brown sugar, sprinkle with grated orange rind; then brown in a hot oven.

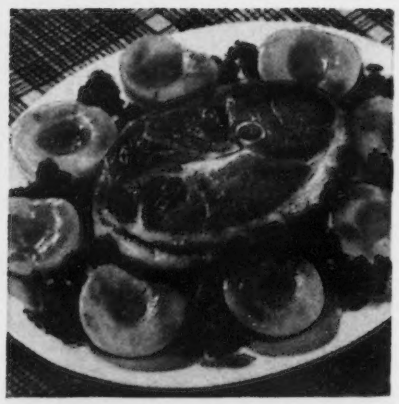
Eat the fixings, too—Both the eggs and the lilies are edible! Easy to fix. *Get printed instructions from your meat dealer free.*

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



Appetites answer to the first whiff of Swift's Premium's tantalizing fragrance. And its flavor is all that fragrance promises, and more. Folks say *Swift's Premium* Bacon has "a sweet smoke taste"—maybe that's why more people buy it than any other kind. For lunch, try Swift's Premium Bacon with apple and pineapple rings. Pan-fry the pineapple; boil the apple slices in a syrup made with red cinnamon drops.

Buy lamb by brand for finest quality! Even low-cost cuts are tender and delicious if you get *Swift's Premium* Lamb. Try this, and see: Ask your dealer for 1½ inch cubes of Swift's Premium Lamb shoulder. Place on metal skewers alternately with small parboiled onions. Salt, and broil at medium heat for about 45 minutes or until lamb is done. Turn once. Serve with broccoli topped with hot Hollandaise sauce.



Baked Ham Slice: Rub thick slice of Swift's Premium Ovenized Ham with dry mustard; stick with 5 whole cloves and place in baking dish. Cover with brown sugar and pour in ½ inch boiling water; add 1 tablespoon vinegar and cover closely. Bake in moderate oven, 350° about 1¾ to 2 hours or until tender. Try serving with canned peaches sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar and broiled.

Note the new wrapper! You get Swift's Premium now in this new blue-plaid package. Look for it, and for the word SWIFT in tiny dot branding down the side of the ham. That's how you *know* you are getting Swift's Premium perfection.

•

Recipes by

Martha Logan, Home Economist for

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

Purveyors of Fine Foods

SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *brand name of the finest meats*

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CUT IN CURRENT COST!

1938 FRIGIDAIRE WITH NEW SILENT METER-MISER

brings Greatest Savings ever Known on..Current.. Food..Ice..Upkeep!

SAVE ALL 4 WAYS...

..or you may not Save at all!

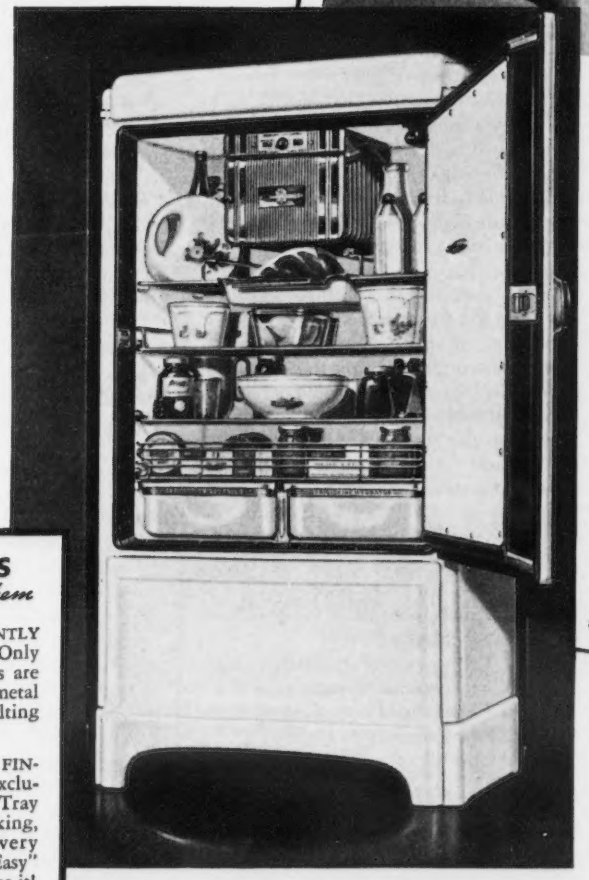
1. **SAVE MORE ON CURRENT...** New Silent Meter-Miser saves up to 25% MORE! See lower operating cost *proved* before you buy!
2. **SAVE MORE ON FOOD...** Keep larger quantities *safer, fresher, longer!* Food-Safety Indicator on the door *proves* this before you buy!
3. **SAVE MORE ON ICE...** Actually make ice *cheaper* than you can buy it . . . freeze desserts at lower cost than ever! You see *proof* before you buy!
4. **SAVE MORE ON UPKEEP...** Longer, trouble-free life assured by New Thermo-Sealed Cabinet . . . New Silent Meter-Miser . . . 5-Year Protection Plan on sealed-in mechanism, backed by GENERAL MOTORS!

• Think of it! Sensationally greater savings on current–food–ice–upkeep! *Proved* before your eyes–before you buy! That's what Frigidaire brings you with the revolutionary NEW SILENT METER-MISER. Make sure the refrigerator *you* buy saves in *all 4 of these ways.* Unless it does, it may actually *waste* your money.

For some refrigerators may cost little to run, yet fail to keep food safe or freeze enough ice in hot weather. Others may keep safe temperatures, but only at excessive operating cost. And still others may "eat up" so much in servicing and repairs that their puny savings in other ways are wiped out.

So look out for the "hidden extravagance". Demand *proof* of greater savings in *all 4 ways.* You'll get this proof at your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration. Here you'll see, too, Frigidaire's NEWLY-STYLED 9-Way Adjustable Interior–NEW Moisture-Seal Hydrators–NEW Close-Bar Sliding Shelves–and many other NEW, EXCLUSIVE advantages!

You'll agree–no other refrigerator at *any* price, can *give* you so much and *save* you so much. FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, Leaside, Ontario.



NEW

SILENT METER-MISER

SIMPLEST REFRIGERATING MECHANISM EVER BUILT!

Uses so little current—You can hardly hear it run. Saves up to 25% MORE on operating cost! Meet the NEW Miracle Maker of Cold! Saves up to 25% MORE on electricity than even the current-saving Meter-Miser of 1937! And *proves* its simplicity. So amazingly silent you can't doubt its ability to give long, economical, trouble-free service. Completely sealed! Automatically oiled and cooled! Comes with 5-Year Protection Plan backed by General Motors. Saves you more than ever before on current—food—ice—upkeep . . . ALL 4 WAYS! See—hear—the PROOF at your Frigidaire Dealer's today!

FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

New **"DOUBLE-EASY" QUICKUBE TRAYS**
—Only Frigidaire has them

1 RELEASE CUBES INSTANTLY –SAVE 20% MORE ICE! Only one lever to lift, and cubes are released–2 or a trayful! All-metal for faster freezing! Ends melting waste under faucet.

2 TRAYS COME FREE AT FINGER-TOUCH . . . with exclusive Frigidaire Automatic Tray Release. No tugging, hacking, prying! Every tray, in every model, is a NEW "Double-Easy" Quickube Tray! No other like it!

See your Frigidaire Dealer's 4-Way Saving Demonstration

Petticoats are smart for lamps. This one, of cotton, is as crisp as a ballet skirt and just as easily removed. The two narrow bands and edging repeat one color in the print

The dressing table dons a new skirt for coolness. It's as fresh as a spring day in turquoise cotton with a combination of brown, white and rust in the perky design. Centre front opening

(Above) One of the new photographic prints is used for these draperies. A popular number with white ground and any one of several color combinations in the pattern. This one has red, blue, green and a fleck of yellow.

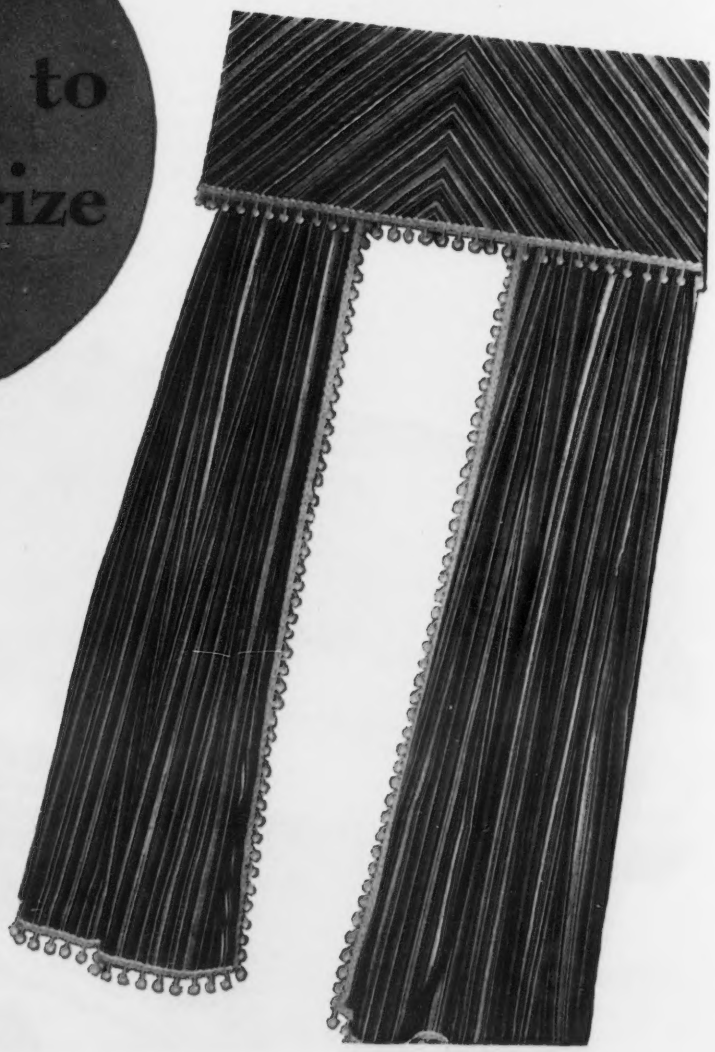
(Below) Draperies of Roman-striped cotton piqué made full length and trimmed with white ball fringe edging. The straight valance with strips matching at the centre join makes a decorative finish

Twin beds dressed in cotton print with quilted bands of plain material along the top and the edge of the flounce. It is made long enough to go under and over the pillow

Cottons to Summerize

By
HELEN G.
CAMPBELL

A seat cover which buttons on and an envelope to slip over the back do as much for a chair as a new hat for a woman. This set is striped cotton piqué bound with navy



PICK COTTON to summerize your house. For several reasons: its texture is pleasantly cool to the touch in all kinds of weather, its designs are as informal as the season and its colors take their cue from the gaiety of gardens.

And isn't it a happy idea, this giving our furniture new frocks, changing the dress of our windows and transforming the aspect of the whole room in tune with the simplicity of summer living? It's more than that; it's a downright economy measure. They cost little, you save on the wear and tear of your more expensive fabrics, and you avoid

✤ *Continued on page 88*

Fabrics—Courtesy Dominion Textile Co. Ltd.
Photographs by Milne Studios

pour the milk over the top. Bake at slow heat—325 deg. Fahr.—until the mixture is firm (a silver knife inserted in the centre comes out clean). Six servings.

Roaster Meat Loaf

1 Pound of minced beef
½ Pound of minced fresh pork
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
1 Egg
1 Cupful of bread crumbs
¼ Cupful of milk
3 Tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup
½ Teaspoonful of condiment sauce (thick)
3 or 4 Slices of bacon

Combine the beef and pork and season with the salt and pepper. Add the minced onion, the slightly beaten egg and the bread crumbs which have been moistened with the milk. Add the catsup and sauce and combine the mixture thoroughly. Shape into a loaf and place in a baking dish. Lay the bacon strips across the top and bake at a moderately hot temperature —375 to 400 deg. Fahr.—for 45 to 50 minutes, basting frequently with hot water (using about four tablespoonfuls altogether). The juice remaining in the baking dish may be used in a sauce or gravy to serve with the loaf. Six servings.

Lima Beans and Tomatoes En Casserole

2 Cupfuls of dried lima beans
2 Quarts of water
2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
7 or 8 Whole cloves
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Onion, thinly sliced
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
Salt and pepper
Dash of cayenne or tabasco or spicy condiment sauce
Bread crumbs and grated cheese

Wash the lima beans, cover with water and allow to soak overnight. Drain, add the two quarts of water and a little salt, and cook until tender but not broken (about one-half hour). Drain and turn into a buttered baking dish. Simmer the tomatoes with the cloves for ten minutes and strain. Cook the onion in the butter until lightly browned, add the flour and when well blended, add the tomato juice. Cook until the sauce thickens, stirring frequently and season to taste with salt and pepper and the cayenne, tabasco or spicy condiment sauce. Pour over the lima beans in the baking dish and top with bread crumbs which have been mixed with a little grated cheese. Bake at moderate temperature—350 to 375 deg. Fahr. — until nicely browned (about 40 minutes). Six to eight servings.

Ginger Pudding

1 Egg
1 Cupful of sugar
1 Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
1½ Tablespoonfuls of ginger
¼ Cupful of melted butter

Beat the egg until very light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating, then add the milk in the same way. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, salt and ginger. Add to the first mixture, stirring vigorously until smooth and lastly add the melted butter. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake at moderate temperature—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with hard sauce or lemon sauce.

Braised Tongue with Vegetables

1 Beef tongue (about 3 pounds)
2 Cupfuls of diced carrots
2 Cupfuls of diced celery
1 Cupful of diced mild onion
4 Cupfuls of stock (liquid in which tongue was boiled)
4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Wash the tongue thoroughly, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Boil gently for about two and one-half hours, then remove from the liquid, skin and trim the end. Place in a baking pan and pile the diced vegetables around it. Over the meat and vegetables pour the four cupfuls of stock, cover and cook at a slow temperature—325 deg. Fahr.—for two hours. Remove the tongue and vegetables to a hot platter and thicken the liquid in the baking dish with the flour and butter which have been blended or with prepared gravy powder. Pour some of the gravy over the meat and serve the remainder in a separate dish. Six to eight servings.

Breast of Lamb Stuffed with Rice

Breast of lamb
1 Cupful of uncooked rice (brown rice is delicious)
1 Onion, grated
1 Medium green pepper (finely chopped)
Salt, pepper and paprika

Have the butcher cut a pocket in the breast of lamb. Cook the rice in boiling salted water, until tender. Drain and rinse and combine with the grated onion, the green pepper and a sprinkling of paprika. Add salt and pepper to the meat and fill the pocket with the rice mixture. Sew or skewer the edges together and place the meat on the rack in the roaster. Cook at 300 to 350 deg. Fahr. for about two hours.

Salmon, Rice and Egg Loaf

1 Cupful of cooked or canned salmon
1 Cupful of cooked rice
3 Hard-cooked eggs
1 Teaspoonful of grated onion
3 Thin slices of bacon, cut in small pieces
1 Egg, slightly beaten
½ Cupful of milk
Salt and paprika

Flake the salmon and combine with the cooked rice and two of the hard-cooked eggs which have been coarsely chopped. Fry the bacon lightly, add the onion and cook until lightly browned, then combine with the first mixture. Add the slightly beaten egg which has been combined with the milk, and season the mixture to taste with salt and paprika. Slice the remaining hard-cooked egg and arrange as a garnish on the inside of a greased baking dish. Turn the fish mixture into the dish and bake at moderate temperature — 350 deg. Fahr. — for about 30 minutes. Five servings. ✦

SCIENCE'S LATEST "SOAP MIRACLE"

Soaks Out Dirt in 15 Minutes — Without Scrubbing or Boiling — Yet Safe for All Washable Colors and Hands

Reg. Trade Mark

"NO MORE washday headaches and backaches — no more washday nerves"..."Clothes soaked so white in 15 minutes that I was absolutely amazed!"

These are only a few of the things women everywhere are saying about this new, "no-scrub, no-boil" soap that cost Procter & Gamble over $1,000,000 to develop and perfect.

Called OXYDOL, it represents a totally NEW IDEA in laundry soaps, and does these important things:—

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without hard rubbing or boiling. Even "grimiest" spots come snowy white with a quick rub.

(2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40%, in tub or machine.

(3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, as proved by scientific Tintometer tests.

(4) Yet so SAFE that every washable color comes out brilliant, *fresh!* Hands stay soft and white.

Even sheer cotton prints washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds, showed no perceptible sign of fading.

OXYDOL is economical, too. One package often goes ⅓ to ½ again as far as even the most modern chips on the market.

So don't submit longer to hours of needless scrubbing that sap your strength and put your nerves on edge. Switch to OXYDOL—and see for yourself how much *easier* and *faster* your washday goes! At all dealers. Order a package today. Procter & Gamble.

CALUMET WINS FRIENDS WHEREVER IT IS USED

THE first thing you'll like about Calumet is its *double economy* over the baking powder you are now using—you pay less, you use less. And the whole family will like the *results* of using Calumet—lighter cakes with "velvety crumb"—feather-weight biscuits—flaky pie crusts. Calumet is *double-acting*—it contains *two* leavening ingredients. One works as you mix the dough, the other in the oven. Calumet is already the favorite baking powder of some millions of women.

GINGERBREAD

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon soda; 2 teaspoons ginger; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon salt; ⅓ cup butter; ½ cup sugar; 1 egg, well beaten; ⅔ cup molasses; ¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk. Sift flour once, add baking powder, soda, spices and salt, sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, cream together. Add egg and molasses; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition. Bake in greased pan in moderate oven (350°) 50 minutes.

CALUMET
BRAND
DOUBLE-ACTING
BAKING POWDER

Calumet is made in Canada, and is a companion product to Swans Down Cake Flour, Jell-O, Baker's Chocolate, and other famous foods. L-88

A Toast to the Roaster

Continued from page 75

Meat Loaf*
Lima Beans and Tomatoes en Casserole*
*Ginger Pudding with Ginger Hard Sauce or Lemon Sauce
Coffee or Tea

—

Braised Tongue with Vegetables*
Mashed Potato Loaf
Head Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Baked Rice Pudding with Corn Syrup
Coffee or Tea

—

Breast of Lamb with Rice Stuffing*
Mint Jelly
Baked Small Beets
Grated Raw Vegetable Salad
Deep Rhubarb Pie with Whipped Cream
Coffee or Tea

—

Salmon, Rice and Egg Loaf*
Celery Soup Sauce
Buttered Spinach
Baked Whole Tomatoes
Roaster Cooked Apricots
Chocolate Cake
Coffee or Tea

—

Pistachio Ice Cream

½ Cupful of water
½ Cupful of sugar
3 Egg whites
¼ Cupful of chopped pistachio nuts
Green coloring
1 Teaspoonful of almond extract
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Boil the sugar and water together until a soft ball forms when a little of the mixture is dropped into cold water. Pour this hot syrup gradually over the stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly during the addition. Add the chopped nuts and enough green coloring to produce a delicate shade. Add the flavoring and chill thoroughly. Whip the cream until it will hold its shape and fold into the chilled mixture. Turn into the tray of the refrigerator and freeze without stirring until firm. Approximately eight servings.

Corn and Pepper Pudding

1 Can of whole kernel corn
½ Medium green pepper
1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimiento
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Teaspoonful of salt
⅛ Teaspoonful of pepper
2 Eggs, slightly beaten
2 Cupfuls of milk

Combine the corn with the chopped green pepper and pimiento which have been lightly cooked in the butter. Season with the salt and pepper and add the eggs which have been slightly beaten and combined with the milk. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake at 325 deg. Fahr. until firm. Approximately six servings.

Quick Maple Pudding

1 Tablespoonful of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
1 Egg, well beaten
½ Cupful of milk
1 Cupful of sifted flour
⅛ Teaspoonful of salt
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Cupful of maple syrup

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the well-beaten egg and combine thoroughly. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Heat the maple syrup to boiling, pour into a buttered baking dish and add the batter. Bake at moderate heat for about 30 minutes. To serve, turn upside down on a serving plate and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Serve with cream if desired. Six servings.

Roaster-Cooked Stew

1½ Pounds of diced beef chuck
2 Slices of salt pork
1 Large onion, chopped
1½ Cupfuls of water
1 Can of tomato soup
1 Teaspoonful of salt
⅛ Teaspoonful of pepper
¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
6 Medium carrots
6 Medium potatoes

Cut the pork in cubes and brown in a frying pan. Remove the pork to a baking dish, leaving the fat in the pan. Brown the chopped onions and the diced beef in the fat and add to the pork in the baking dish. To the remainder of the fat in the pan add the water, the tomato soup, salt, pepper and paprika. Thicken with three to four tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Then pour this over the mixture in the baking dish. Add the carrots and potatoes which have been peeled and cut as desired. Cover the baking dish and bake at moderate heat—350 deg. Fahr.—for one and one-half hours. Six servings.

Spaghetti Loaf

1½ Cupfuls of broken, uncooked spaghetti
Salt and pepper to taste
1 Cupful of fresh bread crumbs
2 Eggs
1 Medium green pepper, cut in fine strips
1 Cupful of grated cheese
3 to 4 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
1 Cupful of milk

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain, rinse and season to taste with salt and pepper. Combine with the fresh bread crumbs and the slightly beaten eggs. Add the cut green pepper, the grated cheese and minced onion and combine thoroughly. Turn into a buttered baking dish and

CAKE — SUCCESS AID TO BEGINNER OR CHAMPION

ONE of the great things about Swans Down Cake Flour is that it improves the cake-baking of any woman. It helps the beginner to make good cakes—it helps the experienced to make superlative cakes. Specially selected Canadian Wheat with tender gluten, using only the best 26 pounds of flour from 100 pounds of this wheat, sifting through silk until 27 times as fine as ordinary flour—these are the reasons for Swans Down quality. Try it.

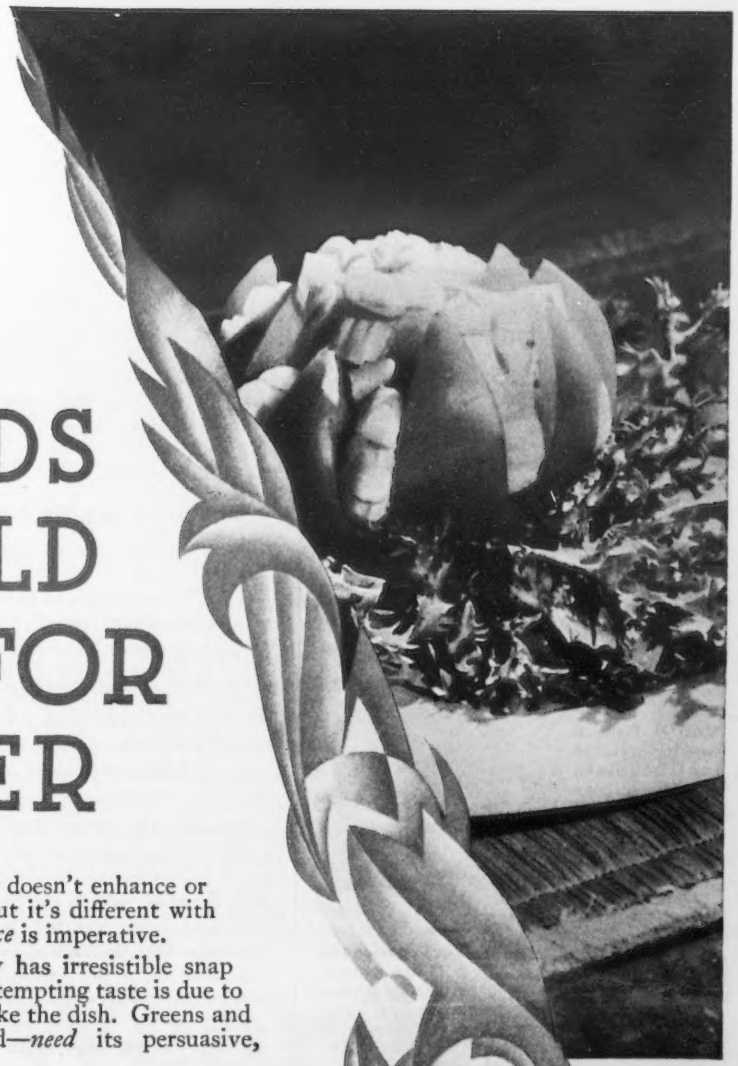
CREAM CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour; 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder (if you use another baking powder, increase the quantity as recommended by maker); ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup sugar; 2 eggs well beaten; 1¼ cups cream; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, sift three times. Add sugar gradually to eggs and beat well. Add flour alternately with cream a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan in moderate oven (350°) 50 minutes.

S-88

SWANS DOWN
BRAND
CAKE FLOUR

Write for free recipe folder to General Foods Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.



SALADS SHOULD DRESS FOR DINNER

● Whether or not *you* dress for dinner doesn't enhance or detract from the flavour of the food, but it's different with salads. With them, appetizing *appearance* is imperative.

Next time you taste a salad that really has irresistible snap and flavour—ask yourself how much of its tempting taste is due to the dressing. After all, the dressing *does* make the dish. Greens and roots and fruits—and especially sea-food—*need* its persuasive, enhancing qualities to taste their best.

You'll find there's nothing restores flavour and freshness lost twixt market and home like Heinz Vinegars and Heinz Virgin Olive Oil. No green, harsh, 'made' vinegar could ever give you the bland potency, the deep, all-pervading savour that Heinz aged-in-the-wood vinegars give to dressings. They're the true essences of fine grains and fruits, actually brewed, or distilled, according to the variety you choose, and aged to wine-like maturity in wooden casks.

Heinz Olive Oil is from the first pressing of selected ripe olives gathered from groves near the Heinz plant at Seville in Spain. It is sealed fresh from the presser and shipped to Canada for your enjoyment. Heinz Olive Oil is clear, amber-coloured, enticing with the true olive taste. You'd never dream how much difference there can be in dressings when they're made with Heinz Pure Vinegars and Heinz Virgin Olive Oil.

Heinz prepared dressings—Heinz Salad Cream and Heinz Mayonnaise—contain the same high-quality ingredients you would use in your very best dressings and (in the making) Heinz chefs adhere rigidly to housewifely ritual.

The Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes is like no other recipe book. In it are over 100 pages of recipes dealing with salads and dressings, meats, fish and poultry—canapés, sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres. Interesting, modern, practical. Sent for twenty-five cents. Or send only ten cents with labels from any three Heinz products. H.J. Heinz Company, Dept. C14, Toronto.

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Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for April

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Asparagus and Creamed Eggs on Toast Diced Fruits in Cherry Jelly Wafers Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Finnan Haddie French-fried Potatoes Shredded Green Cabbage Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
2	Orange Juice French Toast Bacon Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Crackers Lettuce and Cottage Cheese Salad Apple Sauce Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Vanilla Corn Starch Whip with Jelly Coffee Tea
3 (*Sunday*)	Half Grapefruit Cereal Fresh Coffee Cake Conserve Coffee Tea	Jellied Veal Mold Cabbage, Carrot and Green Pepper Salad Sliced Tomatoes Hot Biscuits Cheese Jam Tea Cocoa	Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Corn Creamy Rice with Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
4	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Biscuits Jelly Coffee Tea	Bacon and Eggs Pan-fried Potatoes Prunes with Lemon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Horseradish Buttered Noodles Green Beans Floating Island Coffee Tea
5	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Minced Roast Beef and Potatoes Chili Sauce Apple, Date and Nut Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Spinach Grape Juice Tapioca Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
6	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Grilled Smoked Herring with Lemon Stewed Rhubarb Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Onions Stuffed with Peas Slivered Carrots Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Raisin and Orange Pie Coffee Tea
7	Orange Sections Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Baked Sausages Mustard Pickle Lyonnaise Potatoes Canned Pears Cakes Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Brown Gravy Glazed Parsnips Scalloped Tomatoes Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea
8	Cereal with Dates Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Brown Bread Head Lettuce Salad Stewed Apricots Tea Cocoa	Broiled Fish Steaks Tartar Sauce Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Lemon Cocoanut Cream Coffee Tea
9	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Sliced Canned Corned Beef Potato Salad Baked Apple with Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops with Top Dressing Creamed Potatoes Buttered Onions Apricot Batter Pudding Coffee Tea
10 (*Sunday*)	Diced Oranges and Bananas Bacon Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Crabmeat Salad with Capers Hot Finger Rolls Angel Cake with Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steak Mushrooms Baked Potatoes Creamed Celery Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea
11	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Jelly Coffee Tea	Canned Spaghetti Brown Toast Fruit Cup Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Brown Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Peas Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
12	Stewed Apples Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Creamed Potatoes Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Cold Sliced Veal Loaf Rice and Cheese Casserole Cauliflower Steamed Raisin Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
13	Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Dill Pickles Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Pilchard à la King in Pastry Shells Parsley Potato Balls Baked Tomatoes Pineapple Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
14	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Toasted Ham Rolls Chocolate Rennet Custard with Chopped Walnuts Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Sliced Oranges and Bananas Sponge Cakes Coffee Tea
15 (*Good Friday*)	Half Grapefruit Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Devilled Egg Salad Rolls Lemon Cream Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Fresh Salmon Parsley Sauce Potato Chips Spinach Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
16	Prune Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Rolls Jelly Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Pot Roast Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Canned Peaches Cake Tea Cocoa	Lamb or Veal Stew with Vegetables String Beans Dumplings Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
17 (*Easter Sunday*)	Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Celery Radishes Fresh Fruit Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Roast Leg of Pork Jellied Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Cabbage Maple Ice Cream Macaroons Coffee Tea
18	Sliced Bananas Cereal Date Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Head Lettuce French Dressing Rhubarb (Cook enough for Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Roast Pork Buttered Noodles Harvard Beets Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
19	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Grilled Liver Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Corn with Leftover Pork Brown Rolls Baked Apples with Raisins Tea Cocoa	Pepper-pot Soup (Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Onions Duchess Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Asparagus Cherry Cobbler-Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
20	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fresh Bologna Pickles Hashed Brown Potatoes Gingerale Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Creamed Celery Buttered Carrots Fresh Pineapple Plain Cake Coffee Tea
21	Orange Juice Bacon Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Shredded Cabbage, Carrot and Nut Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Grilled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Peas Date Graham Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
22	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Sardine Salad Toasted Biscuits Canned Berries Cake Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Tartar Sauce Tomato Jelly Salad Orange Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
23	Stewed Prunes (Cook enough for Sunday) Cereal Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Asparagus with Cheese Sauce on Toast Berry Cup Cakes (use leftover berries from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Round Steak Boiled Potatoes Corn Coffee Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
24 (*Sunday*)	Pineapple Juice Cereal Grilled Kippers Toast Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Crackers Prune, Orange and Cheese Salad Butterscotch Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Buttered Carrots Spinach Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee Tea
25	Sliced Oranges Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Chicken and Rice Croquettes Mushroom Soup Sauce Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Brown Betty Coffee Tea
26	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Rhubarb (Cook enough for Wednesday) Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Caramel Pudding with Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
27	Rhubarb Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Salmon on Toast Diced Bananas and Oranges Cake Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Cakes Baked Tomatoes Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea
28	Tomato Juice Creamed Diced Cottage Roll on Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Croûtons Jellied Vegetable Salad Crackers Cheese Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Sliced Beets Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
29	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Scalloped Lima Beans with Tomato Fruit Jelly Whip Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Apricot Tart Pie Coffee Tea
30	Cereal with Raisins Fish Cakes Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Sliced Corned Beef Potato Salad Fresh Pineapple Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Sausages Mustard Pickles Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Steamed Rice Syrup Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

Add the hot milk to the broken bread and allow to stand overnight or until thoroughly softened. Rub to a paste, add the melted shortening, the sugar and salt and the egg yolks which have been beaten until light. Sift the flour and baking powder together and combine with the first mixture, beating until the mixture is smooth. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and add the apples, mixing lightly with a fork. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle and bake until nicely browned on both sides. Makes one and one-half to two dozen pancakes.

Crumb Currant Pancakes

½ Cupful of sifted pastry flour
1 Tablespoonful of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1½ Cupfuls of sifted, dry bread crumbs
2 Eggs, well beaten
1½ Cupfuls of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
½ Cupful of currants

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine with the bread crumbs. Combine the well-beaten eggs with the milk and add to the dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Add the melted butter and the currants which have been washed and thoroughly dried. Mix well and bake on a hot griddle. Eighteen to twenty-two panckes.

French Rolled Pancakes

1 Egg
⅞ Cupful of hot milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
½ Cupful of sifted pastry flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
Jelly

Beat the egg until light, gradually add the hot milk and mix well. Add the melted butter. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add these dry ingredients to the first mixture and beat until perfectly smooth. Pour onto a hot griddle to make pancakes about three inches in diameter. Bake until the surface is full of holes, turn and brown on the other side. When cooked, remove from the pan, spread with jelly and roll. Serve with powdered sugar or a sauce.

These are delicious, when a little grated lemon rind is added to the mixture before baking. Sprinkle the thin baked pancake with sugar and lemon juice, roll and serve with additional lemon or with a lemon sauce.

Corn and Cheese Pancakes

1 Cupful of canned corn kernels
½ Cupful of milk
2 Egg yolks, well beaten
1 Cupful of flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Cupful of grated old cheese
2 Egg whites

To the corn, add the milk and well-beaten egg yolks which have been thoroughly combined. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder, salt and pepper. Combine with the corn mixture and beat until smooth. Add the melted butter and fold in the cheese and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot griddle. Twelve medium pancakes.

Serve with creamed chicken, fried chicken or roast pork.

To Serve With Pancakes

Butter—sometimes alone but usually along with one of the following—maple syrup, corn syrup or honey; brown sugar, granulated sugar or shaved maple sugar.
—Sweet or fruit sauces.
—Jam, jelly or marmalade.
—An orange syrup may be made by boiling together two cupfuls of sugar and ¾ cupful of orange juice until a thick syrup is formed; then cooling and adding one cupful of diced orange.
—Lemon corn syrup is made by simmering together for 20 minutes, ½ cupful of corn syrup, ½ cupful of water and the grated rind of ½ lemon. Strain and serve hot.

Savory Accompaniments include—
Well-seasoned white sauce, plain or with chopped bacon, chipped beef or diced cooked ham added to it.
Tomato Sauce—particularly good with rice or cheese pancakes. ✤

A NEW DOOR

BY RUTH DAW

Since loneliness has come to me, my heart
Has learned to feel the hurt and bruise that burns
In other lonely hearts, and sympathy
For them lights up my eyes and thereby turns
Strangers to friends and so miraculously
The loneliness your going brought about
Belongs to me no more
For, by a sudden strange sweet alchemy,
Friendship from heartache is distilled, and out
Of loneliness is opened a new door.

ALUMINUM *protects the flavors and wholesomeness of* GOOD FOODS

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MEN WANT

SALADS with ZEST!

"Men folk go for salads in a big way if you have Keen's mustard in the dressing!
"They love the robust tang and flavour that Keen's gives and it's no trouble then to get men to eat salads—so *good* for them."
Here's a good recipe:

BOILED DRESSING

1 tablespoon mustard, ½ tablespoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, sweet or sour, ½ cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter, few grains cayenne.

Mix the dry ingredients in the top of the double boiler, slowly add the vinegar and beaten eggs. Then add the milk. Cook over boiling water until smooth and thick, stirring constantly, then cook fifteen minutes longer. Remove from the heat, and add the butter.

"HOSTESS DELIGHTS" FREE COOK BOOK
Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited
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"It's all PURE MUSTARD"

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COW BRAND

BAKING SODA

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

Hot Off the Griddle

Continued from page 72

A heavy iron or aluminum pan—ungreased or lightly oiled—is the best kind of utensil and proper temperature is the important thing. To test the heat of the pan, sprinkle a few drops of cold water on it; if the bubbles dance merrily about on the surface, it's hot enough to begin. And as everyone knows, a pancake is at its best hot off the griddle. They don't improve with age and minutes are as years in their lifetime.

PANCAKES

With Sweet Milk

2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of fine granulated sugar
2 Eggs, well beaten
1½ Cupfuls of sweet milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine the well-beaten eggs with the milk, add to the dry ingredients and beat together until quite smooth. Add the melted butter, mix and bake on a hot griddle. Makes twenty to twenty-four pancakes.

With Sour Milk

2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking soda
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of fine granulated sugar
1 Egg, well beaten
2 Cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk
1½ Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Measure the flour and sift with the baking soda, salt and sugar. Combine the beaten egg with the sour milk or buttermilk and add to the dry ingredients. Beat until quite smooth, add the melted butter and mix well. Bake on a hot griddle. One and one-half to two dozen cakes.

With All-Purpose Flour

2 Cupfuls of sifted All-Purpose flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of fine granulated sugar
2 Eggs, well beaten
2 Cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder, baking soda, salt and sugar. Combine the well-beaten eggs with the milk, add to the dry ingredients and beat the mixture until smooth. Add the melted butter, combine thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle. Makes twenty to twenty-four pancakes.

With Prepared Pancake Flour

Combine equal measures of prepared pancake flour with water or milk and beat until smooth. If a thicker pancake is preferred, add less liquid. Bake on a hot griddle. One cupful of prepared flour mixed with one cupful of liquid makes eight pancakes.

PANCAKE VARIATIONS

May be used with any of the above basic recipes.

All-Bran Pancakes

Add ⅓ cupful of All-Bran, one tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter to the Basic Recipe. Mix and bake as directed above.

Fruit Pancakes

Add any one of the following to the Basic batter, mix and bake as before—
1 Cupful of drained, chopped cherries or peaches, fresh or canned
1 Cupful of finely diced raw apple
1 Cupful of washed, fresh blueberries

Whole Wheat Pancakes

Instead of two cupfuls of white flour, use 1¼ cupfuls of white flour and ⅔ cupful of whole wheat flour. Sugar may be increased to two tablespoonfuls.

Cornmeal Pancakes

Substitute ¾ cupful of cornmeal for ¾ cupful of the white flour and use one tablespoonful of molasses instead of one tablespoonful of sugar OR follow recipe for Cornmeal Pancakes suggested below.

Cornmeal Pancakes

1½ Cupfuls of cornmeal
1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
1 Tablespoonful of shortening
¾ Cupful of milk
1 Tablespoonful of molasses
¾ Cupful of sifted pastry flour
1 Teaspoonful of salt
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

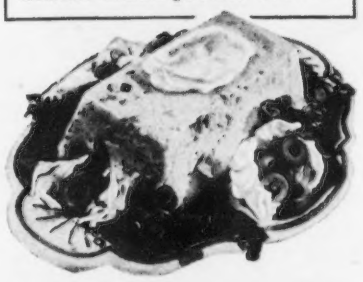
Combine the boiling water, cornmeal and shortening and allow to stand until cool. Add the milk and molasses, then stir in the flour which has been sifted with the salt and baking powder. Beat until free from lumps and bake on a hot griddle. Makes one and one-half to two dozen pancakes.

Bread and Apple Pancakes

2 Cupfuls of bread, broken in small pieces
2 Cupfuls of hot milk
1 Tablespoonful of melted shortening
1 Tablespoonful of sugar
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
2 Eggs
1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
1 Cupful of peeled, diced apples

A Tart Salad Men Will Love

MOLDED SALMON SALAD
(Serves 6)
1 envelope (¼ package) Knox Sparkling Gelatine*
¼ cup cold water
1 cup salmon
½ cup celery, chopped
½ green pepper, finely chopped
2 tablespoons olives, chopped
¾ cup cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon mild vinegar
Few grains Cayenne, if desired
Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Let soak 5 minutes. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool and add salad dressing, fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper, olives, salt, vinegar, paprika and Cayenne. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce leaves and garnish.
***Use pure, unsweetened gelatine. Gelatine dessert powders won't do.**



Hearty molded salad—tart, not sweet—makes a man-pleaser main dish. Use pure gelatine—Knox Gelatine, unflavored and unsweetened. Gelatine dessert powders won't do. They're 85% sugar. Use Knox for fruit desserts and all home dishes. No ready-packaged flavor to compete with your own ingredients.
There are 4 envelopes of gelatine in every Knox package. Each one makes a dish to serve 6 people.

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of their surroundings," is the opinion of Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Truro, N.S. "What then would be the effects on the youth of the future? A civilization allowing or sending our women into the fighting lines might prove worse for posterity than defeat by an enemy in the present."

"I believe that military training should be compulsory in all high schools for girls and boys alike," writes Mrs. Ann Brenan, Brighton, England. "In the next world conflict women will be a big factor—foreign countries are alive to this fact. I should like to be the first woman to start in training. I hope and trust that some of our clever Canadian women speakers will broadcast the movement till it becomes a fact."

"In view of today's trend of events, when certain male members of society refuse to take up arms on behalf of their country and act more effeminate than females, our salvation would seem to be in the hands of the women, who will have to show or shame the men into doing their duty," writes Mr. H. J. Shipman, of Winnipeg. "Everyone with any sense of feeling is opposed to war, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the animal nature in us will make us fight back if given the chance. I served over three years in France and Belgium, with a Casualty Clearing Station, where all the horrors of war were concentrated, so I have no illusions about the glories of war. I am forty-six years old and perhaps just a little old fashioned. My daughter is fifteen and I have taught her to swim, skate, play tennis and handle a rifle. Does anyone think it would give me pleasure to have her shot down as I have seen many a young man? No! But it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to see her calmly holding a rifle, aiming it at an enemy that threatened her or her home, while other poor helpless souls were fleeing in terror."

"What difference would the handful of available women in Canada make?" asks C. H. Penner, Ponteix, Sask. "Canada's vast domain and scattered population would need a much greater army than all her men and women combined, should she be attacked by the speedy, ruthless mechanization of modern war. Let our women foster peace and when the worst comes set Florence Nightingale as their example instead of Joan of Arc."

"Who are these people that threaten our homes?" asks Mrs. S. R. Dixon, Unity, Sask. "They are preyed upon through fear like ourselves and do not desire war any more than we do. Progressive women must remedy not only jarring inconsistencies in their own homelands, but must get to international conference tables as well, before it is too late."

Mrs. P. J. Giffen, of Peterborough, Ont., finds it hard to visualize Canadian women mobilizing into battalions and training as actual fighting units. "Any woman would undoubtedly fight to the last ditch to save her loved ones and home from destruction," she writes, "but how many Canadian women, no matter what training they had received, could set out to kill in cold-blooded warfare?"

"The situation demands action on the part of everyone, including the women," writes Miss C. Morrison, New Westminster, B.C. "We are practically defenseless here in Vancouver, and it is about time some steps were taken to train us to meet the certain danger. Women should be able to defend as well as the men. They should be encouraged to train in gymnasiums and shooting galleries, rather than spend aimless afternoons at pink teas or playing bridge. Not only for the purpose of defending themselves would this be a good move, but also would improve their general physique." ✤

WARS MUST CEASE

BY VIOLA BURKE MACDONALD

The cry, "To War!" makes chill the blood in heart and vein
Of mothers who,
For love of mate and home,
Gave birth, in pain,
To sons of men.

And all for naught it seems, save that those sons might too,
Go through a hell
Of gas and shell and flame,
To kill and maim
The sons of men.

It must be stopped! This cry, "To War!" must cease, today,
Else mothers here,
And there and everywhere —
Refuse to bear
The sons of men!

WHEN BISCUITS ARE IN ORDER

Order Christie's Biscuits

"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

You'll Enjoy the Company of

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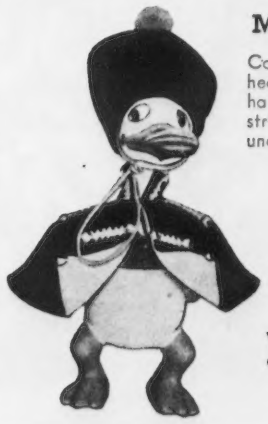
---and it won't cost you a cent to have one of these amusing dolls for your own!

EVERYBODY likes comical, good-natured Donald Duck! This famous Walt Disney character is a favorite with young and old—whether in the films or on the radio. These sturdy dolls, 10½ inches high, are exact likenesses of the Donald Duck that you have seen so often on the screen — and they are made right here in Canada by clever Canadian workmen. We will send you your choice of either "Mexican Donald Duck" or "Major Donald Duck," postpaid, if you will secure for us two subscriptions to Chatelaine, each for one year at $1.00; or one Three-year subscription to Chatelaine for $2.00. Your own subscription, or any that you or your parents have paid for, cannot be included.

Mexican Donald Duck

Composition body and movable head. Dressed with felt bolero and hat with large brim and tassels. A striped blanket is jauntily tucked under his arm. 10½ inches high.



Major Donald Duck

Composition body and movable head. Dressed in velvet cape trimmed with brass buttons and velvet collar. Real plush hat with silk cord and pompon. 10½ inches high.

Write names and addresses of subscribers clearly, and your own name and address, and mail with your remittance for $2.00.

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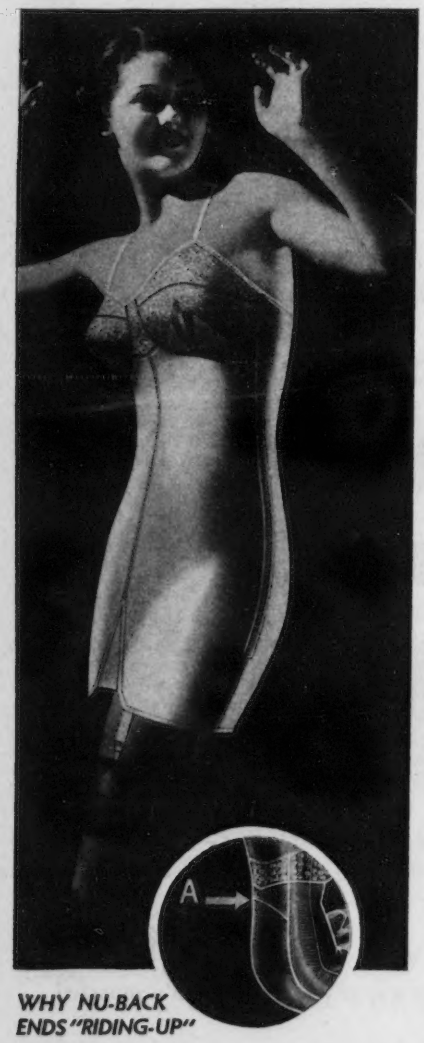
SOUNDS unbelievable, doesn't it? But it's true—as thousands of women have testified. Not only will you **look** pounds lighter under the controlling, confining action of a Nu-Back—you will actually **feel** freer and more comfortable.

Although Nu-Back is made in models to suit **every** figure, it is a real boon to the 150-lb. woman who wishes to appear like 130 lbs. The patented telescopic back—an exclusive Nu-Back feature—**absolutely prevents riding-up,** and gives a hitherto impossible combination of style, comfort and control.



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A&B show the patented telescopic back that lengthens and shortens from two to three inches with body movements. This permits more snug fit, better figure control and more alluring, smart lines. Ask for a Nu-Back try-on today. Sold at all smart shops—all sizes, various prices.

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"WOMEN AT WAR"

A further selection of letters from the hundreds which were received, showing the reaction of Canadian women to Lt.-Col. Fraser Hunter's article in January Chatelaine

War Is a Man's Job

J. A. Towers, Calgary: War is essentially a man's job, both from a physical and mental point of view. Women have not the physical strength necessary to suffer the hardships of war, and mentally their temperament is too emotional to endure the horrors of war.

True there have been a few cases of women fighting shoulder to shoulder with men, who have acquitted themselves admirably, but it only proves there is an exception to every rule.

A good way to end war would be to let women fight, for what man would care to have his wife, daughter, mother, sister or sweetheart, take part in actual warfare, of which battle is only one part of the horror? Men certainly would quit; besides, what man would desire to kill a woman? It would be against the laws of nature.

Apart from nursing, I cannot bring myself to believe women should go to war. Men find war horrible and immoral enough, without making it doubly so, by allowing women to take up arms.

(*Naturally, in so many letters, many were duplications of ideas. These extracts from a few represent ideas that were echoed in scores of others, and were the most popular.*)

Women Should Be Trained

"Since women have demonstrated their ability to earn their living," says Mrs. Neill, of Winnipeg, "why should they not be glad to stand alongside their menfolk to fight for such privileges? No longer should they stand behind the chivalry of men, but should rather equip themselves to protect themselves, their homes and their loves ones . . . They would be greatly benefitted by the discipline of military training, and should be prepared in all branches of war, to fight, if necessary, side by side with their men."

"During the Great War," says Etta R. Johnson, of Truro, N.S., "women proved that they could fill men's places in munition plants, car manufacturing shops and other industries hitherto considered strictly 'for men only.' Since 1918 woman's place in the industrial world has widened greatly, so why should it be deemed preposterous and unwomanly for women to join the fighting ranks—properly selected and trained, of course—to help preserve the 'home fires' for those, both men and women, who are physically unfit for active service. So long as world conditions permit war to be waged against 'women and children first,' so long will it be only right and natural for physically fit, red-blooded human beings—men or women—to fight to a finish in defense of home and country."

"In the early days," writes P. Clifton Burgoyne, of Aldersville, N.S., "woman was man's servant. Later she became his companion, and now she is taking his place in the field of science, and industry. Why not in war? Our women should have at least some first-hand knowledge of war which they could put to use in the defense of their homes."

"Women clamored for equal rights with men. Today in practically every phase of modern living conditions woman has proved herself equal to man—in some cases outdoing him. Could she not outdo him in skill, strategy, patience and, with her ability and love of detail, in a modern warfare which is mostly technical? I think she could, and I, for one, am willing to try should my country ask it of me." This extract is from an interesting statement by Mary Danube, of Meriden, Conn., a Canadian girl abroad.

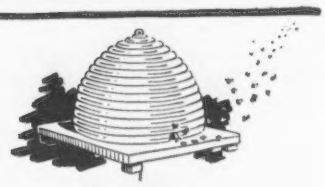
Opportunity to Fight for Peace

Hundreds of letters felt that the publication of "Women at War," should incite women to a more aggressive fight for peace. Says Mrs. J. H. Warr, of Cloverdale, B.C.: "If our women should go to war, there is little that men can teach them of the fine qualities that make a great soldier. But I believe the time has come for our women to use those very qualities in the death struggle *against* war. It is well to remind ourselves that a race never rises above the level of its women, and Canadian women are strong enough, numerically and spiritually, to stand shoulder to shoulder across our great Dominion, declaring in the face of any circumstance: 'We have outgrown the childish attitude of hitting back; we believe that peace is the only policy and that it can never be achieved by force. We believe peace should be maintained no matter what the cost. If necessary it is better to die for peace than for war."

And again, from Mrs. J. Floyd, of McLaren, Sask.: "Women at war is not just a possibility, it is a mathematical certainty as events have been shaping during the past ten years . . . More militant preparation has always been the cure for war, according to military advisers, but the underlying truth is that we need more aggressive peacemaking machinery."

" 'Women at War' aroused in me a strong desire for immediate, intelligent, concentrated action on the part of Canadian women for peace—action before it is too late," says Mrs. C. H. Wilson, of Orillia, Ont. "Women's influence is the greatest power for good in this old world. Let us shake off our indifference and apathy and rise to the occasion . . . Let the womenpower of Canada be conscripted for peace—and conscripted soon!"

"An ancient king once said of himself: 'I am a part of all that I have met.' If women participated in actual fighting they would inevitably absorb some of the horrors, hatreds and evils



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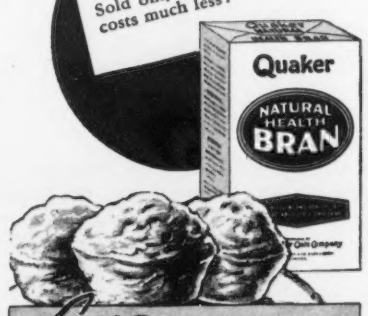

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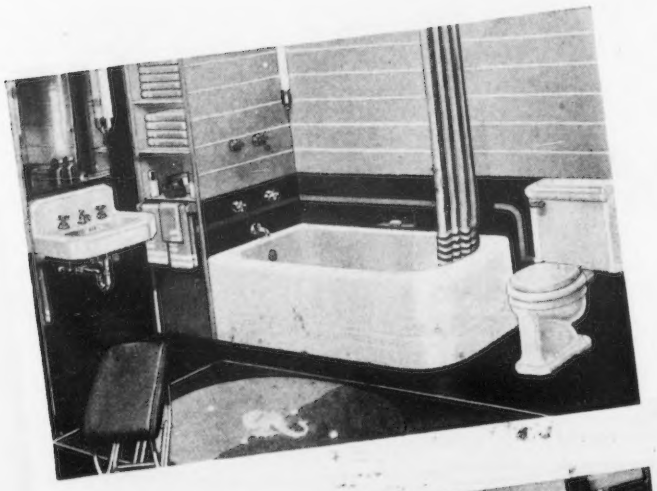
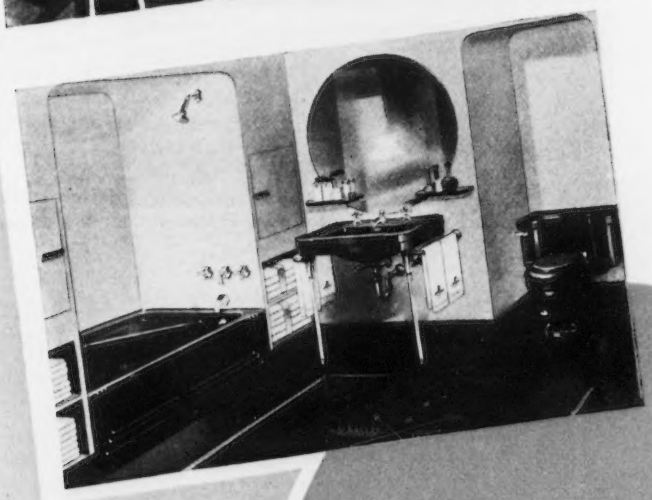
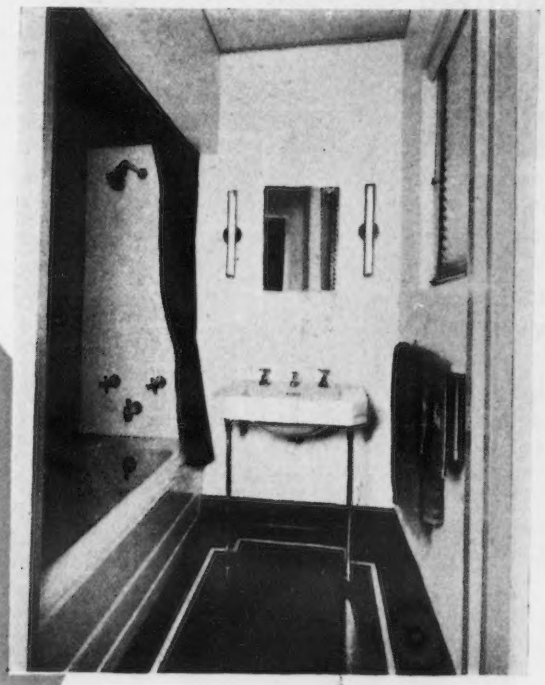
EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C. Editor







Planning the Modern Bathroom—By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

AT THE inauguration of this department, I volunteered to be your guide, counsellor and friend, and many readers have taken me at my word. It is one thing to generalize in one's recommendations, but it is a coat of another color to show the way to go about things, and state how much they will cost. It can be done—and to start with I will give you data concerning bathrooms.

Presumably, the first thing you will want to know, if intending to have a second bathroom, is what floor space is required. Thirty-five square feet (5 feet x 7 feet) is sufficient for a bath, lavatory basin and toilet, and provides ample space for turning round in. If you prefer a shower, lavatory basin, and toilet, leaving out the bathtub, 6 feet by 7 feet will be sufficient for comfortable drying after leaving the shower. Maybe you require a separate shower, bathtub, lavatory basin and toilet, in which case a floor space of 8 feet x 7 feet will be enough. Many readers, I gather, are anxious to install a toilet, and lavatory basin in the rear hall, others wish to have this convenience in the basement. In either case, 2 feet 6 inches x 6 feet will do the trick.

When comparing these dimensions with your own bathroom, you may wonder how it can be done! Have you ever considered the lesson to be learned from a Pullman car toilet? If not, the next time you travel, take a look at the way it is placed in the corner, at an angle of 45 degrees, owing to the limited space available. If such an arrangement was followed in your home, the space gained could be used for pipes and enable the toilet to be placed nearer the corner of the room than if it were at right angles with the wall.

There are one or two other things incidental to the room itself, which are worth while noting. For instance, never place a bath under the window, unless there is no other spot possible. If it must be so, make the window a casement, for the reason ✤ *Continued on page 92*

(Top to bottom). A bathroom featuring a combined bath and shower, with clever arrangement for spare towels, and structural glass walls

Separate shower with glass door, recessed bath and ingenious recess under the window for toilet requirements are the noteworthy points of this bathroom

"Ultra moderne," with integral seat in bath and harmony in fixtures and floor—ample space is provided for spare towels

A good example of the small house bathroom, simple and well-equipped, with maximum use made of the space available.

If I were your neighbor I could tell you a thing or two about shining pots and pans

REMEMBER that saucepan we scorched last Sunday? How we thought it was a "goner"? Well, here it is—bright as new.

Give the credit to S.O.S! A dip, a rub, a rinse—really like magic, ugly stains and scorches disappear. There is no other cleanser just like it.

My advice is—buy S.O.S. on your very next shopping trip. Your grocer's, hardware, department or five and ten cent store has it. You'll like it.

Look for the YELLOW and red package

FREE Paste this coupon on a post card and mail to The S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

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The Smooth Look in Blouses

Schiaparelli designs this spring blouse (below) of yellow Viyella along original lines. Large buttons reach to the high neck, and the only fullness is found in the puffed sleeves, which have small inverted tucks. It's cut short to be particularly useful under the new bolero or brief jacket suit. (Courtesy of Viyella).

On longer lines is the tailored blouse (above) of old rose linen with brown buttons . . . nicely molded at the waistline and made with short sleeves and a high wide lapel effect in front.

Cottons to Summerize

Continued from page 76

that everlasting familiarity which breeds contempt and causes you to discard them before they've served their time. Nothing like a change of scene to keep up your interest and your spirits.

The new cottons come in a riot of lively colors and a range of charming patterns—stripes, dots, geometrics, bold florals and dainty sprigs, paisley prints and photographic effects among them. As well as many quaint and amusing designs to please the children.

They're inexpensive for all their smartness and they've sacrificed none of their utilitarian qualities to their stylish appearance. For very little you can have new draperies, new slipcovers, bedspreads, lampshades, cushions, dresser scarves and even breakfast-tablecloths, especially if you can handle a needle or run a sewing machine. And it costs you next to nothing to put your summer cottage in a vivid cotton dress.

Will they wash? Yes; samples of each material we used to make the items shown have been tested in the washability laboratories of a well-known manufacturer of a popular soap. They were washed ten times according to an approved method of home laundering and they are still fresh, crisp and new looking after being in and out of the tub repeatedly. The textile manufacturer has adopted this plan of quality control for the whole range of colors and patterns as a guarantee that the colors are fast and the shrinkage negligible. The method of washing recommended is first to make a creamy suds in lukewarm—not hot—water. Wash quickly in a tub or washer, then rinse twice in lukewarm water and once in cool. Hang in the shade to dry.

So be a cotton picker—and sew. ✦

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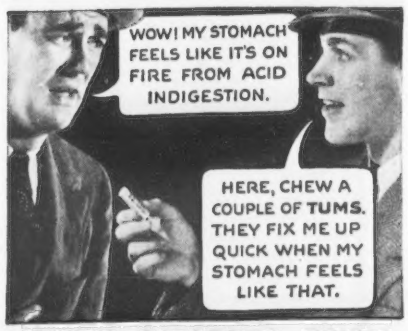
In response to hundreds of requests, this Chatelaine Service Bulletin features over seventy attractive gift, bazaar and home handicraft suggestions. The handicraft available from the famous studios of Marie Le Cerf include scores of good-looking designs in cushion covers, scarves, table linens, hand towels, wall panels, etc. The materials for all the suggestions together with complete directions for the needlework designs can be supplied. Many practical hints for better needlework are included. Write to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Bulletin No. 500—price 15 cents.



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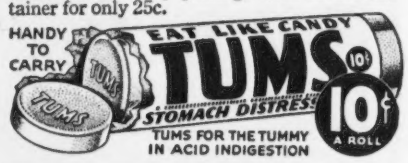

CIVILIZED FOODS MEAN DEATH TO SAVAGES

Civilization's diseases are almost unknown to savages, largely because they eat natural foods. When they adopt civilization's foods they die like flies. We become chiefly what we eat; when we eat soft, denatured and demineralized foods we lose vigor, strength and health, because the foods themselves lack these qualities. Dr. Robt. G. Jackson, discoverer of Roman Meal, the naturally vitalizing, mineral-rich cereal, was literally dying at fifty. At eighty he enjoys superb health. Has for almost thirty years defied colds, aches, pains and disease. How? Because of proper foods and living habits. Thousands have won health by his method. You can do likewise. Eat Roman Meal daily, drink Kofy-Sub, the delicious alkaline, iron-rich beverage, and in a short time the change in your sense of well-being will amaze you. Remember, Roman Meal is *so easy* to prepare—cooks in from three to five minutes; if you prefer it softer just set off fire, covered, for an extra twenty minutes. Roman Meal and all Dr. Jackson products are sold by your grocer. Start today. Write ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto, for free health literature.

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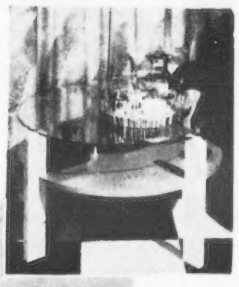
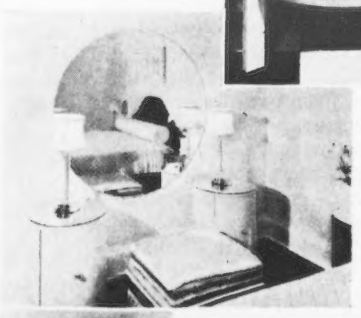
New Trends in Home Interiors

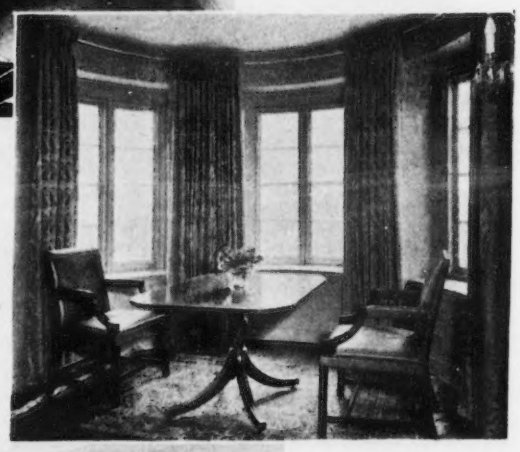


(Top right). Subtle treatment in a tea or coffee table with unbreakable glass top. (Duplate Safety Glass Co.)



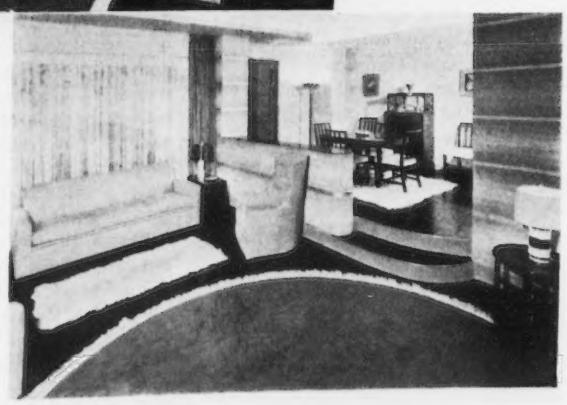
(At right). The latest in dressing tables: the "twin pedestal with mirror on wall" ensemble. (T. Eaton Co.)

Excellent use has been made of the unusual space on this staircase landing for a library or study. The bookcases are very accessible and the big window provides excellent lighting for reading. The room is artificially lighted with a semi-indirect fixture, producing a most acceptable diffused light. (Photos at left and below courtesy T. Eaton Co.)



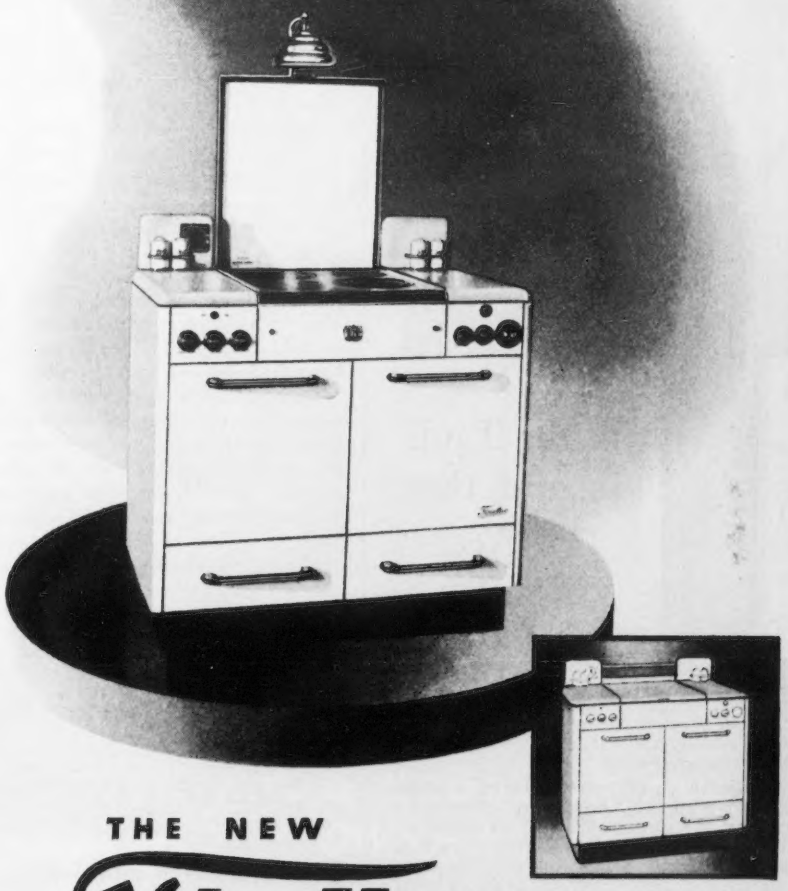
The circular end in this dining room provides an abundance of light, lends itself to delightful treatment of window drapes and makes for interest in placement of furniture.

"Stripped interior architecture" is of distinct value in this oval living room. Note the horizontal treatment of the walls, the absence of moldings round the door, and the photo mural over fireplace.



This dining annex occupies the other end of the living room pictured above. The dwarf partition between the rooms gives a sense of spaciousness and eliminates dark corners. (Two lower photographs from the Robt. Simpson Co.)

Your Dream Range Come True



THE NEW Findlay TABLE TOP Electric RANGE

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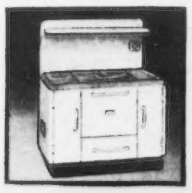

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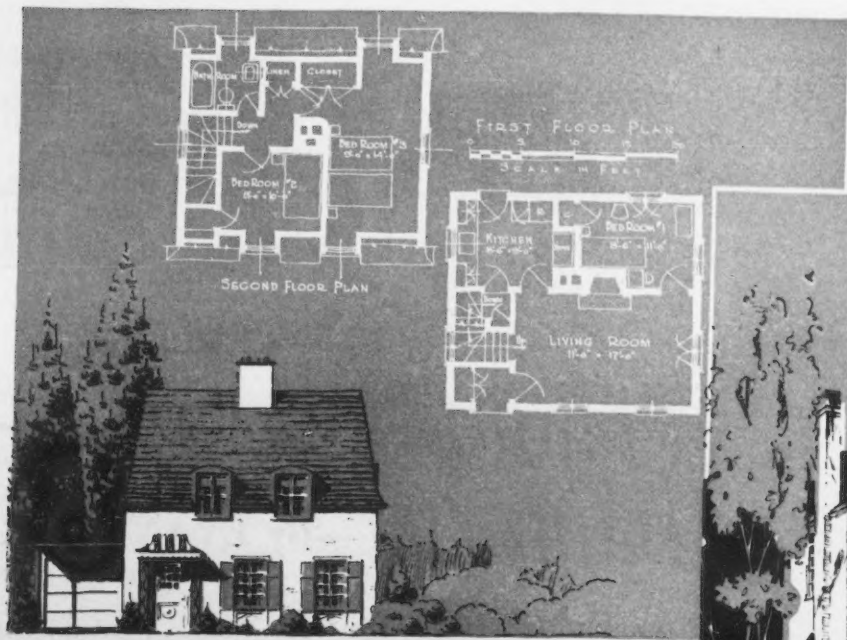
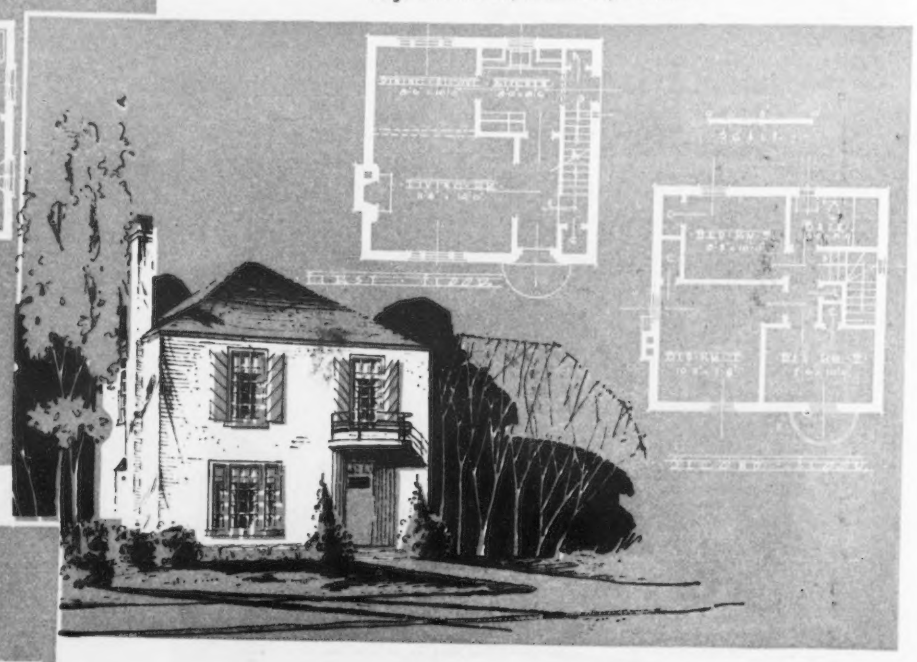
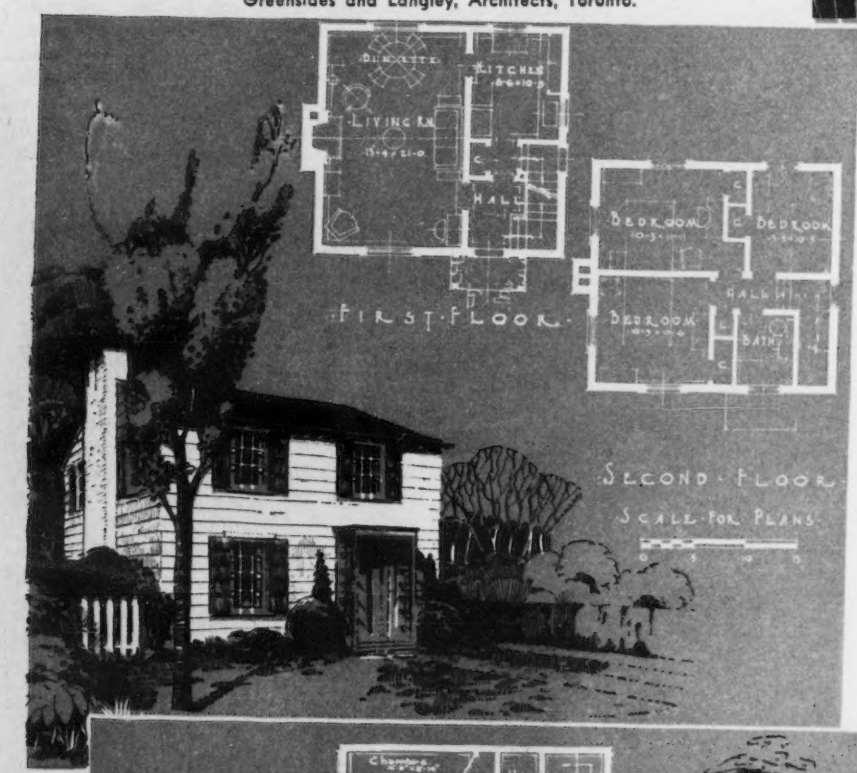


(At left). An attractive house, with the disadvantage, however, of the bedrooms being partly in the roof. Design No. 147. Edward Cecil Cox, Architect, Montreal.

(Below). A delightful "bijou" home for newly-weds. Design No. 21. Forsey Page and Steele, Architects, Toronto.



(Below). A straight approach to the small house problem. Design No. 194. Greensides and Langley, Architects, Toronto.



THE SMALL HOUSE

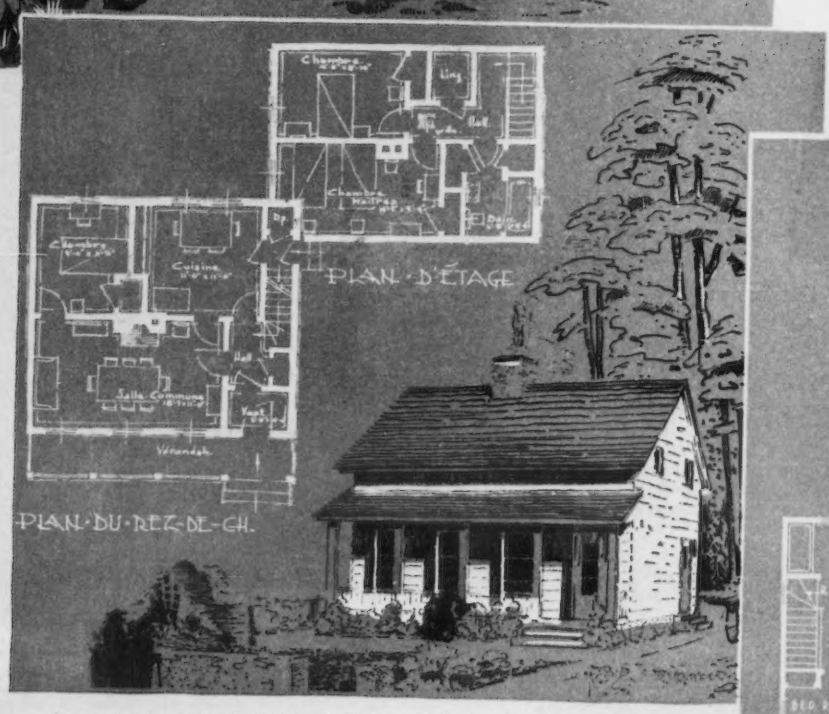
By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

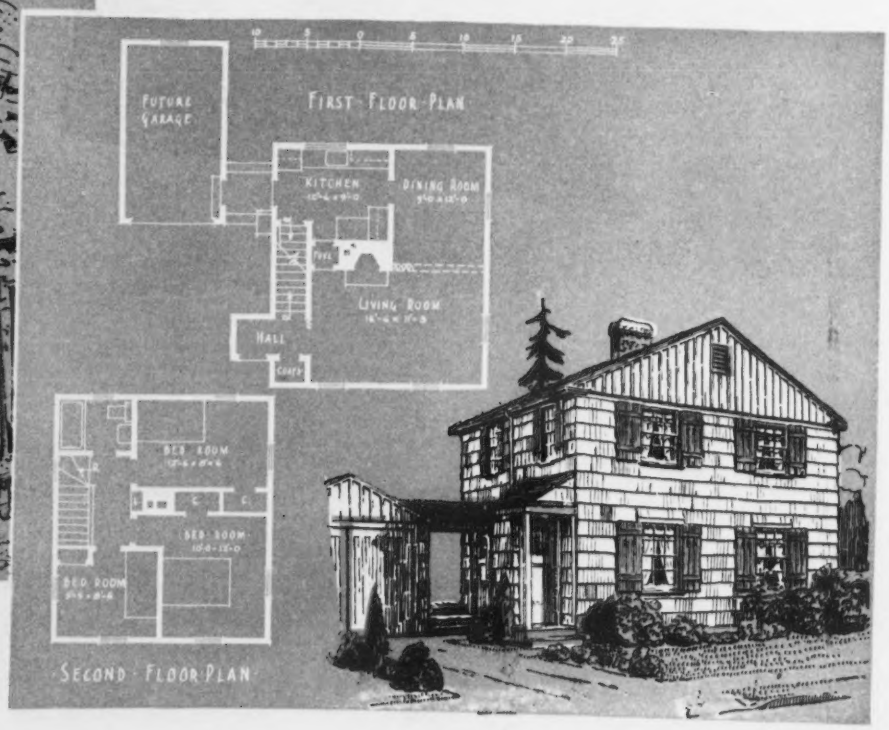
JUDGING by the interest displayed in the recent exhibition in Toronto of house designs submitted by architects for the Dominion Housing Act minimum cost house competition, the bogey that people are losing interest in homes is no more. The small house is in the limelight, partly due to altered living conditions and partly to the desire to minimize inconvenience and unnecessary labor.

After all, there is no earthly reason why any woman should be a slave to her home, that is the slave of labor occasioned by faulty house planning, equipment, and labor-provoking wall and floor finishes; to say nothing of the lack of cupboards and store closets to put things in.

Knowing our readers are interested in the small house, the ten winning designs of the Dominion Small House Competition have been reproduced in *Chatelaine*—five last month and the remainder in this issue. From these you can see the advance which has been made, both in plan and design of the small house.

ARCHITECTS are human and therefore not 100 per cent perfect, which doubtless accounts for the variation of thought as ✚ *Continued on page 93*





(Above). Symbolical of "French Canada." Design No. 65. Paul Rosseau, Architect, Quebec.

(At right). Typically "British Columbian" and maximum room space achieved in plan. All bedrooms are cross ventilated. Design No. 264. Harold Cullerne, Architect, Vancouver.

Blueprints and specifications of designs on the previous page may be obtained from Housing Administration, Department of Finance, Ottawa, at a cost of $10.

to the mode of living of those who will occupy the houses they have designed. Doubtless you will have noticed that some of the plans provide for separate dining room, while some plans show dinettes only, which are adjuncts or part of the living room or kitchen. There is a strong divergence of opinion on this point. Recently a questionnaire was sent to quite a number of people desiring small homes, asking them whether they wanted separate dining rooms. The answer of 75 per cent was yes, the remaining 25 per cent were content with a large kitchen and a good-sized living room. Many of us can visualize the "but and ben" type of cottage home which had two large rooms, "kitchen and parlor," with bedrooms upstairs. It had its advantages, undoubtedly, because there was room to "swing a cat" as we used to say. Where another room (dining room) is introduced, neither of the rooms can compare with either one of the "but and ben" variety.

There still seems to be a hesitancy on the part of architects to plan a utility room on the ground floor, where the laundry could be done instead of in the basement. That may be on account of the lack of desire "to try something new." The justification of such a convenience for the housewife with a young family is unquestionable and if we can judge by broadcasts and public utterances upon the subject, the idea may soon be adopted.

ANOTHER important feature in the small house plan is the grade entrance to the basement, since basements still seem to be the vogue. Is there anything more undesirable than to have to walk through the kitchen with ashes and wet wash? To say nothing of the extra labor involved in cleaning up after the job is done. It is such an easy matter to have a grade entrance provided in the plan at practically no extra cost.

With young children in a home, steps from one room to another, or to the hall, are undesirable and should be avoided. Mother has quite enough to worry her without having to attend to avoidable hurts of her children. These are the little things that make or mar the success of small home planning.

A separate ground-floor hall for the staircase leading to the bedroom floor is good, but there are many people who have no objection in the small house to the stair ascending from the living room. In fact, from the point of view of design, a most charming effect can be obtained with an open balustrading on modern lines. Spaciousness is also achieved at a cost less than for the enclosed type leading from a separate hall.

BEDROOMS in such a house are necessarily limited in size, but that is no reason why they should not be cross ventilated by windows. As to limited size, space could be gained if furnished in the modern way. For instance, fit up the clothes closets with compartments for your dress apparel, shoes and oddments, and adopt the "two pedestal and mirror on wall" dressing-table ensemble. Nothing could be more charming and the cost is within the means of practically every small home owner.

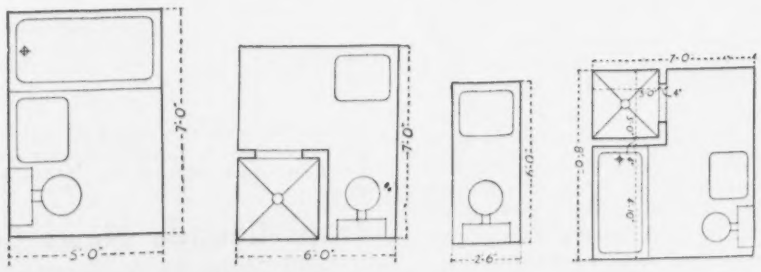
It is astounding to me to find how little advantage has been taken of the delightful small-house wallpaper designs. I cannot too strongly advise you to investigate the opportunities for using wallpapers that have been designed to harmonize with the lines of small rooms.

Of course, economy must be parcticed in the maintenance of all small homes and the fuel bill is the major item. Therefore, the construction of the walls and roof becomes a very important item in home building. Insulation is no fad or frill; in fact, it is essential and well worth adoption.

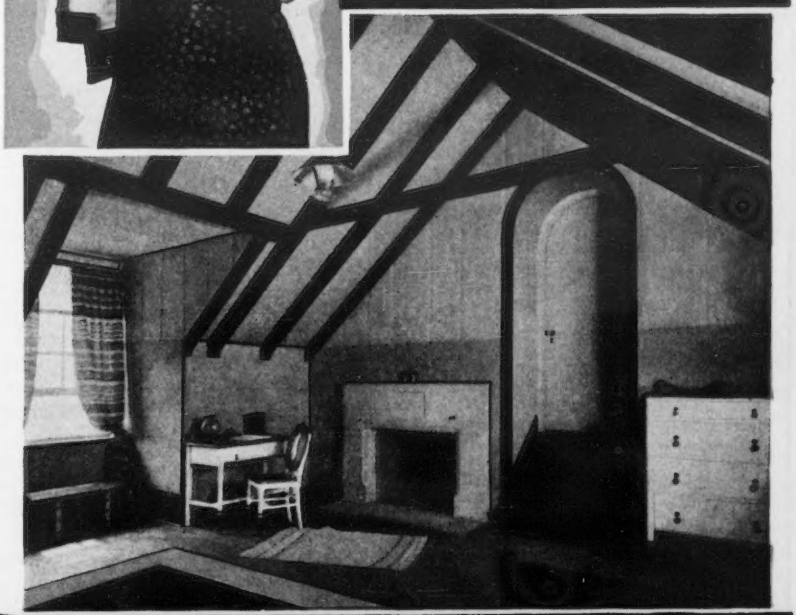
Of course, there are many more things involved in small-house design, but one thing sure, is that regardless of the style of design of the house, a good appearance is imperative for the entrance if a uniformly pleasing effect is to be obtained. The attractiveness of the outward appearance depends just as much on this one feature as does the appeal of madam's dress upon the line of her hat. Last, but not least, we must give our families the benefit of industrial advantages of the age in which we live, and not just plan another little imitation of something of a bygone era. ✤

HOW TO PLAN YOUR BATHROOM

Here are the minimum sizes of floor space required for a convenient bathroom. A washroom may be accommodated in a space as small as two foot six inches by six feet, while the smallest dimensions for a fully equipped bathroom containing separate bath, shower, wash-basin and toilet are seven feet by eight feet.



Come on over...



...I've got a room of my OWN—NOW!"

ANY GIRL'S heart would just glow with pride at sole possession of the lovely Donnacona attic bedroom shown above. It can be the daintiest, most attractive room in the whole house, providing Donnacona Insulating Board and Specialties are used for walls and ceiling. The distinctive rough-cast finish is interesting and tasteful as it is—or it can be decorated in any desired colour scheme. Expensive structural alterations are wholly unnecessary—Donnacona may be applied right over the bare rafters of the roof—and the subsequent fuel savings will pay for the installation in a surprisingly short time. (A 16′ x 18′ attic bedroom may be built with Donnacona Board for as little as $80.00.)

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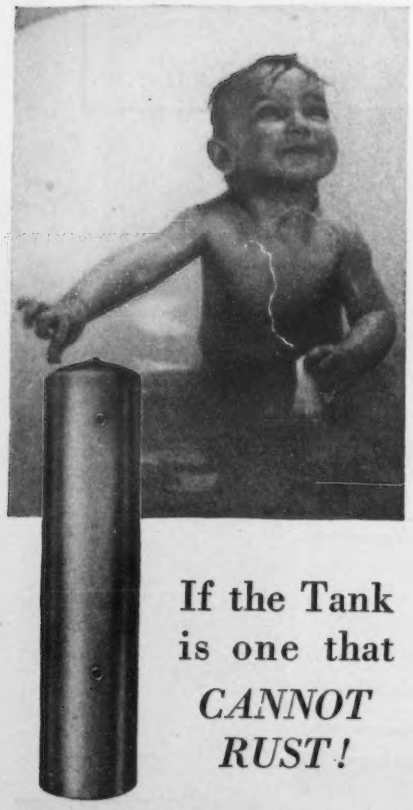

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Far-sighted homeowners everywhere are selecting tanks of this durable metal. Your local dealer or plumbing contractor can supply you with an Everdur storage tank (range boiler) or an automatic heater with a money-saving Everdur tank inside.

The Everdur tank shown above is made by Toronto Hardware Mfg. Co., and can be supplied from stock in 14 to 155 Imperial Gallon sizes — polished or unpolished, tinned inside.

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that when it sticks, it is easier to open than to lift a double-hung sash. Eliminate molded trims to the window and door, and make the door of the slab type. Above all, make the construction of the enclosing walls sound absorbing. This can be done by using one of the insulating materials available on the market. The finish of the walls, if you wish to be "nineteen-thirty-eightish," should be of one of the new plastic materials, structural glass, linoleum, glass enamel paint, or one of the attractive wallpapers prepared specially to resist moisture, all of which are made in a variety of colors and designs.

One thing inevitably brings up another. With the introduction of these new materials, the lighting of the bathroom has undergone a more radical change than that of any other room in the house. The room is lighted from the ceiling by indirect panel lighting. Mirrors have adjustable semi-indirect vertical and horizontal lighting units. The shower bath has moisture-proof lighting bulbs.

In some bathrooms you will find ultraviolet ray ceiling fixtures; heating units for drying your hair after a shampoo, and drying off after a bath or shower and incidentally providing warmth both day and night if required. Most of us know when sickness is in the house what a blessing it is to have a warm bathroom during a night vigil.

The floor covering should be impervious to moisture, and on the floor of the modern bathroom one finds plastic materials, linoleums, tiles, or rubber, depending upon what you want and the limit of your purse. The pieces of equipment are varied both in shape, color and price. And made to suit your requirements without sacrificing either taste or efficiency.

Now, as to cost, the following approximate figures are inclusive of plumbing fixtures, hot and cold water services, construction, wall finish, floor covering and lighting complete.

1. Porcelain - enamelled combined bath and shower, lavatory basin, toilet, all of color to blend with decorative scheme; structural glass for wall finish; plastic or vitreous tile floor; modern lighting; and construction work complete, $650. Alternative, if white porcelain-enamelled fixtures; glass-enamelled paint finish of walls, linoleum dadoes and floor coverings, $400.

2. Bathtub omitted and shower substituted, otherwise same finish to walls and floor; modern lighting; and all construction work as in No. 1, $550. A saving of $125 can be made if white porcelain-enamelled fixtures and same finish to walls and floors as alternative for No. 1 scheme.

3. Bathroom with separate shower; separate bathtub, toilet, lavatory basin, all colored to choice; wall and floor finish; lighting; and construction complete as described in No. 1, $850. If alternative finishes are desired as described in No. 1, a saving of $300 could be effected.

4. Toilet and lavatory basin only, finished as in No. 1 bathroom scheme; including wall and floor finish; lighting and construction, $250, with a saving of $60 if the alternative finishes are adopted, as previously described.

You will realize that it is difficult to determine exact costs without knowing existing conditions, but in any case, those living a distance from a large city should add 5 to 15 per cent to the figures given. This information may help you to decide how far it is possible to go in the realization of a desire to modernize your home, by providing up-to-date bathing facilities for the family.

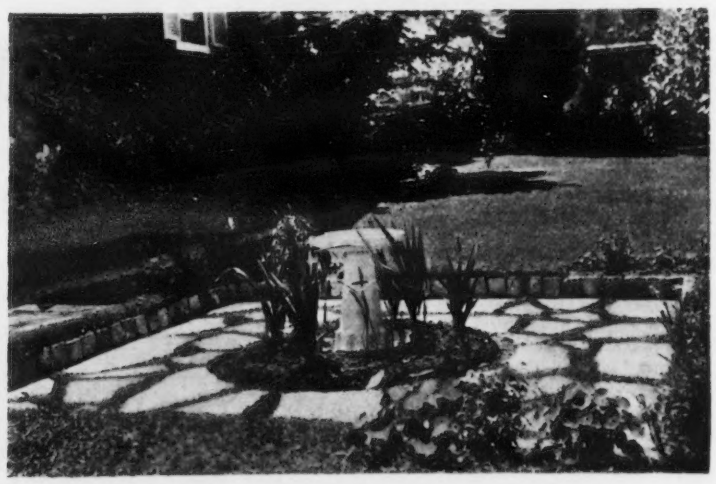
With this information you can make a start with a scheme which you may have had in mind for some time. Especially so since facilities are now available for financing the work under the provisions of the Home Improvement Plan. Probably most of you are aware that loans up to $2,000 extending over a period of three years can be obtained from any bank under its provisions and are discounted at 3¼ per cent. ✦ *Bathroom plans on page 93*

Make Your Own Sunken Garden

This attractive addition to your garden is simple enough to build

• • •

by
WALDYNE DE MERS



IS THERE a woman who does not love a garden? I think the answer is emphatically no. But I think many believe that we of the so-called "weaker sex" have not the creative ability nor strength to have anything to do about gardens, unless solely to admire them. So, with that fact in mind, I have endeavored to describe, step by step, my making of a small sunken garden and feel sure that any woman with a reasonable amount of ability could accomplish the same, thereby sharing in the pleasure and happiness that I experienced during the time spent in creating mine.

Having hired a man to remove the earth and sod in a space ten feet square and ten inches deep, I began working on what I had planned: a small sunken garden. Marking the centre, I proceeded to outline a circular bed of perhaps three feet across. Then I acquired a quantity of marble slabs from a contractor, broke them into variously shaped pieces and began laying as interesting and symmetrical a floor as I could create, taking care that the spaces between the sections were two inches wide or more.

Of course it was essential that the base of the garden be scraped as flat as possible before laying the flags, and even then one must be very painstaking in that the flags are resting squarely, otherwise the subsequent rocking that will occur when the marble is trod on will cause it to crack.

The floor now being laid, I began building a low retaining wall around the outer edges, for which purpose I used square red granite stones (brick or cobblestones would serve just as well). I also made a little lead into the garden on the side corresponding with the verandah. Around the four corners the sod was removed for a foot in width and three feet in length, thus allowing ample room around each corner for plants. Now, in the circular bed I made a foundation of stones on which I set a bird bath. One that entailed little expense, for it was solid and durable looking and in keeping with the rest of the garden.

The principal part of the work now being done, what remained was the delightful part of my plan: the question of the flowers. But first, I had to decide on the type of grass seed that was to be sown between the flags. I chose Kentucky bluegrass, which is a slow-growing variety, and consequently requires less clipping. In the bed I planted tulips and when they had finished blooming I replaced them with gladiolus. In addition to the brilliant splashes of color they displayed, one had the illusion of rushes around the bird bath which seemed appropriate and were pleasing to see. For the four corners I purchased a dozen dwarf spiraea bushes, the Anthony Waterer variety that bears small pink flowers and is an almost continuous bloomer. I also planted a few annuals in between the perennials while waiting for the latter to fill out, thus I had a display of blooms the whole season. Apart from the additional attraction this garden afforded to the lawn, it was a constant delight to watch the various birds as they brought their young to drink and bathe. ✦

Puzzled by some detail in decorating, furnishing or remodelling? Send your question to

THE HOUSE CLINIC

Conducted by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

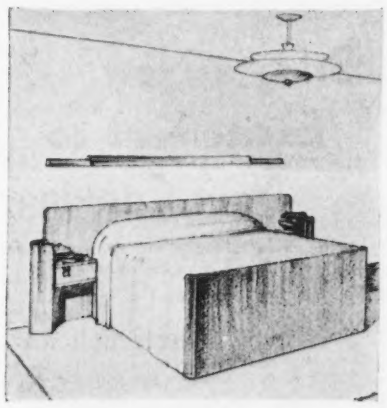
Question—Our question is on a home which we think is too small and were wondering which was the more economical—to sell or add to it. I will give you a plan of our home to give you an idea which would be more satisfactory.—Mrs. L. K., Kitchener, Ont.

Answer—I would recommend that if you can sell the house, it would be more advantageous and enable you to buy one which would be more comparable to your present-day requirements. The cost involved in the proposed remodelling would, in some measure, take care of the loss, if any, which might be incurred.

* * *

Question—We would like to build in cupboards in the south corner of our kitchen and would like your advice.—Mrs. R. M. C., Quill Lake, Sask.

Answer—I would continue dwarf cupboards on the east wall to a height level with the counter top of the lower half of the cupboards on the south wall. The top of the dwarf cupboards should be the work table and the bottom set in for toe recess, which enables one to work close to the table.



The following will give you the standard requirements for kitchen cabinets for a family of six. Cupboards above and below counter shelf, six feet long divided into two sections. Upper section to have four shelves 12 inches wide, one section for grocery supplies and the other for china. Lower section to have two shelves 20 inches wide, one section left clear for large utensils and the other section subdivided for pans with partitions two inches apart for trays. Drawers four inches deep with racks and partitions for silver. Counter shelves to be three feet from floor, and covered with linoleum, cemented down and edges trimmed with metal or wood strips. The cupboards in the upper section should be 15 inches deep in the clear with flush panelled doors. These doors can be made of three thicknesses of quarter-inch plywood, crossgrain, and finished with one of the plastic boards now on the market.

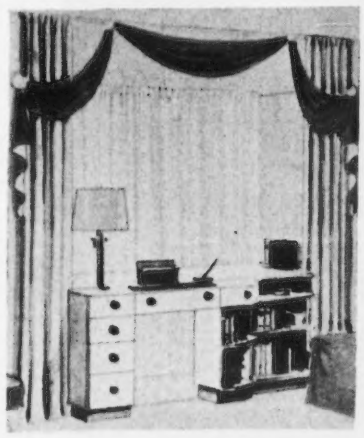
Question—Would it be advisable to finish a bedroom to be in constant use in a basement of a fully modern house and, in constructing same, what would be the important features to take care of to have it dry and well ventilated.—Mrs. M. E. R., Saskatoon, Sask.

Answer—I cannot too strongly recommend against using a room in the basement as a bedroom. If you intend to do so, carefully examine the walls to see that they are moisture proof, as also the floors, otherwise serious results to the health of those using this room may occur. As to ventilation, you will realize that such a room, below grade, is very difficult to ventilate thoroughly because the windows must necessarily be above grade and, therefore, the lower part of the room is not thoroughly ventilated.

* * *

Question—I am planning on building a house this spring, so I am coming for help to you. Could you tell me where I can get some sketches of houses? I would like a house with six rooms and bath, not too large.—Mrs. A. M. F., Shediac, N.B.

Answer—Write to the Dominion Housing Administrator, Department of Finance, Ottawa, for a copy of the plans of small houses published by the Government. The cost of this book is 25 cents and I can assure you that some of the designs are really delightful. ✚



The three sketches illustrate novel ideas in furnishings. Courtesy T. Eaton Co.

NEWS—IN PYREX WARE!

Custard Cups Thin as Table Glass

WITH MATCHING CASSEROLE

Deceptively delicate-looking, these elegantly thin custard cups which dress up a table so attractively, will withstand oven heat! The matching casserole, equally at home in the oven or on your table, has a top that becomes a pie plate. It's really *two* dishes in one!

Yet this new Pyrex Ware is not expensive! The "Sweet and Low" set shown here is only $2.19. Or you can get them separately—the 48 oz. casserole with pie plate top $1.50, matching 5 oz. cups, two for 23c.

• *Pyrex is a trade mark and indicates manufacture by* Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York, U.S.A. *Sole Canadian Importers and Distributors*—John A. Huston Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

JUST LOOK HOW IT'S BUILT

If you turned it upside down . . . if you took it apart and examined its precision-engineered mechanism . . . your choice would inevitably be the Westinghouse Cushioned-action Washer. Westinghouse quality is MORE than skin-deep. Westinghouse quality extends to the last unseen detail. Westinghouse dependability and efficiency are proved and re-proved before each individual Westinghouse Washer leaves the factory. New precision-built models priced as low as $79.50 (slightly higher in West and Maritimes) and most favorable budget terms ever offered. See your dealer.

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HAMILTON, CANADA

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Cushioned-action WASHER

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SANI-FLUSH is a scientific powder —made to end toilet-scrubbing. It cannot injure plumbing connections. It is easy to use. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet—and that's all!

SANI-FLUSH purifies the bowl *and* the hidden trap that no other method can reach. It kills germs and banishes the cause of toilet odors. Stains and incrustations are flushed away. The toilet gleams like new. SANI-FLUSH is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—30 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush

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DEPT. 16 WINONA, ONT.

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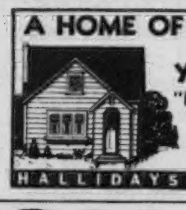

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POWDER

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You can tell the minute you use it, that **Snap Superfine Powder** is different from any other cleanser. No scrubbing or hard rubbing—one easy sweep and everything is bright and shining. Soft and superfine in texture —*cannot scratch or dull the finest surface.*

Wonderful for windows, mirrors, bath-tubs, sinks, and all household cleaning.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SNAP THE GREAT HAND CLEANER

POINTERS FOR YOUR HOME

Gilded picture frames are best cleaned with a mild soap, lukewarm water and a little muriatic acid rinsed quickly with lemon juice.

If the home isn't insulated the hot air goes right through the ceiling of the top floor. To correct this insulate over the attic.

To kalsomine wallboard size the entire surface the same as for painting.

The kitchen, bath and laundry were once merely practical rooms—today they are places of prideful exhibition.

Weatherstripping doors and windows will prevent "rattling" and make them watertight.

It's better to sweep snow off a flat roof than to shovel it off because of the risk of damaging the roofing.

Linoleum is becoming popular for finish of walls in the kitchen.

A 10-inch quiet type fan will remove cooking odors, steam, smoke and excessive heat quickly and quietly.

Architecture, in order to be sound and pleasing, should be the result of some absolute necessity.

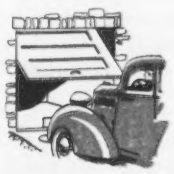
The modern wood preservative is chromated zinc chloride.

Black colored linoleum for the floors of living rooms is the vogue for 1938.

When negotiating a mortgage on your house the appraiser lays a heavy emphasis on the factor of marketaability. A marketable house must be durable in construction.

Wallboard is easily applied to both new and old walls.

Concrete "form panels" made of fir plywood are one of the latest developments for house construction.



Today by pressing a button on the instrument board of your motor car, the garage doors can be opened and closed.

Soviet scientists in the Arctic Circle live in a house which weighs 80 pounds and is weathertight. The interior finish is fur and eiderdown and the outside rubberized cloth painted black to absorb the sun's heat.

If you want to dispense with storm sashes use double glazed windows which control condensation and reduce heat loss.

Plastic finishes provide permanent maintenance-free surface for the walls of kitchens, bathrooms and recreation rooms.

It's often far cheaper to put in a new faucet, the swinging spout kind, than to repair the old.

Anyone who pays fuel bills should investigate the new insulating materials and firing equipment for comparative costs and results. ✦

• • •

ROMANCE of NEW MATERIALS

OVER 500,000 years ago descendants of the prehistoric "terrible lizard" roamed over New Brunswick. They lived a most precarious existence as evidenced by the discovery of workmen when excavating beside a gypsum deposit. The tremendous weight of this mastodon apparently caused it to be held fast in the thick blue clay which overlays gypsum rock and eventually it died of starvation. It is interesting to realize that the material being used for insulating our homes was formed in such deltas nearly 2,000,000 years ago.

FOR HUNDREDS of years the northern coast of South America resounded to the thud of savage feet in tune with the throb of the jungle drums. But little did those primitives know of the vast wealth to be discovered in the rich fertile earth beneath. Thousands of years afterward mining operations were responsible for the discovery of Bauxite clay—the basis of aluminum.

The ladies of today, even as they did over two thousand years ago, add a little powder, lip and cheek rouge here and there which makes them living goddesses; so must Bauxite have its beauty treatments and finally emerges a thing of shining beauty to be manufactured into thousands of commercial and household products, such as automobiles, airplanes, cooking utensils, machinery and electrical appliances; wrappings for foods and beverages, and probably the latest development—insulating and heating of homes.

Marvellous how a piece of dirty brown clay has become not only a useful servant to mankind, but an aid to comfort as well!

WALLPAPER has a romantic history, being first used as a substitute for costly tapestries which hung on the stone walls of ancestral homes. Its progress corresponded with the slow development of paper-making in England. William Morris in the nineteenth century was responsible for the famous "Trellis" pattern and "Willow boughs" which are being reproduced today, and was heard to say in 1862 that—"Whatever you have in your rooms, think first of the walls, for they are that which makes your house and home, and if you do not make some sacrifices in their favor you will find your chambers have a kind of makeshift lodging-house look about them, however rich and handsome your movables may be." Every word holds good today! ✦

For Your Home Reference Shelf

Each of these clearly printed, well bound books is written by an expert, in language that is simple and understandable. They are as valuable for beginners as for those who have had experience. Add them to your home reference library — they will be worth many times their cost to you in helpful information!

Only 25¢ a Copy POSTPAID

INTERIOR DECORATING

By Helen M. Daggett. How to be one's own decorator, how to choose colors, pick designs, know furniture, and solve the many problems of making an attractive and livable home. Many illustrations.

* * *

CREATIVE HANDICRAFTS

By Mable Reagh Hutchins. Practical information on seven fascinating handicrafts — Pottery, Weaving, Basketry, Metalcraft, Leathercraft, Bookbinding, Block Printing, and the Art of Dyeing. Instructions are clear and definite, illustrated by many detailed drawings in black and white.

* * *

THE COOKERY BOOK

By L. P. De Gouy. Deals with the fundamentals of food preparation. Not a recipe book, but a book on "how to cook." The author is a son of the former chef of the Emperor Franz Josef, and has himself been chef for leading American families.

* * *

A GARDEN IN THE HOUSE

By Helen Van Pelt Wilson. The indoor garden is fully treated here from the culture of bulbs to the care of potted plants and the construction of terrariums.

* * *

HOW TO DESIGN YOUR OWN CLOTHES

By Hannah Shelton. One of New York's leading designers tells a simple, fascinating and practical method by which you may learn to sketch and execute your own ideas.

* * *

WORKING WITH TOOLS

By Harry J. Hobbs. Outlines the complete home workshop. Use and care of tools, identification of different woods, practical suggestions for things to build.

* * *

QUILTING

By Elizabeth King. A practical handbook on the art of quilting. Fourteen full page illustrations as a guide to patterns and designs.

* * *

MOTOR CAMPING

By Porter Varney. This little book is packed with useful, practical information for motor campers. Where and how to go, and what to take. Complete plans for making equipment, even to a house trailer. Fully illustrated.

* * *

If these books are not stocked by your local bookseller, write to us enclosing your remittance, and your order will be filled without delay.

Trans-Canada News Co.

210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

This is Chatelaine Pattern No. 1603

Price 15 cents. Sizes 30 to 38. Available only by mail order to Pattern Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Descriptions of Simplicity Patterns

Chatelaine Brings You This Singer-Simplicity Wardrobe

No. 2691—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of rayon crepe at 89 cents —$3.33. Findings, which include slide fastener, thread and seam bindings amount to 63 cents. Total cost of dress is $3.96. Pattern price, 20 cents.

No. 2736—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards linen at $1—$3.25; 1⅝ yards striped cotton at $1.25—$2.03. Findings include slide fastener, thread, covered buttons, seam binding—73 cents. Total cost of ensemble is $6.01. Pattern price, 25 cents.

No. 2725—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards silk for dress at $1—$3; 2 yards plaid wool at $3.95—$7.90; 2⅝ yards lining for coat at $1—$2.63. Findings include kerchief, thread and seam binding—72 cents. Total cost of ensemble is $14.25. Pattern price, 25 cents.

Companion Pieces That Are Smartly Color Conscious

No. 2745—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires, Coat: 3¼ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2¼ yards of 54-inch fabric. Skirt: 2 yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric; 1⅛ yards of 54-inch fabric. Jacket: 2⅛ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2 yards of 39-inch fabric 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2749—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires, Dress: 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3⅛ yards of 39-inch fabric. Redingote: 3⅞ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2¾ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2728—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires, Dress: 3⅜ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3⅛ yards of 39-inch fabric. Coat: 3 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2¼ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2723—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires, Jacket: 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2¼ yards of 39-inch fabric; 1⅝ yards of 54-inch fabric. Skirt: 1⅛ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2750—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34, Soft Blouse With Long Sleeves: 1⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric. With Short Sleeves: 1⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric. Tailored Blouse With Long Sleeves: 2⅛ yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric. With Short Sleeves: 1¾ yards of 35- or 39-inch material. Trimming: 5 yards of rickrack braid. Price, 20 cents.

She Wants Them Short and Full for Playtime

No. 2721—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20. Size 15 requires, Jumper: 2⅝ yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 39-inch fabric; 1⅝ yards of 54-inch fabric. Blouse: 2¼ yards of 35-inch fabric; 1¾ yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2738—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20. Size 15 requires 4 yards of 35-inch fabric; 3¼ yards of 39-inch fabric. Bow: ½ yard of ½-inch-width ribbon. Price, 25 cents.

No. 2735—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric; 1⅝ yards of 44-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2742—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch fabric; 1¾ yards of 39-inch fabric. Contrast: ¾ yard of 35- or 39-inch fabric. Bow: ½ yard of ½-inch ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

Variations on the Tailored Theme

No. 2711—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3¼ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2¼ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2689—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 4½ yards of 32-inch fabric; 4 yards of 35-inch fabric; 3⅞ yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 2710—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 35-inch fabric; 4¼ yards of 39-inch fabric. A purchased scarf is used. Price, 25 cents.

For Spring Manoeuvres

No. 2663—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust sizes, 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, Playsuit: 3 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric. Slide fastener for front: 20-inch length. Dress: 3¼ yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 yards of 39-inch fabric; 2⅛ yards of 54-inch fabric. Slide fasteners for sides: 2 34-inch lengths. Price, 15 cents.

No. 2657—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Bust sizes, 30 to 38. Size 16 requires, Divided skirt, 3 yards of 35-inch fabric; 2½ yards of 39-inch fabric; 2 yards of 54-inch fabric. Blouse: 2⅛ yards of 35- or 39-inch fabric; 1½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Slide fastener for divided skirt: 29-inch separable. Price, 15 cents.

Chatelaine's April

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Flexees
TWIN AND SUPER CONTROL

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

The House of the Month

Costing $6,500 - including lot and garage

Designed by
GORDON BAZELEY, M.R.A.I.C.
and described by
EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

THIS HOUSE was built at Leaside, Ontario, in 1937, for a pair of "newlyweds" who were anxious to start housekeeping on modest lines, with provision being made for the future. The cost of this home, including lot and garage, comes in the $6,500 class.

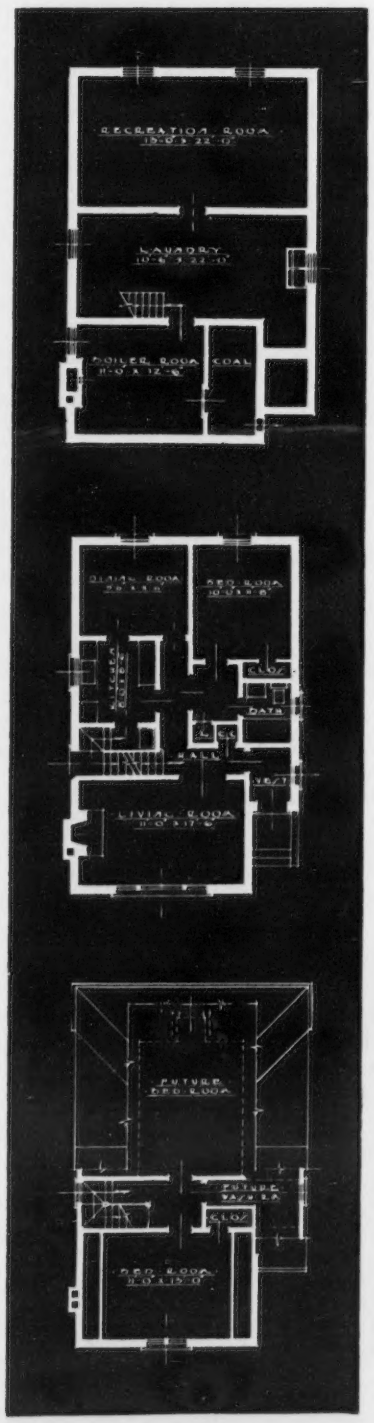
Built on a thirty-three-foot lot common to any town or city throughout the Dominion, it has the advantage of a driveway on each side, ensuring ample light and sunshine for all rooms in the house.

The exterior is of dark tapestry rug brick and wide clapboarding. The roof and walls are insulated and the entrance trimmed with Credit Valley stone. Of particular interest are the bedroom and bathroom "en suite" on the ground floor.

Basement: The ample size of the recreation room is unusual in a house of this character and it is the intention of the owners to form a hall from the staircase to this room with the laminated wall board.

Ground Floor: The bedroom suite on this floor meets the requirements of a nursing mother as well as providing excellent accommodation for visitors when required. The dining room at a pinch could be used as a bedroom, since the kitchen is so fitted that meals can be taken by the family without crowding. The entrance to the living room is shielded from the vestibule and the wide expanse of window makes this room reminiscent of a sunroom. The windows are fitted with modern Venetian blinds.

First Floor: This is the floor where the expansion can take place without interfering whatsoever with the existing accommodation. The future bathroom is centrally located for the bedrooms and well lighted—a clever plan for the "flexible house." ✦



HOTEL
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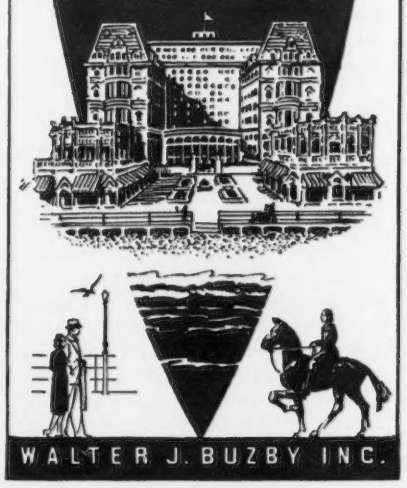
ATLANTIC CITY

For a change of scene and climate — to soft breezes and sparkling seas of Spring — all modern guest comforts in a traditional family atmosphere — sun decks, sea water baths — attractive rates.



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Ask for Them by Number

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CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
481 University Avenue, Toronto

Rosalind Russell gives spring's best tip to the Bride-To-Be

Dresses by Jonai—hat by Lilly Daché

ROSALIND RUSSELL, M-G-M's brightest star in smart-world dramas, has this to say to brides-to-be:

"A wedding means *so many* things to decide!

"First, choosing *him* (though *he* thinks he chose *you!*) . . .

"Then selecting your wedding dress (I'd love the dress pictured here for myself!) . . .

"And then, choosing your silver pattern—the one that will grace your table all your days.

"The one I 'specially want you to see is the pattern I named—

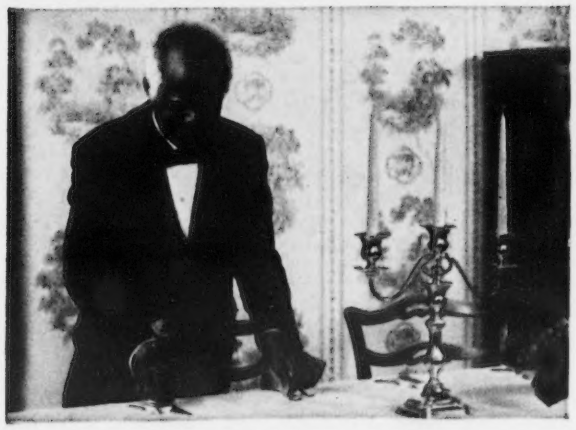
" 'First Love.'

"It's 1847 Rogers Bros. newest—and it's beautiful!

"And when I think of how you can get 50 pieces in a gorgeous Bridal Chest *for the price of 40 pieces*, if you'll just hurry to your silver dealer's... *You will hurry, won't you?*"

Such patterns—until now—have been possible only in sterling! 1847 Rogers Bros. broke all precedents when "Lovelace" appeared with its orange blossoms and piercing, for such a pierced pattern had, until then, meant sterling. Again, in "First Love," tradition was upset, for it had been thought that only sterling could have so high-raised a motif—such depth of detail. Choose from these and six other 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns when you get your Bridal Chest.

It's true! For a limited time only you can buy this beautiful 50-piece service for eight, in the Bridal Chest pictured above, for the price of 40 pieces. It's as though the ten pieces you see in the top of the handsome chest were a gift to you. Every piece is 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate, with the year-mark 1847 on the back, to prove it. The price—but $49.75. Other sets as low as $32.75. Easy terms will be arranged by your dealer.



What does the year-mark 1847 mean, on the back of silverplate? It means the finest silverplate that one can buy—1847 Rogers Bros., Canada's finest silverplate. Many old families treasure heirlooms in this fine plate—pieces that once adorned tables in homes of the wealthy, or that went West in pioneer wagons, hidden away with a few treasured possessions. Today—as then—1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate is the choice of brides who know.

1847 Rogers Bros.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Canada's own Beatrice Lillie, soon to be seen in "Dr. Rhythm."

WHAT'S going on in HOLLYWOOD

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Cowboy Gene Autry studies the script for "Rough Ridin' Rhythm."

JANET GAYNOR is to star in another picture!

That's real news, these days. The little titian-tressed actress appears so very infrequently that any film of hers is in the nature of an event. Her new picture, which starts soon, will be called, "The Young In Heart."

Since Janet made "A Star Is Born" many months ago, considerably more than half a million admirers have written in begging that she emerge from retirement long enough to do another feature. So insistent was the tone of these letters that Janet acquiesced, and she and Producer David O. Selznick finally hit upon I. A. R. Wylie's novel, "The Gay Banditti," as a fitting vehicle for her next appearance. For screen purposes, it has been retitled "The Young In Heart."

Janet will be glimpsed in a role fairly shrieking with humor. Of course, the majority of you do not recall, but Janet started her screen career as a comedienne—some years before her triumph in "Seventh Heaven"—and her talents are firmly etched in this strain. What she should do as the daughter of an adventurous and charming family that chooses to live by its wits is fascinating speculation. Added interest lies in the fact that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will play opposite the Gaynor.

MENTION of Janet Gaynor brings me to the newcomer, Arleen Whelan, whose recent history takes on all the aspects of a Cinderella tale. From certain photographic angles, Arleen is a dead-ringer for Janet. Certainly their similarity extends to the same coppery-hued hair, delicate features and mannerisms from the same mold.

I say her history is a Cinderella tale . . . you may judge for yourself, when it is explained she was discovered as a manicurist working in a Hollywood beauty shop. Forty-eight hours after Director Bruce Humberstone saw her through the shop's windows, her signature had been affixed to a long-term contract and she was off to what already promises to be a sparkling career. Only a few weeks later, Fox assigned her to the leading feminine role, with Warner Baxter and Freddie Bartholomew, in "Kidnapped," picturization of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal classic. Such good fortune touches the lives of but a scant few.

FILM STARS regularly receive odd letters from their fans, but Spencer Tracy wins the prize of the month. A little girl wrote him, asking if she might adopt him as her uncle. She signed herself—"Your favorite niece-to-be!"

Scarcely a day passes but that some such request arrives. Marriage and investment and pleas for aid, aside from entreaties for photographs, make up the majority, but quite often an extraordinary overture appears.

Mae West, for instance, not long ago was recipient of a letter from a man in South Africa, who asked if he might offer her as a gift a large diamond he had mined himself, since he understood she loved the jewel—Diamond Lil, y'know—and she had brought him many moments of happiness through her performances on the screen.

A woman in Tennessee wrote Clark Gable, enquiring if he would put the impression of his lips on a white sheet of paper and send it on to her, so that she might frame it and hang it on her wall.

DOTTING THE STARS: Dorothy Lamour doffs the sarong for a Mexican serape in "Tropic Holiday." It's her first big role, fully clothed! . . . Too bad about the marital split-up between Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, more especially when everybody—including all their friends—thought they were divinely happy . . . Another Canadian daughter, Barbara Kent, more happily married than ever. She and Harry Edington—who manages such stars as Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich—have just built a home that's one of the real show-places of the film colony . . . Between Sonja Henie and Jane Withers, every existing personal appearance record has been broken during the past month. The pair of stars toured—but not together—through the East, and were accorded riotous welcomes wherever they played . . . Some of the stars have turned real estate operators. For years, Glenda Farrell has bought old houses, renovated them and furnished them, and sold them at a handsome profit.

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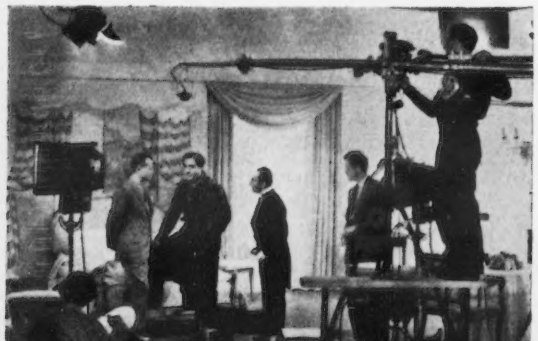
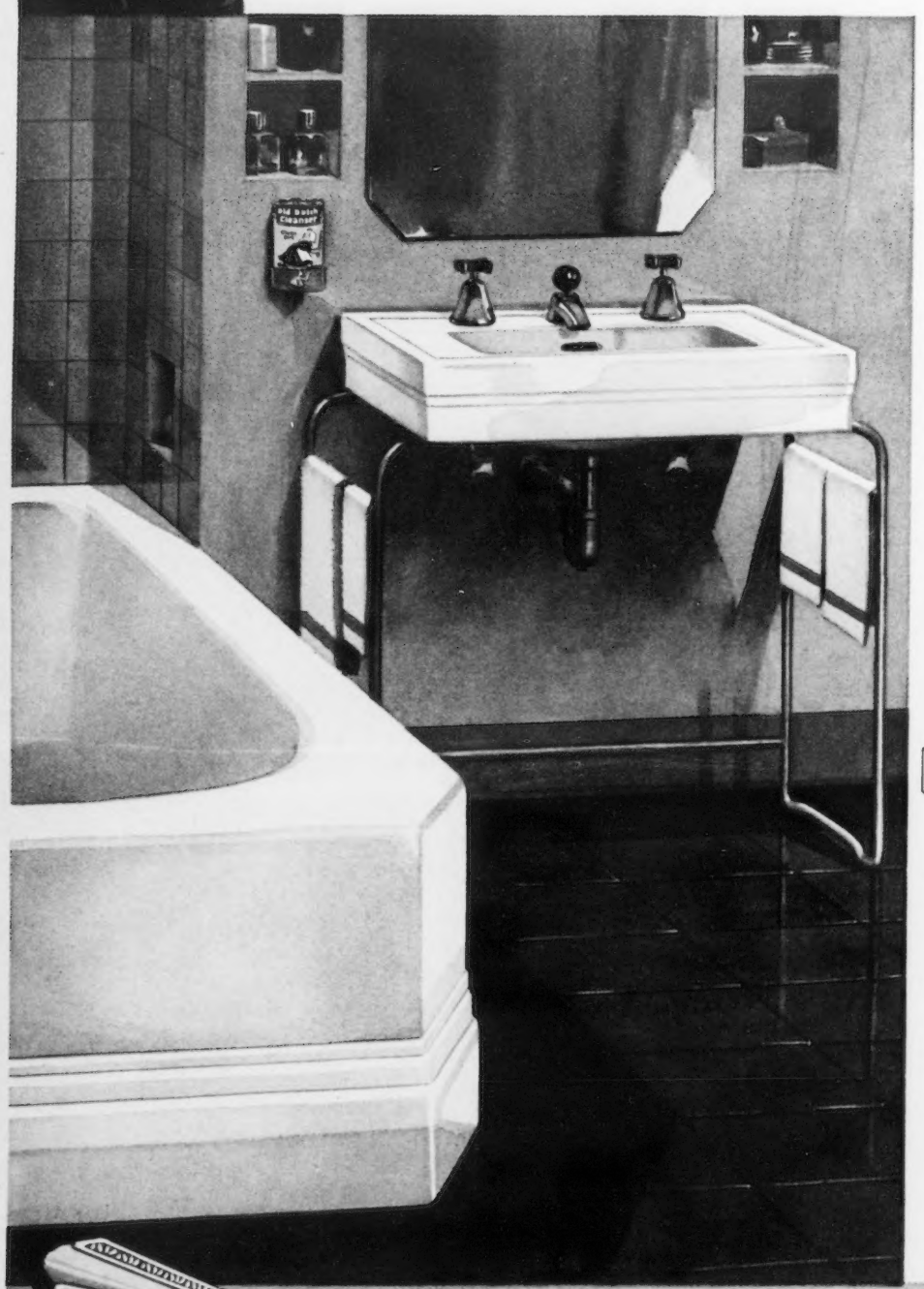
Adolph Zukor, Paramount studio head, visits George Raft, monocled Director Fritz Lang and Sylvia Sidney on the "You and Me" set.

Harold Lloyd is back again! Here he is at work on his new film "Professor Beware," with Raymond Walburn as his assistant laugh-provoker.



John Boles being rehearsed in a scene from "Romance in the Dark," which also features Gladys Swarthout and John Barrymore.

"I find Old Dutch Cleanser is *Especially Desirable* for cleaning porcelain and enamel"



...and this is because it's made with SEISMOTITE

REG'D. IN CANADA

Homemakers everywhere tell us that Old Dutch protects the shining beauty of porcelain and enamel bathroom and kitchen equipment. This letter is typical:

"When our home was built I learned how expensive it was to install porcelain bathroom equipment. I knew it had to last with the house. I knew this depended on the quality of the cleaning material used. It deserved the best, not just a lick and a promise. I entrusted this responsibility to Old Dutch Cleanser. After nine years I don't regret my decision. I'm still proud of my bathroom porcelain. It still retains its original gloss. This is only one of the many uses and reasons why I prefer Old Dutch Cleanser.

Very truly yours, Mrs. H. C. Hodge."

Because of its distinctive character and quality, Old Dutch is ideal for a wide range of uses. Use Old Dutch—and only Old Dutch—for the bathroom, the kitchen sink, for mirrors, pots and pans, painted woodwork, linoleum and metals. This modern cleanser cleans so quickly . . . goes so far . . . costs so little to use.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

MADE IN CANADA

Tested and Approved by The Chatelaine Institute MAINTAINED BY The Chatelaine Magazine

AND THIS TEST PROVES IT

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This lovely, pierced Jelly Server is smart and convenient for serving jellies, jams, marmalades, preserves and soft cheese. It is in the beautiful "Croydon" pattern and matches the other silverware pieces offered by Old Dutch. The blade is flat on one side for cutting, while the daintily pierced outer edge is curved for convenient serving.

SEND TODAY FOR THIS HANDSOME WM. A. ROGERS

Pierced Jelly Server

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$1.00 VALUE FOR ONLY 1 OLD DUTCH LABEL AND 20¢

(Actual size, 6 in. over-all)

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